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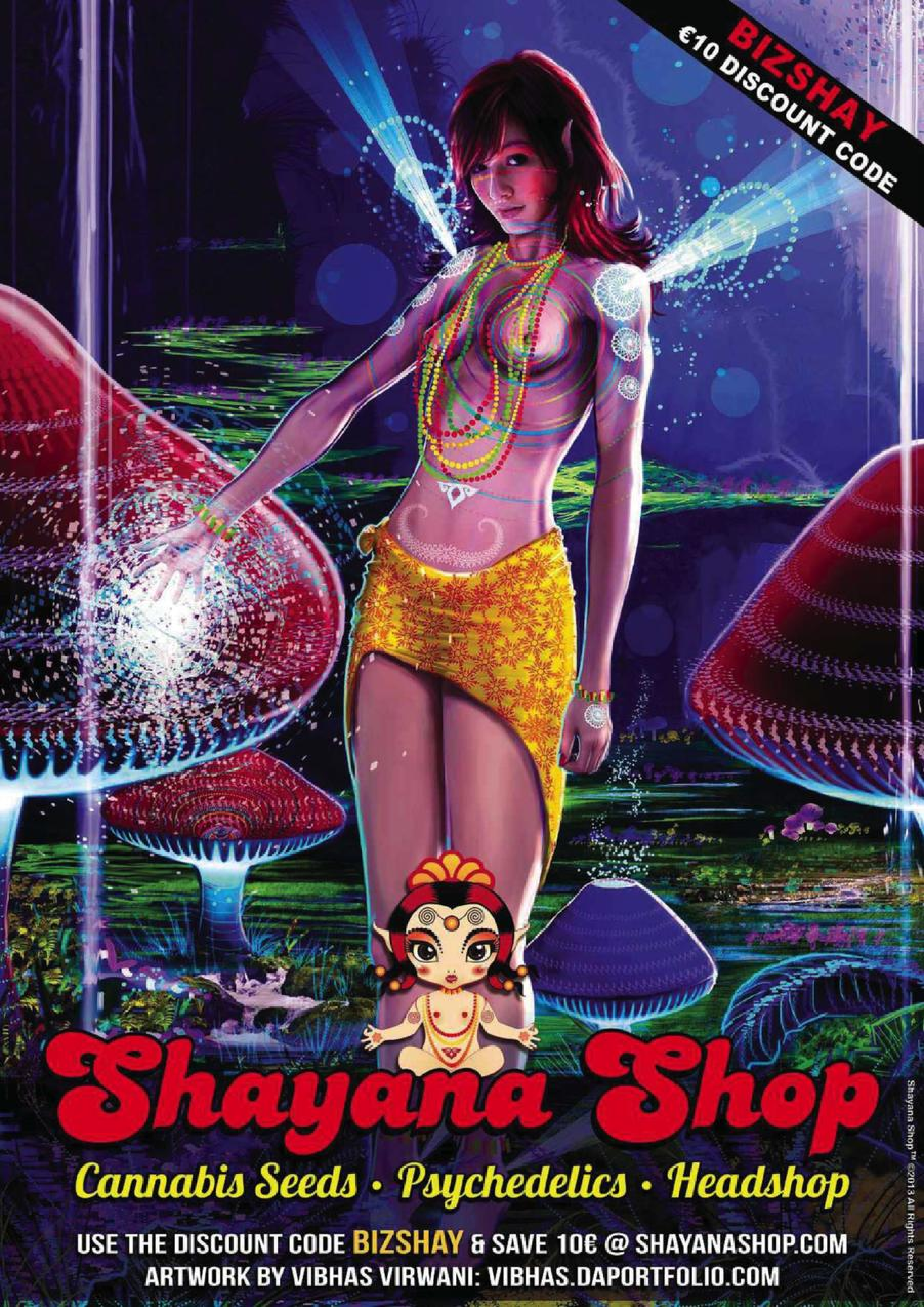

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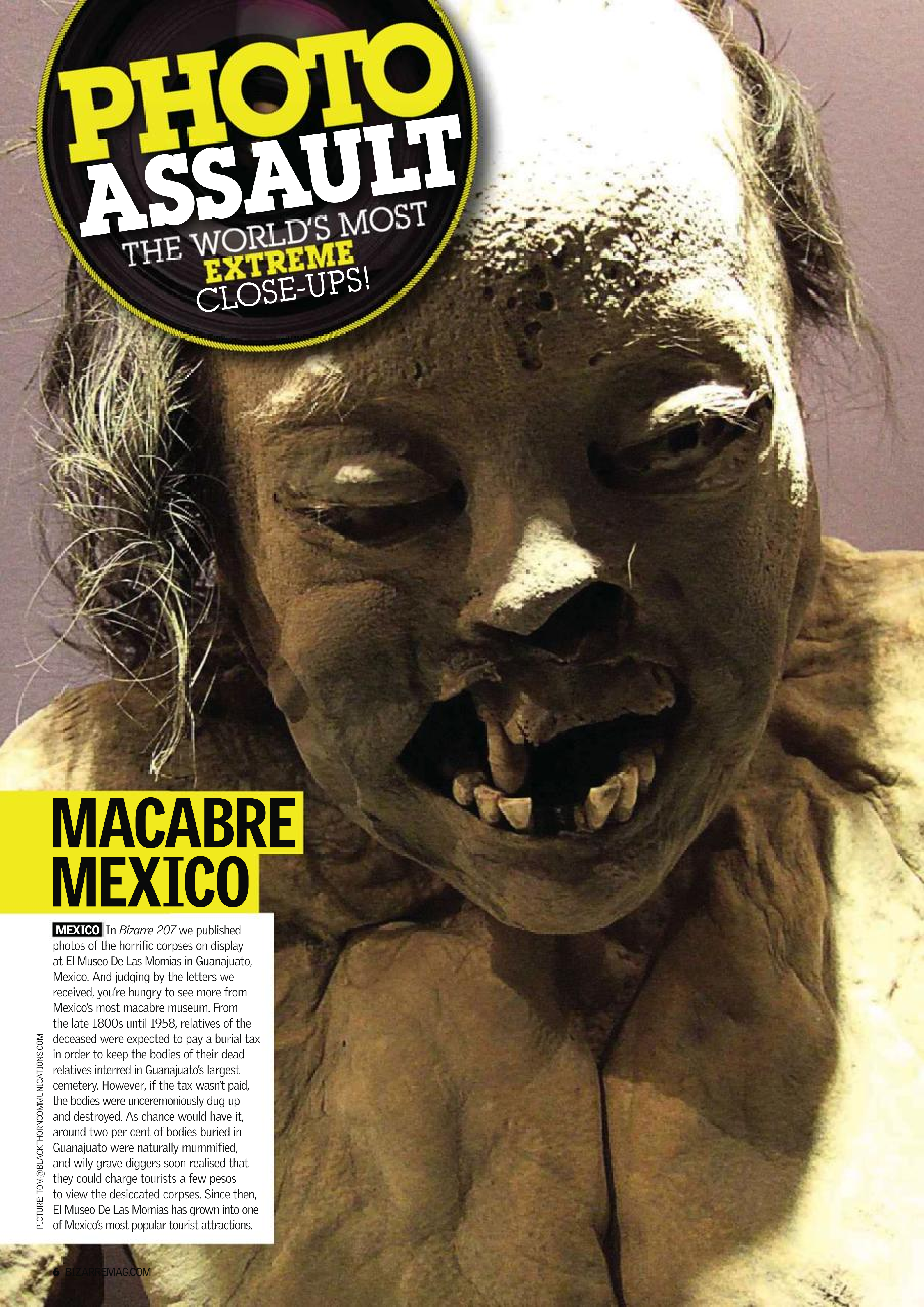
THE WORLD'S MOST EXTREME CLOSE-UPS!



MACABRE MEXICO

MEXICO In *Bizarre 207* we published photos of the horrific corpses on display at El Museo De Las Momias in Guanajuato, Mexico. And judging by the letters we received, you're hungry to see more from Mexico's most macabre museum. From the late 1800s until 1958, relatives of the deceased were expected to pay a burial tax in order to keep the bodies of their dead relatives interred in Guanajuato's largest cemetery. However, if the tax wasn't paid, the bodies were unceremoniously dug up and destroyed. As chance would have it, around two per cent of bodies buried in Guanajuato were naturally mummified, and wily grave diggers soon realised that they could charge tourists a few pesos to view the desiccated corpses. Since then, El Museo De Las Momias has grown into one of Mexico's most popular tourist attractions.

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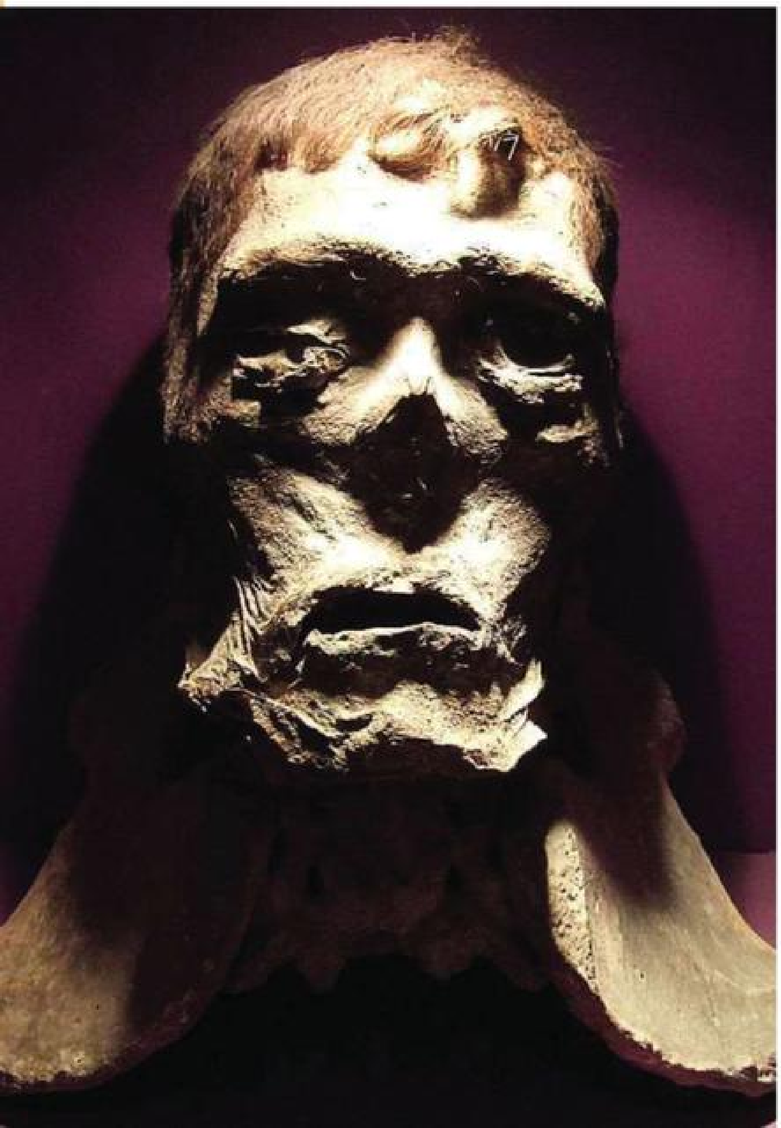
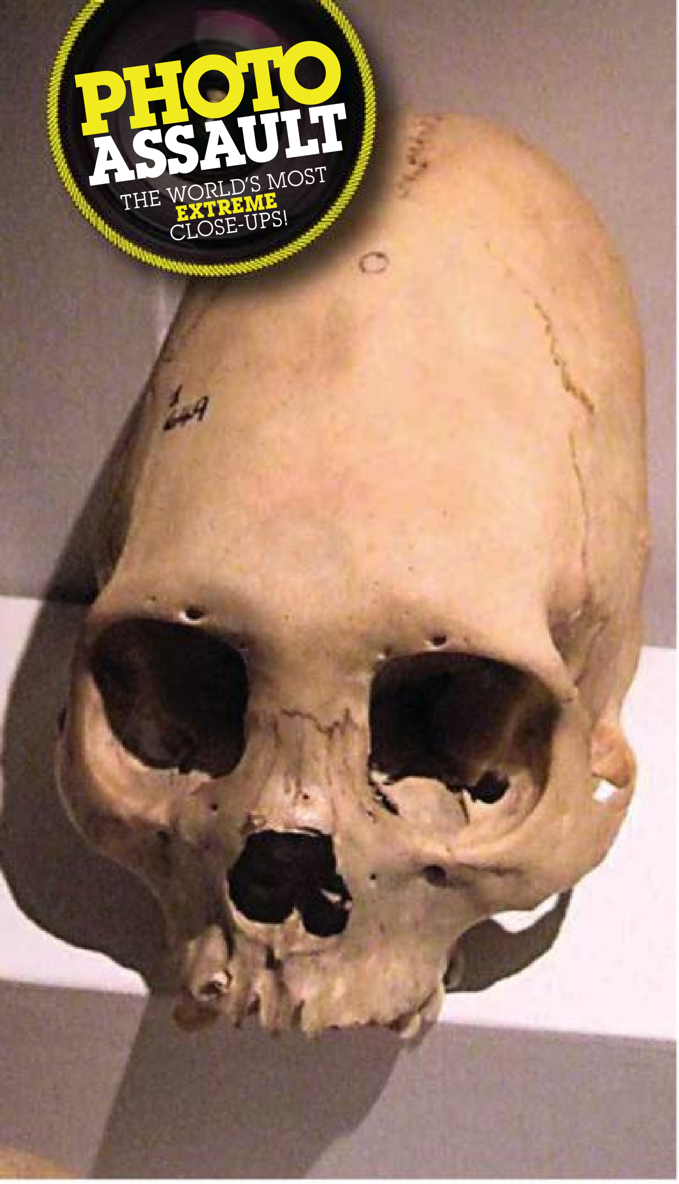
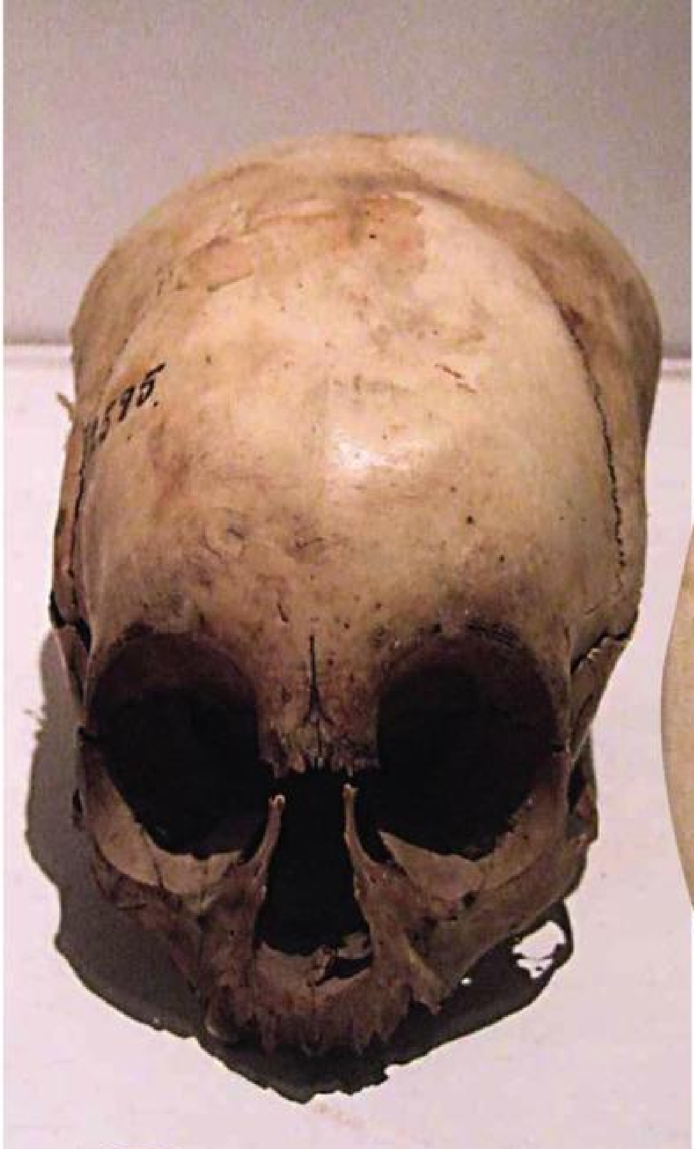
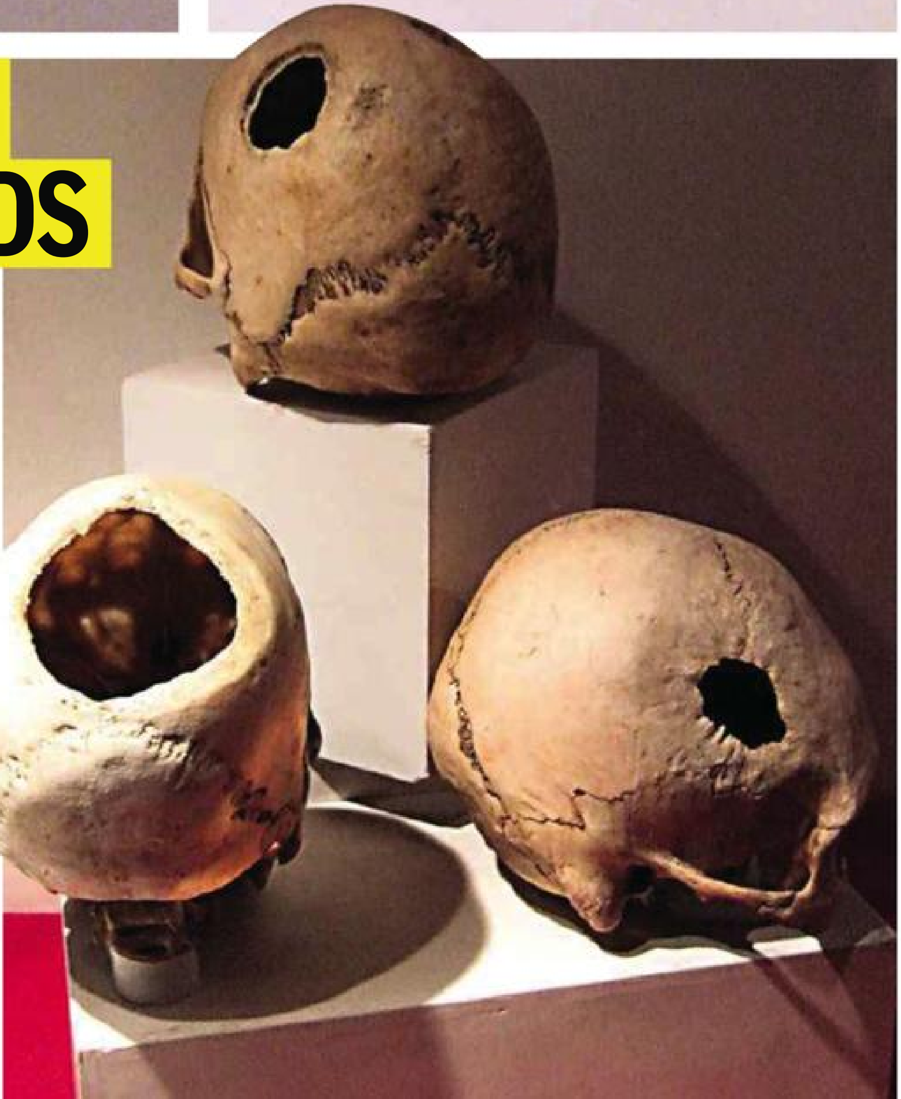






EXTREME BODY MODS

MEXICO These deformed skulls on display at the Museo Nacional De Antropología in Mexico City showcase one of the ancient world's most radical body modifications – artificial cranial deformation. In this procedure the development of a child's skull was distorted by applying force; elongated or flattened skulls were created by binding a kid's head between two planks of wood, while a conical shape was achieved by binding their cranium in tight cloth. Amongst the Maya and Inca civilisations of pre-Columbian America, head-binding was practiced for thousands of years to signify group affiliation, and the process typically began four weeks after a child was born and continued for six months. For many, cranium deformation caused pressure to build inside their head, and archaeologists have discovered many skulls from which a section was removed in the surgical process of trephination, which was used to try and relieve a subject's pain. For most people trephination brought instant death, but skulls have been discovered where extensive healing had occurred, indicating that some victims lived for months with a hole in their head.



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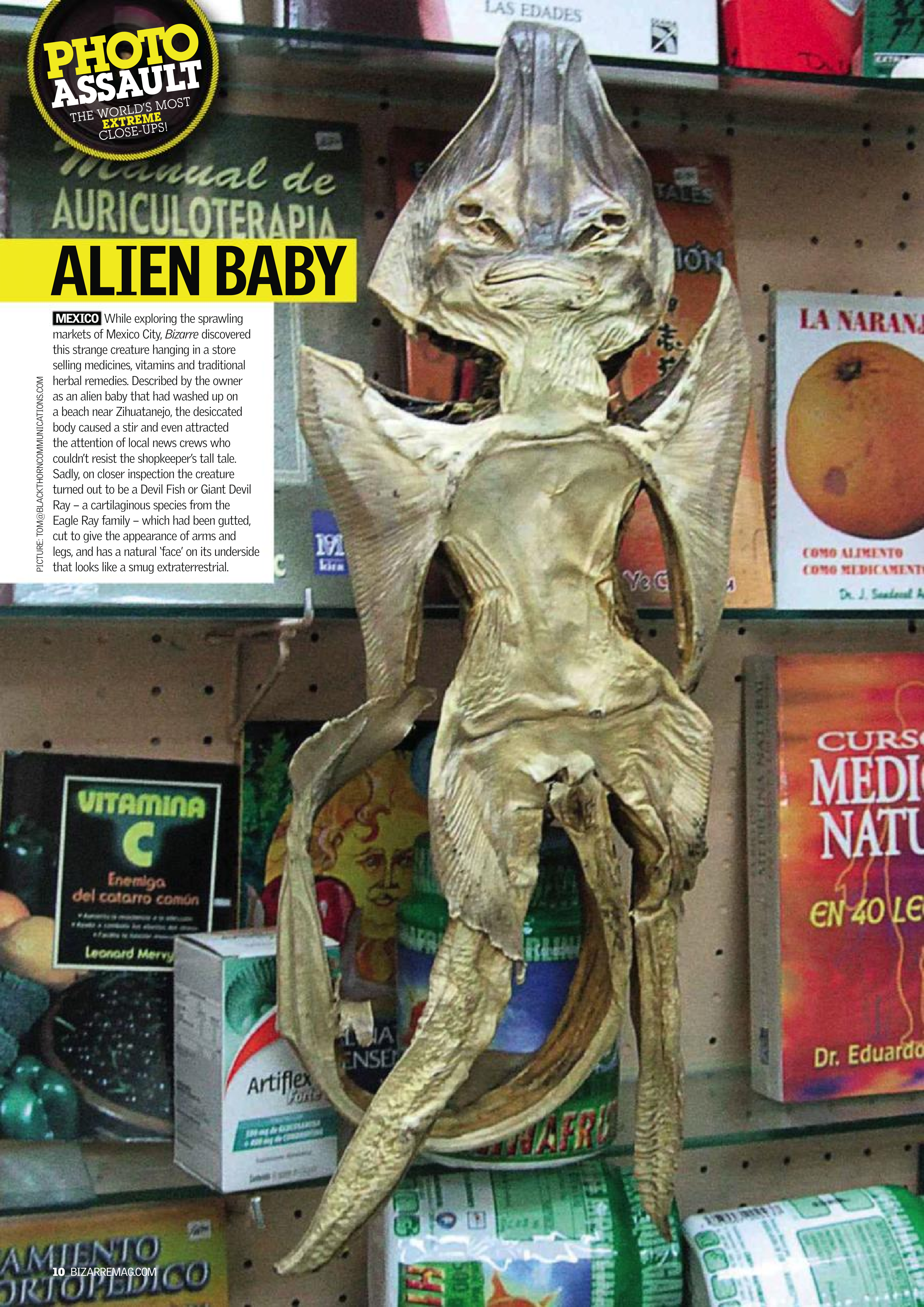
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ALIEN BABY

MEXICO While exploring the sprawling markets of Mexico City, *Bizarre* discovered this strange creature hanging in a store selling medicines, vitamins and traditional herbal remedies. Described by the owner as an alien baby that had washed up on a beach near Zihuatanejo, the desiccated body caused a stir and even attracted the attention of local news crews who couldn't resist the shopkeeper's tall tale. Sadly, on closer inspection the creature turned out to be a Devil Fish or Giant Devil Ray – a cartilaginous species from the Eagle Ray family – which had been gutted, cut to give the appearance of arms and legs, and has a natural 'face' on its underside that looks like a smug extraterrestrial.

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HORROR SHOW!

The Circus Of Horrors love new tattoo app *Tappu!* as much as we do…

HANNIBAL PHOTOS **DAVE KELSALL**

OTHER PICS
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***BIZARRE* FAVOURITES THE CIRCUS** Of Horrors have shown their support for an iPhone app – *Tappu! Tattoo Studio Volume 1* – that we've been championing in recent issues of the magazine.

Hannibal Helmurto, the sword-swallower from Britain's most fabulous freak show, took a look at *Tappu!* backstage at the Circus Of Horrors' sell-out debut in London's West End in October… and he fell in love with it instantly.

"I'm not a fan of the tattoo apps I've seen so far," Helmut says. "Most of them are full of terrible photos, but the images in *Tappu!* are stunning. I hope they feature me next time!"

Tappu! features over 500 striking tattoo photos by *Bizarre*'s most trusted photographer, Ester Segarra (see *Bizarre 209*), along with interviews with the biggest names in the ink business such as Jason Butcher, Tin-Tin and Jesse Smith. Even better, the incredible ink featured in *Tappu!* includes loads of *Bizarre* readers who we've met at tattoo conventions the length and breadth of the UK – so if you've ever been snapped by Ester, download the app and you might see yourself featured there. And it's only 69p!

GET YOUR TATTS OUT!

From *Bizarre 212* (on sale 18 February 2014) we're going to be teaming up with *Tappu!* to offer our readers a chance to win prizes for submitting pictures of their beloved ink via the iPhone app.

Using the camera that's built into the app, users can submit images of their body art directly to the *Tappu!* team. In turn, the *Tappu!* folk will be selecting a shortlist of the best submissions, and we'll be printing them in the Your Body Art section of the magazine (see p30 for this month's ink selection).

The best ink submitted to *Bizarre* via *Tappu!* will win an exclusive T-shirt from our friends at Bitemark Apparel, so there's never been a better time to get your tatts out!

When we told Helmut about the prizes, he didn't waste any time submitting pics via the app. "The Bitemark T-shirts look great," he says. "There are plenty of horror shirts in their collection, and that suits my style!"

The Circus Of Horrors are on tour now – find out where to catch them at Circusofhorrors.co.uk. Check out Bitemark Apparel's incredible collection of T-shirts at Bitemarkapparel.com. *Tappu! Tattoo Studio Volume 1* is available on iPhone via the App Store for just 69p. Team *Tappu!* will be gathering images for inclusion in *Bizarre* for the next few months, so make sure you submit your pics today!

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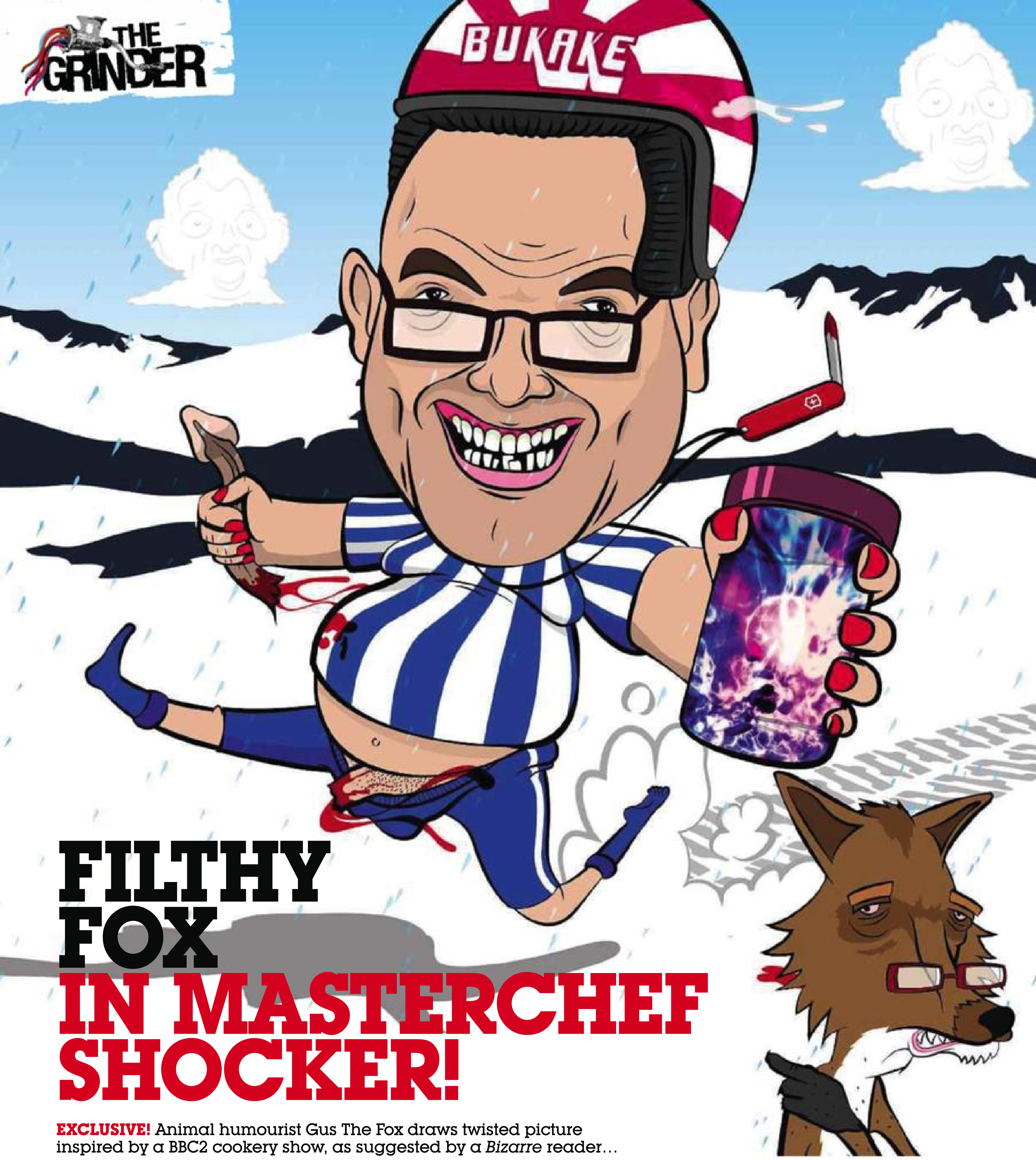


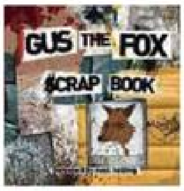
FILTHY FOX IN MASTERCHEF SHOCKER!

EXCLUSIVE! Animal humourist Gus The Fox draws twisted picture inspired by a BBC2 cookery show, as suggested by a *Bizarre* reader…

BECAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS AND HE HAS a new book out – *Gus The Fox Scrapbook* – "obscene animal humour phenomenon" Gus The Fox agreed to draw an exclusive picture for *Bizarre,* based on a reader's warped suggestion.

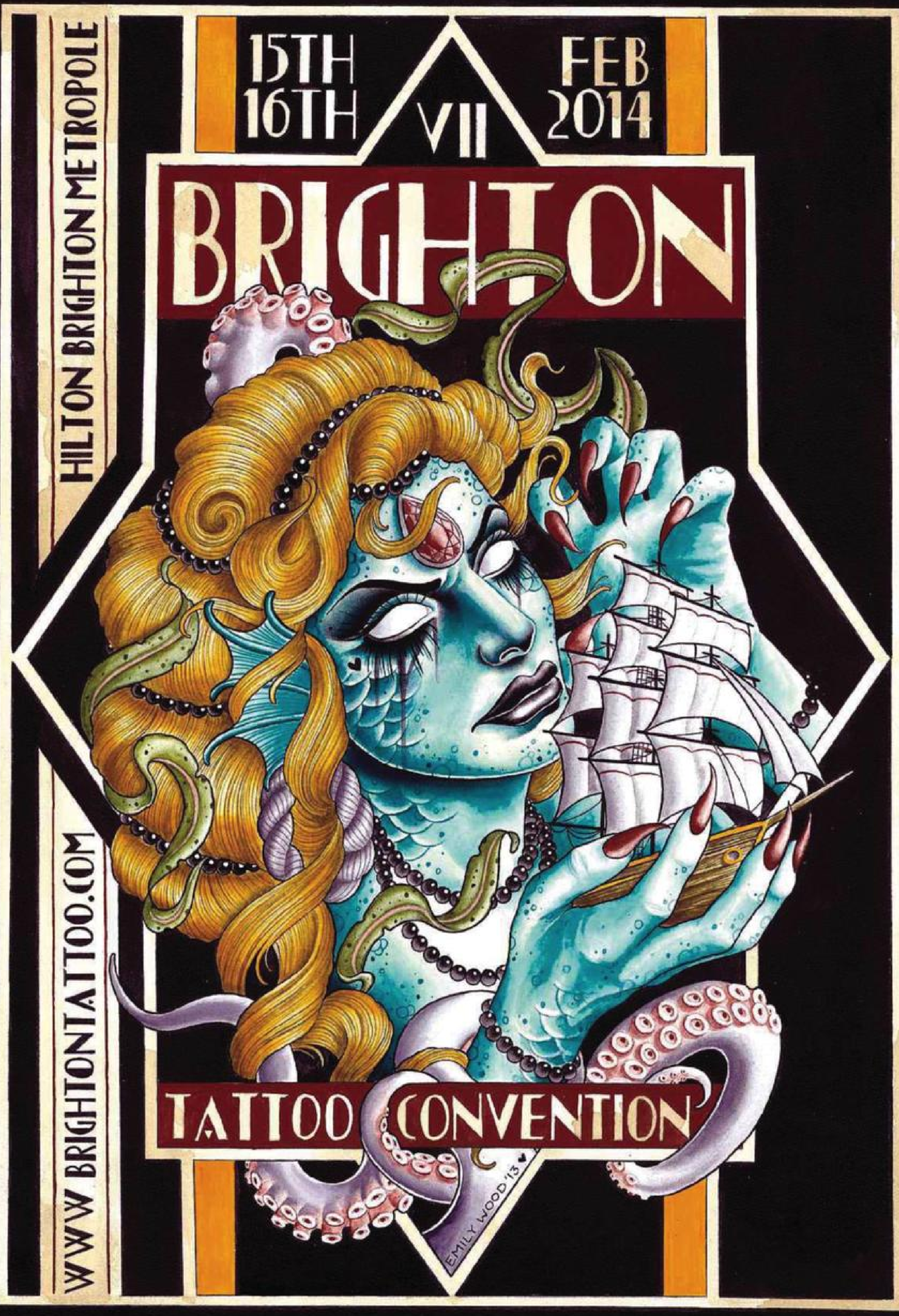
Naturally, you sickos didn't let us down, and *Bizarre* fan Max Haywood suggested this strange spectacle: "Gregg Wallace from *Masterchef* is sitting on an invisible motorbike and dressed in his Brighton & Hove Albion football kit. In his right hand he's holding a jar that contains the concept of time. In his left hand he's holding his own penis, which he's just lopped off with a Swiss Army Knife. He's driving through an Arctic landscape and all the clouds look a little bit like Martin Clunes. His helmet has the word 'Bukake' written on it."

We're amazed that any Brighton football fans read *Bizarre*, less so that they watch *Masterchef*. Gus said he chose this particular suggestion because: "It reminded me of a dream I had recently after me and my mate, James the Haemophiliac Wood Pigeon, did loads of MCAT in the bins behind Carpet Right. James got so mashed up that he ended up flying all the way over to Burma and setting up an extremist terrorist cell with Zoe Ball. Do you know what I mean?"



Gus The Fox, who lives in a bin of wasps and murdered his gran over sausages, is the creation of Matt Haydock (writer) and Nick Reyniers (illustrator). You can read his crazy-assed blog at GusTheFox.com, and check out his agony column in *Shortlist* magazine. His new book featuring a "miscellany of snippets and scribbling from his personal collection" includes a foreword by Noel Fielding.

Gus The Fox Scrapbook is out now, published by ShortBooks.co.uk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FAKE WAKES & MOVEABLE FEASTS

Bizarre gets the skinny and dishes the dirt on two new alt.events…

BETRAYERS' BANQUET

AT THIS GAME-THEORY-DRIVEN multi-course meal, whether the food you get to eat is 'nom nom' or 'vom vom' depends on how good you are at gaining the trust of your fellow diners… or deceiving them.

Upon arrival at the secret London location, guests pick a playing card which determines whether they'll begin at the top of a dining table – where the grub's great – or at the bottom, where they're served pigeon's feet and gruel.

The poor sods getting the vile vittles can improve their lot by playing 'Prisoner's Dilemma' with the person opposite them. Both players are given two tokens – one showing a dagger, the other a goblet – that they must lay before them at the same time. Choosing the cup means you trust your neighbour; the blade signifies that you're willing to betray them. If both players show the goblet, they each move up five places; if both show the dagger, they move down five. But if one shows the knife and the other the glass, the former moves up 10 places towards the haute cuisine, while the latter is banished 10 seats towards the slops. The greatest rewards come from being a conniving cunt – if you're convincing enough, and if you can live with being evil in the name of edibles.

It's easier than it sounds, and shedloads of wine and port are served throughout, so even if you lose at scoffage you'll win at getting wankered. These nights are pricey at the mo, but there are sometimes cheaper stand-by places to be snaffled. Betrayersbanquet.com

IT'S YOUR FUNERAL

FANCY MOURNING IN THE EVENING? At It's Your Funeral parties, guests attend a mock memorial for a dearly departed famous character – past examples include HP Lovecraft and Count Dracula. Entertainers stage tributes in honour of the deceased, musicians sing odes to their life, and a New Orleans-style jazz band plays them into the afterworld.

The event's still in the teething stage, and when *Bizarre* attended acts were a mixed (body) bag – although burlesquer Lolo Brow stood out with her David Ike-inspired lizard routine, and squeezebox serenader Tom Baker was also a crowd-pleaser. The concept is to die for, and we've spotted the team doing pop-up mini-mourns at other events such as Torture Garden. Itsyourfuneralparty.com

PICTURES: SIN BOZKURT; NEIL GUY; WILL EDGECOMBE

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MOTEL OF THE LIVING DEAD

Hotel-themed histrionics galore in 'gore-geous' pin-up calendar. Room service! Send up a bowl of brains, please…

TOO FRUITY FOR APPLE!
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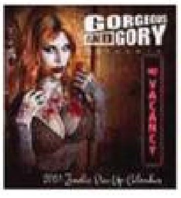
REMEMBER THAT SHITTY B&B YOU stayed at in May 2004? The one with the granny wallpaper, cockroach turds and suspected STDs ingrained in the bed sheets? The only thing missing from your stay, besides a blast of citrus air freshener, was a bunch of dead sexy zombie girls!

America's creators of 'dead sexy' pin-up calendars, Gorgeous And Gory, have chosen a hotel theme for its fourth undead-flavoured daily planner. Published under the title *No Vacancy*, the heavy grade, black metal bound product features 12 deliciously sick beauties looking ravishingly ghoulish against garish motel backdrops.

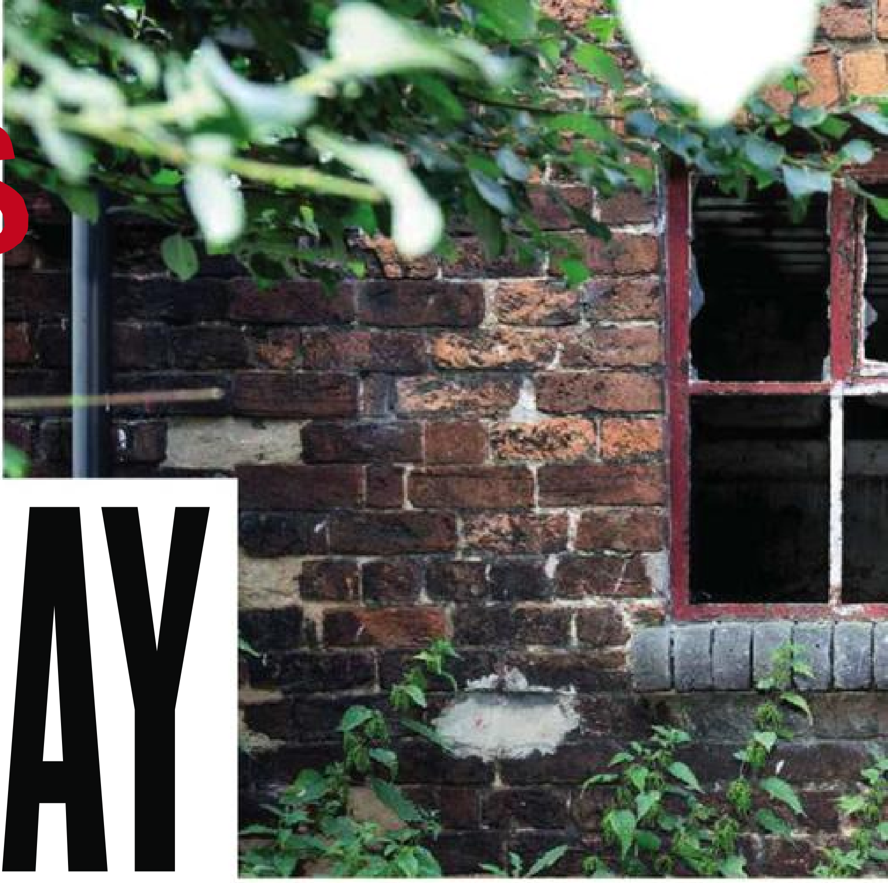
Jessica Rajs, photographer, model and 'zombie wrangler' behind the New Jersey brand says, "I love the style of old or retro motels – the signs, the decor, and especially when it's authentic and has been preserved from prior decades. But using motels as the theme of our latest calendar happened entirely by accident. We had two shoot locations in a row fall apart at the last minute, so the second time it happened we searched and found these fascinating locations just hours before the shoot was scheduled to begin."

Jessica wasn't the only person to sweat blood in the making of *No Vacancy*; other folk included art consultant and model Sarah White, effects experts Jeanette Milo and Dylan Floody, and graphic designer Sean White, who also goes by the best secondary job title ever: Boob Assessment Analyst. Nice work if you can get it. The calendar is available for purchase at Gorgeousandgory.com. Keep up-to-date with other Gorgeous And Gory shenanigans at Facebook.com/gorgeousandgory; Twitter.com/gorgeousNgory; Instagram.com/gorgeousXgory; and Youtube.com/gorgeousandgory



Six pages of the sexiest alt.models, freakiest art and best body mods!

HOTSHOTS >GIRLS



TOO SHAY

Check out Shay Hendrix: no relation to Jimi, but even better with a G-string

WORDS **ALIX FOX**
PHOTOS
PAUL DAVIES AT GETYOURTATTSOUT.COM

You know what goes really well with Hendrick's gin? Cucumber. And you know what goes really well with model, wrestler and dominatrix, Shay Hendrix? Again, cucumber. Or at least we assume that's what we can see outlined in your pants as you slather slobber all over these pics of the 30-year-old hyper-hottie, who lives "on the side of a mountain" with 'Tattooligan' comedian fiancé, Jim Smallman (see *Bizarre 208*).

Shay started out in porn, although she quit making grot flicks three years ago, saying, "I got into the adult industry as a way of clearing my debts, but soon realised that the other doors it opened for me – such as domming – were my preferred direction. I always found the dressing up and acting aspects the most fun anyway."

Porn gave Shay plenty of memorable experiences, however, from starring in *Countdown* parody *Cuntdown*, to being dressed as a dog, barking and yapping throughout a sex scene, and being chased by a guy on a motorbike while booting another baddie bloke from the back of a moving flatbed truck. She also once passed out on set through the combined effects of attempting to fake a Welsh accent while wearing a tight corset that cwtched her rather too hard...

TOTAL KNOCK OUT

Nowadays, wrestling is one of Shay's main passions. "Jim is the co-founder of PROGRESS wrestling promotion, and I fight mat-based grappling matches against both guys and girls on film, as well as offering private sessions for gents who want me to kick their asses!" she laughs. "I'm only semi-competitive, mind, since having my ribs broken when I refused to submit to a particularly strong girl who crushed me with a 'body scissors' move... lesson painfully learned!" Christ on a toddler's rusty tricycle, what is it with this woman and getting squished? She's good at serving up squidges and squishes of her own, too, though, revealing, "My legs are the strongest part of me: I like to grip people's skulls with my thighs until their heads nearly pop off. I've also been known to win matches by grinding my ass into my opponent's face."

As for her work as a dominatrix, Ms Hendrix states, "In all honesty, I'm fairly submissive in my own private life, so being a domme means I get to play my own evil twin and behave in a way I wouldn't usually. I'm quite devious when thinking up punishments. I think of all the things I'd never do in real life, then do them as hard as I can!"

So what are Shay's deviant ambitions for the future? Pierce some poor sod's schlong using the clamps of a ring binder while administering paper cuts to their botty hole? KO a wrestling rival by sticking a nipple up each of their nostrils and smothering their mouth with her under-boobs? "I simply want to get fat from eating too much Haribo and cheese and force Jim to wash me with a rag on a stick," she winks. "But not just yet."

Shay-ke, rattle and roll over to Tinyurl.com/purestormShay for more pics, and follow Shay on Twitter @Shay_Hendrix

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CROP GOES THE

Dominatrix Mistress Slide combines spanking and humiliation with sketching and illustration by drawing portraits inspired by the fetish scene and S&M porn

"I'm not a particularly disciplined when it comes to drawing, ironically," purrs 30-something domme, writer and artist, Mistress Slide. "I seem to be able to discipline everyone but myself. I've been working on a graphic novel for the past few years, but there's no sign of finishing it at any point in the near future. I have polished off a host of portraits, though..."

Mistress Slide has been close to *Bizarre*'s heart – and we to the sole of her boot – for many years. For starters, she popped our own Alix Fox's public spanking cherry at the inaugural Bizarre Ball, using an acrylic cane to be meaner than a diabetic dentist daddy is to his daughter in a toffee shop, and turning her ass so puce that Prince decided to build a recording studio between her butt cheeks and now she can fart 'Purple Rain'. Mistress Slide is also a regular in-house sadist at female worship night Club Pedestal, where she can be seen gleefully walking on the prone bodies of quivering slaves in the trample cage, or strutting about sporting a marbled blue and black strap-on that'd give a rhino penis envy. We visited her at her base near Gatwick airport over the summer, where we got terribly tipsy on sangria in the blazing sunshine while she schooled us about sticking plugs of peeled ginger up subby men's log flume holes to induce a burning sensation. It's always about bottoms with this one...

WORDS **ALIX FOX**
PICTURES **ALL ARTWORK COPYRIGHT MISTRESS SLIDE**
PHOTO **MS TYTANIA**

DRAWING A LINE

... which is why you might be surprised to learn that she's also top at drawing portraits. "My style of portraiture is scribbly and haphazard, much like my life in general," she laughs. "Nowadays, I mostly use a graphics tablet and Photoshop more than any other medium, as it doesn't involve getting smears of paint, globules of glue and itty bitty pieces of torn-up magazine all over my clothes, my furniture and myself!"

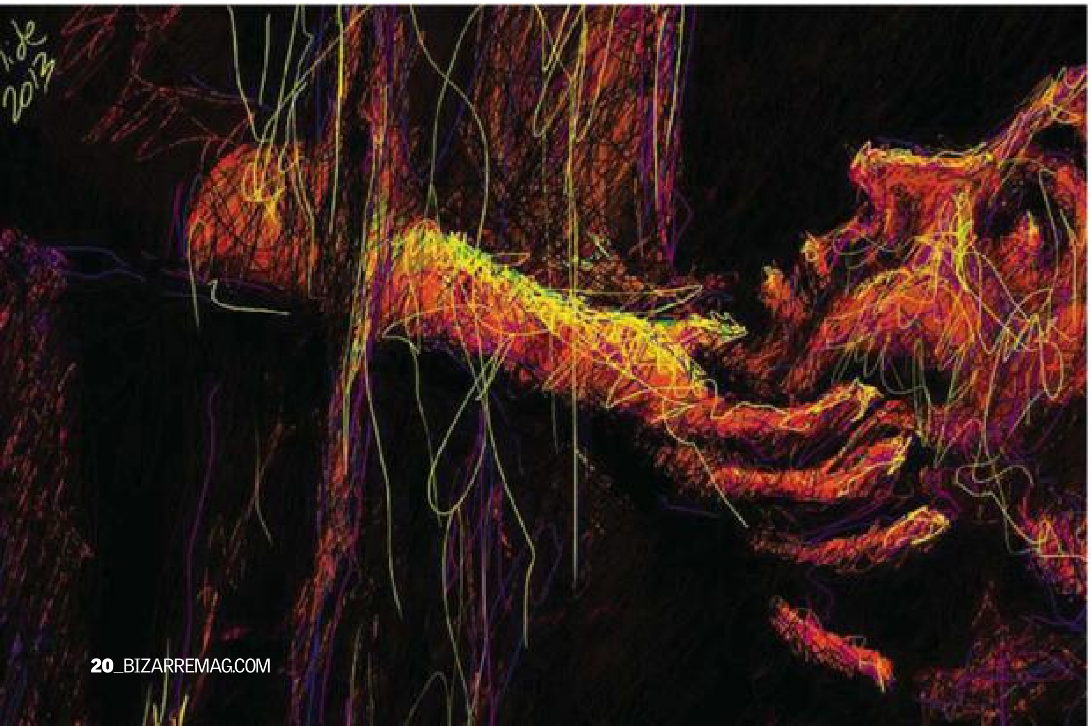
In terms of subject matter, Mistress Slide gleans inspiration from her fetish lifestyle: "I love to capture intimate moments in BDSM pornography – the times when it's like the camera isn't there and the chemistry between the players is at its most raw. Moments that, when viewed from a distance, can seem brutal and solely physical, but which become beautiful when looked at in detail. As a dominatrix, that's what excites me the most. My art aims to focus in on that detail and that beauty."

Mistress Slide also draws portraits of friends – many of whom are on the fet scene too – but rarely undertakes commissions, instead tending to prefer reinterpreting mates' unguarded Facebook snaps. "I like to rework spontaneous shots that aren't professionally posed, lit or even thought out; there's a sort of honesty to them," she explains. "I use scratchy, scribbled lines and jarring shades to capture what I'm seeing in my head rather than what's necessarily in the original picture. I recently scribbled a portrait of my friend Ellen after being inspired by a grumpy selfie she posted on Facebook during a bad day. There was just something so smoulderingly beautiful about the look in her eyes at that moment and I wanted to draw something that emphasised that with colours and chaotic, swirling strokes."

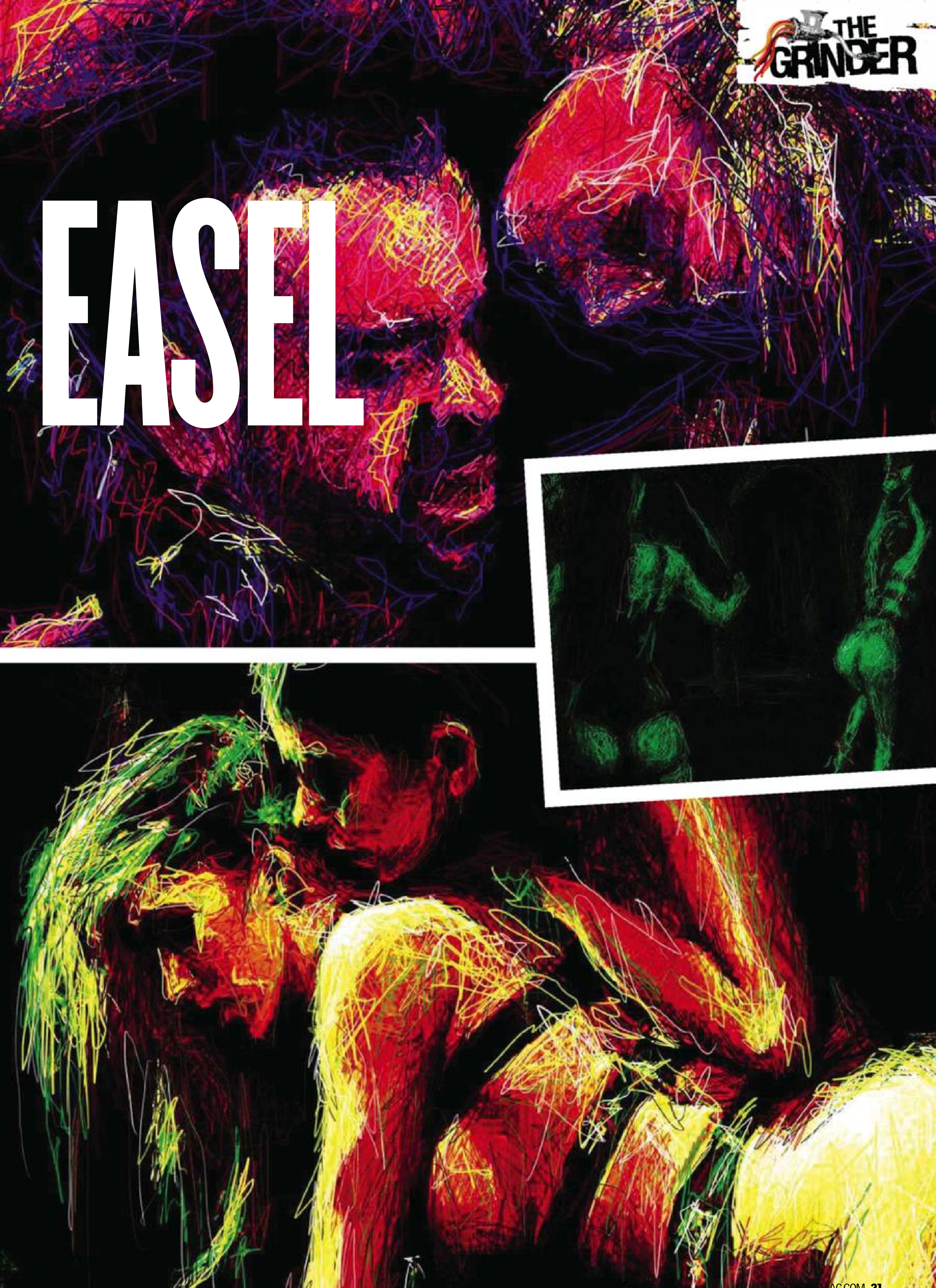
HYP HYP HOORAY

Speaking of 'swirling' and 'eyes', we should mention that Mistress Slide indulges in the fascinating practice of hypno-kink: the use of consensual hypnosis to place subjects in a trance and give them a perceived erotic experience, be that being held in virtual bondage or chastity, manipulating their sense of gender, or amplifying sensations of pleasure or pain to new extremes. "I'm a bit like the snake from *The Jungle Book*," she grins. "Or a less beardy, less magic, more deviant Derren Brown." Mind control, behind control, pictures and strictures – is there anything this viciously sweet candy caner isn't a master of?

Lube up your typing fingers and slither on over to Sliderulesyou.com for more information on sessions with Mistress Slide, her club events, film footage and writings. Slip along to Sliderulesyou.deviantart.com for more artwork. Hurry up, you snivelling scrotal wet wipe... we said *now*!



EASEL



HOTSHOTS >BODY MODS

WARNING! SCARIFICATION CAN BE DANGEROUS!
ALWAYS CONSULT A PROFESSIONAL!

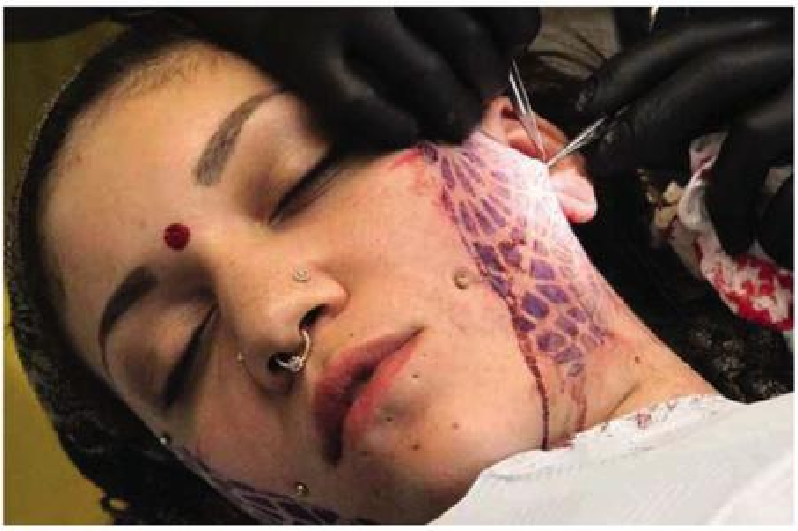
PEELED, HEALED, REVEALED

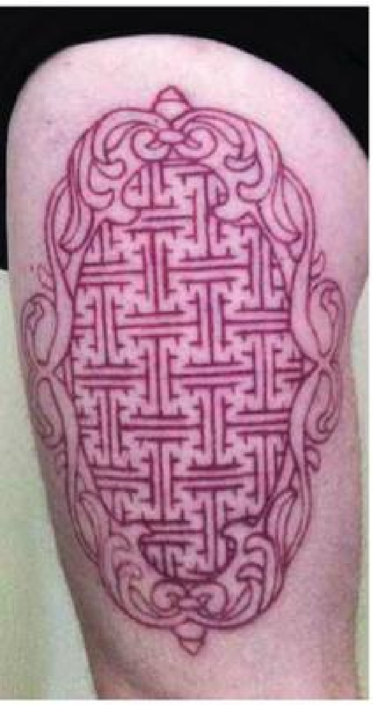
Bizarre checks out some of the scarification pieces undertaken at the first London Scar Con now they've had time to heal and settle. Top marks!

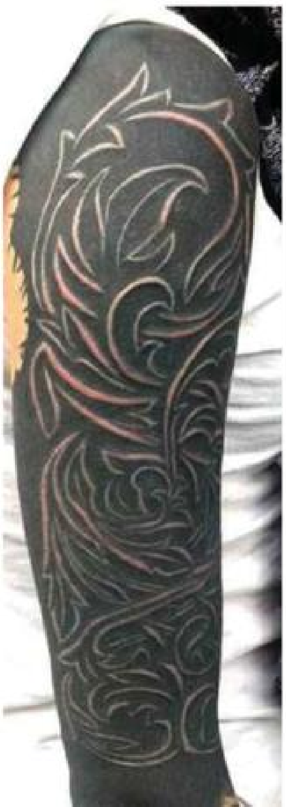
WORDS **ALIX FOX**
PICTURES **NAKOTA GARZA – NAKOTAART.COM; ANNA BRUCE - ANNABRUCE-STILLS.COM; RYAN OUELLETTE - PRECISIONBODYARTS.COM**

It's a common grumble in the hardcore body mod community that too many scarification artists show portfolios packed with pictures of neat, freshly scalpelled, sliced and peeled skin designs, but don't have any images of healed work – and markings can look very different when they've scarred up, compared to when they've just been cut. We're not suggesting that scartists have anything to hide, or are trying to sweep evidence of poorly-healed pieces under the (s)carpet; often, because scarifications can take many months for scabbing to wear away and the area to completely settle down, it's simply tricky to track down clients and get photos from them so long after the original procedure has been completed.

However, if you're considering getting a scarred mod done, it's advisable to see pics of healed designs so you can examine how raised, flat, bright, dark, subtle and so on a mark your chosen scartist's methods are likely to leave (bearing in mind, of course, that different skin types can heal in different ways, so it's hard to predict a guaranteed outcome for this type of modification).







DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

Individual specialists have their own approaches to design, placement and scalpel work – for example, Ron Garza prefers to use curved, fine lines and avoids removing large patches of skin as he believes it can "cause a piece to heal unevenly and throw a pattern off balance", while other pros are happy to peel wider areas of skin. Furthermore, each scartist will have their own programmes of treatment for the healing period: some will advocate scrubbing or aggravating cuts to promote heavier scarring, while others advise gentler handling. Wolverhampton-based body modder Mac McCarthy even pioneered the use of dressings featuring the same material found beneath joints of beef or pork chops in the bottom of meat packaging to soak up blood and moisture!

Then there's the potential addition of ink or ash to colour scars, and the existence of skin-type experts such as Norway's Christaine Lofblad, who's good at getting scar results on fair skin that tends not to mark so boldly. All of these aspects affect the type of scar you're likely to end up with, which is why viewing healed scarification in an artist's gallery is crucial if you're considering commissioning them.

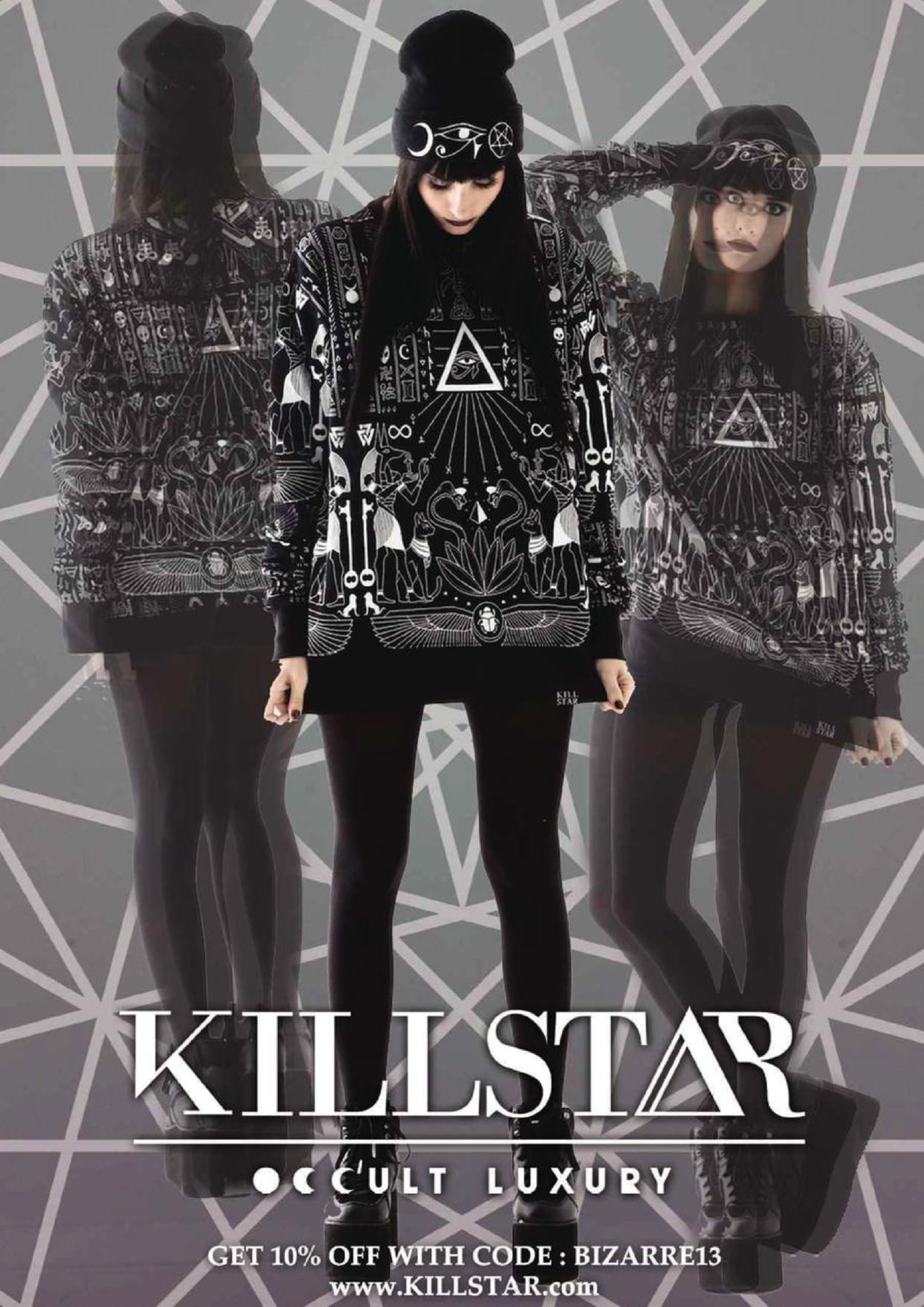
WELL HEALED

In *Bizarre 206* we reported on the first London Scarification Convention, which took place at the beginning of May this year. One of the most striking mods performed at the event was a complex pattern cut into the face of a girl named Ruby. The symmetrical design was scalpelled into both her cheeks by Iestyn Flye, who's highly respected for his incredibly accurate 'sacred geometry' cuttings. While Flye is hugely talented, this was an ambitious scar placed in a highly visible and sensitive location, so *Bizarre* was intrigued to see how it would heal. As this latest shot shows (right), it's stunning.

We also got our paws on a healed shot of a piece Flye and London Scar Con host Ron Garza collaborated on, which combines the tessellating patterns of the former with the trademark filigree frames of the latter (far left).

Ryan Ouellette's work removing skin from a female client's arm that had been completely blacked out with tattoo ink healed up superbly, too (left). Bravo! Scar-vo!

In our last report, we stated that Scar Con wouldn't be returning to the UK – however, plans for a second event are underway, and that *may* change... So far, it appears that Berlin is the top choice, with the Tuscany region of Italy coming a close second. Even if Scar Con 2 does end up somewhere in Europe, that's still easier for Brits to reach than the USA, where the majority of such conventions tend to take place, so it's good news for Brit mod fans. Keep your peepers on Facebook.com/scar.con.7 for info.



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TATTOO TRIUMPH!

Ultra Vixen **Ms Angi** tells us about making it big in the world of ink **p43**

PluS!

Junk Mail
Your letters and photos!

Your Body Art
Your ink'n'iron!

Readers' Art
Your deranged doodles!

PICTURE: PIXELS BY ANGELA

RANT AT US AND SEND US SHIT!

Bizarre's own **Mandatron** loves nothing better than greasing her circuits, pressing her buttons and blowing a fuse over your crazy photos, perverted art and impressive ink. Send in your stuff now, and serve your friendly neighbourhood robot!
Mandatron's favourite submissions will make it onto these hallowed pages!

BIZARRE Junk mail

POSTAL ADDRESS
JUNK MAIL, BIZARRE,
PO BOX 59844, LONDON SW14 9BH

EDITED BY MANDATRON
MANDATRON@BLACKTHORNCOMMUNICATIONS.COM

SEND US YOUR STUFF!

Sailor Jerry

Dumpstar!

WELL DONE! YOU WIN NOTHING!

NAUTI-COOL

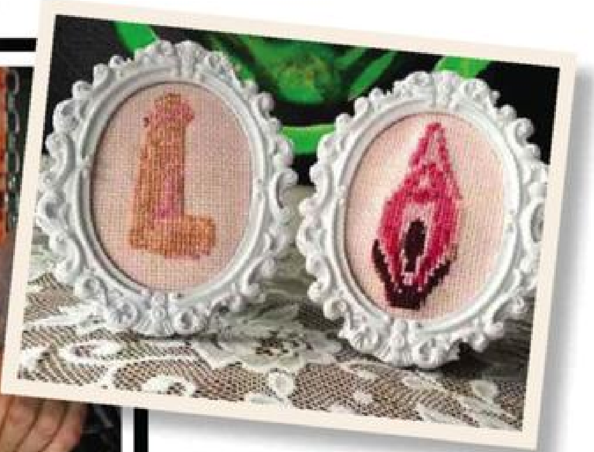
I took part in a *Bizarre* Facebook competition to attend an exclusive party hosted by Sailor Jerry Clothing, to celebrate the launch of *The Flash Collection* by Paul Simonon from The Clash – and I won!

Entrants had to concoct a Sailor Jerry cocktail, and I invented the 'Nauti-cool', which consists of Sailor Jerry rum over an iced latte with vanilla syrup and an After Eight mint chocolate to finish – who doesn't love caffeine and rum, right? Adding the After Eight mint was my daughter Charlotte's idea, and together we thought that adding the iced coffee would make it even more refreshing. It's what mermaids would live on! We're keen to try out the cocktail for real and see if it's as tasty as it sounds.

We had a brilliant night at the party in Shoreditch – we didn't know what to expect! We saw a good mix of people and tried each of the four Sailor Jerry cocktails available at the bar. Not only did we meet the man himself, Paul Simonon (above), but Damon Albarn from Blur and Gorillaz was there as well.

I've always loved fashion – I grew up making my own clothes, and I've even done a bit of corsetry. I love pin-up art, tattoos and the rockabilly look. I like Sailor Jerry's pin-ups, and I'm a massive Gil Elvgren fan – my daughter Charlotte is desperate for a modified Elvgren ballerina pin-up tattoo. Charlotte hopes to be a tattooist, so maybe you'll see her name in *Bizarre* one of these days. **Emma Davidge, via email**

PICTURE: DOLLYCHIC.COM



CROTCH-STITCH

I'm really excited about my new art project... cross-stitched vulvas! I decided to create these for a few reasons – I wanted to promote self-love, to embrace femininity and individuality, and to show that vaginas are beautiful. The more sophisticated artistic statement would be that I've taken a conservative, feminine image-making craft from the past to express modern feminist beliefs. It's a juxtaposition of form and content, and I hope that it will help females embrace their bodies and – more specifically – their vaginas. Just like every real vagina, none of my cross-stitches are exactly alike.

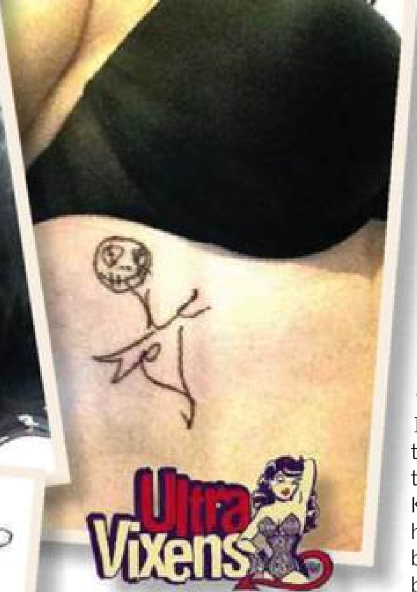
Along with my new penis designs (above), I've been selling them from my Etsy shop as part of the *Dick & Jane* collection. You can also check out my page on Facebook by searching 'Michelle Gauthier Art'.

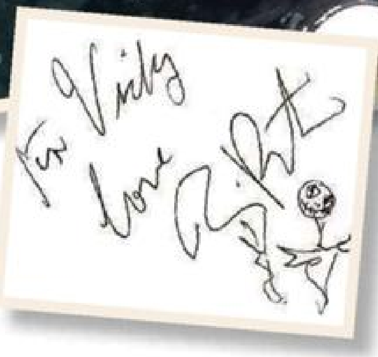
Michelle Gauthier, via Twitter

JACK HITS BACK!

Hi *Bizarre*, Ultra Vixen Victoria Plum, here! I've always been a huge fan of Tim Burton and *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Growing up, it was without a doubt my favourite film, and remains so to this day. On my 18th birthday I knew I wanted a *TNBC* tattoo, so Katie Cripps at Bad Girl Ink in Hertfordshire tattooed a custom design of Jack and Sally's silhouettes on Spiral Hill.

Almost a year later to the day, my boyfriend and I were visiting London and spotted Tim Burton near a Tube station. My boyfriend says I gravitated towards him, but I can hardly remember! I walked over,




For Vicky
love

stopped him and said hello. I've never been so nervous in my life! I showed him my tattoo and he said he loved it, then we talked some more and got a photo together (above).

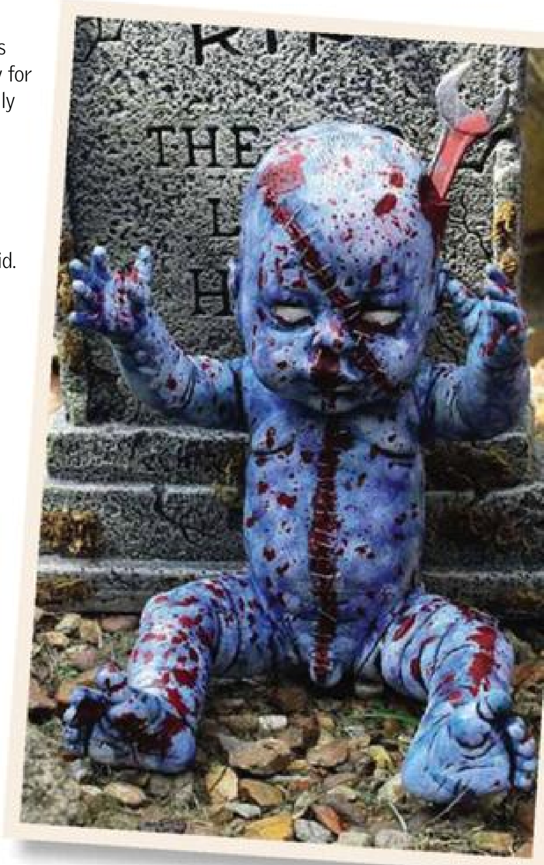
Ultra Vixens

When I asked Tim for an autograph, I couldn't find a pen! Luckily, a traffic warden across the road noticed what was happening and ran over to lend me his. As Tim was signing a slip of paper (left), I cheekily asked him to draw Jack Skellington for me. He was more than happy to do so, and on saying goodbye he gave a huge hug – I just stood still in awe! I told him I'd get the Jack sketch tattooed as well, which made him laugh.

Being a student, it was difficult to save the money for a new tattoo, but eventually I went along to a popular studio in Kingston. When I showed the artists my design, they laughed and refused to do it because they said it would look stupid. I was disheartened because the design was so personal to me. Eventually I went to Katie at Bad Girl Ink and had it tattooed as a 20th birthday present from my boyfriend. I'm ecstatic with the result. I felt so knocked down by those other egotistical tattooists that I considered not getting the tattoo at all. But seeing my ink in *Bizarre* would be a huge "Fuck you!" to them.

Victoria Plum, via email

Check out Victoria's gallery at Ultravixens.net/victoriaplum



DEKADENT DOLLS

I love reading *Bizarre,* and I think my dolls would interest you and your readers. I was featured in a small piece in your magazine back in 2009, but I'd love to show you my recent projects as my work has changed since then – and I have plenty more dolls to show you! I create all sorts of variations, including horror (above, right), cyber and steampunk dolls. Your readers can search for 'Dekadent Dolls' on Facebook to see more photos or to get in touch with me.

Lauren Burrows, via email

LOVE BITE

My name is Mark and I'm the co-founder of a Facebook page and YouTube channel called 'Alien Loves Predator UK'. With my partner, Rex, we cosplay together as Alien and Predator – she is Abi T Xeno and I'm Pedro T Pred. It's all about a female alien and a male predator trying to get along in this world. On the Facebook page there are photos of Abi and Pedro doing everyday human things. They like to enjoy days at the park (below, bottom), playing tennis, going on fairground rides and even getting new piercings (below, top).

Mark Welch, via email

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

My fiancée, Jennifer, would love to model in your magazine one day! We live together in Southampton and met two years ago at our local gay club. Jen spotted me propping myself up against a wall as I was drunk, and she decided to come over and tell me I was the hottest thing she'd ever seen. We chatted for a while, then Jen kindly walked me home along with her cousin. We quickly became good friends – blurting out obscene things, being incredibly honest with each other, and constantly laughing our arses off with a bottle of wine. We finally got together last April, then six months later I surprised Jen with a holiday to Fuerteventura in the Canary Islands for her birthday, and proposed to her at sunset on a beautiful beach! We plan to marry in August in black wedding dresses, and will celebrate at our friend's Gothic pub who has kindly offered to let us use it for free, which means we've got more money to book fun stuff such as fire performers, stilt walkers and angle-grinding routines to our favourite Marilyn Manson song. Jen and I have both always loved *Bizarre* because it's unique, shocking and the most interesting mag to read and look at.

Emily Varney, via Facebook

PICTURE: (SWINGS) MEKTOGRAPHY
PICTURE: (TATTOOS) KERRY CLARKE HOWES

TOO FRUITY FOR APPLE!
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Ultra Vixens

BODY MODS ON BOBBIES

After reading Mike D's letter on the 'Junk Mail' pages of *Bizarre 205*, I felt I had to get in touch. (Mike, a Police Community Support Officer, wrote to *Bizarre* and expressed his frustration about how he wasn't permitted by his employers to have visible tattoos, and how he wanted to set up an organisation to prevent discrimination against people with ink and body mods.)

Mike, I'm sorry you feel that way, but the rules are clear. Mike has chosen a profession in which he serves the community, and people need their public servants to reflect this authority. Stating he'd keep his tattoos covered at all times if his employers permitted him to get his hands inked is impractical. Also, piercings are not allowed in the police force for safety reasons, because a visible piercing or implant can become a target if an officer is involved in a confrontation. And female officers can only wear discreet studs – but I believe Mike implied otherwise in his letter.

I knew what the police required from me before I made the choice to get tattoos or piercings – and if I wish to continue in my role, I will choose my modifications based on that. To my mind, that should be part of any grown-up decision to permanently modify your body. I believe expecting the world to make concessions for your choices, while being unwilling to understand other perspectives, is the same bigoted view Mike is trying to change. I'm mainly speaking with regards to Mike's comments about the police. I do support choice, but choice comes with responsibility and people cannot absolve themselves of that.

SJ, via email

PICTURE: DAVID DRAKEN WATKINS

LADYFANG

I'm a big fan of prosthetic work and have worked in some great gory genres over the five years I've been modelling for photographer David Watkins. I've had the pleasure of working with him and prosthetics master Andy at Morbid Mask for quite a few years (photos of their work left and above). I even have my own custom-made fangs! I love doing shoots as a vampire… it brings out my inner Ladyfang!

Dryadanna, via Facebook

More images of Dryadanna can be found at Ultravixens.net/dryadanna

BUMP UP THE JAM

Hi, *Bizarre* team! Ultra Vixen Glitzyfox here. I'm pregnant with my third child, so how's this for a cover shoot idea…? A sexy, barefoot, pregnant 40-year-old warrior woman – no one would expect that! It would prove that neither age nor pregnancy should be hidden. In fact, I keep receiving requests for pictures with my bump – there's definitely a fetish for expectant women!

A lot of people say I've proved there's longevity to modelling by starting at such a late age, and I'm proud to say I've inspired a lot of models to carry on when they've thought themselves old at 25! Pregnancy was the reason I started modelling, and it gives me the urge to show the world how strong women are.

I'd also like to see Ultra Vixen Harlow Minx featured on your cover. She was in *Bizarre 205* – I think she's amazing and all her pictures are fantastic. She's super-friendly, too!

Glitzyfox, via email

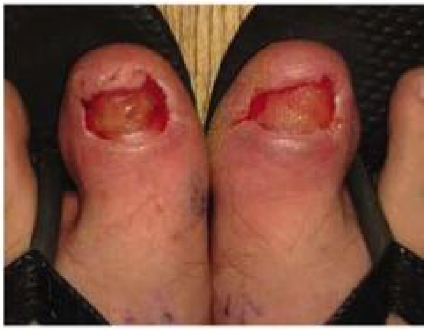
Mandatron says: Congratulations from everyone at *Bizarre* Towers on your third little cub! If you feel like indulging the maiesiophiliacs (those that love a lady with a bump) upload a picture to your gallery on Ultravixens.net!

SCAR WARS PART TOE – REVENGE OF THE CYST

Hola muchachos! Further to my grotty toes that appeared in *Bizarre 198*, here's an update because I know how much people are fascinated with my day-to-day existence. The trials and tribulations of being a triple-A rated celebrity in modern society, eh? Not even a full year had passed when a repeat evulsion of my toenails was required (below). Cue local anaesthesia and some frenetic yanking by a doctor who was smiling *way* too much. Sandals time again, just as the weather turns nippy. Oh joy. Sayonara for now.

Your Lord and Master, Jon, via email

Mandatron says: Yeah… a pleasure as always, Jon. Next time, I won't open your email without having a bucket in puking distance.



Ooops!

Here at *Bizarre* Towers, we try and get everything just right for each issue, but sometimes small mistakes slip through. Friends of Leanne Bird in Birmingham might've recognised her neo-traditional octopus mermaid tattoo by Curt at Laughing Buddha Tattoo Studio on the 'Your Body Art' pages of *Bizarre 208*, but thought Leanne had a head transplant! Turns out the wrong thumbnail image was printed by accident so, to make up to the hiccup, here's her actual face (below). Sorry, Leanne!

Hidden under the gas mask is wrestling-mad Mick Fage from Northamptonshire, happily reading his copy of *Bizarre 203* in the buff, presumably. And he owns his own coffin, don't you know?

WHERE DO YOU READ YOURS?

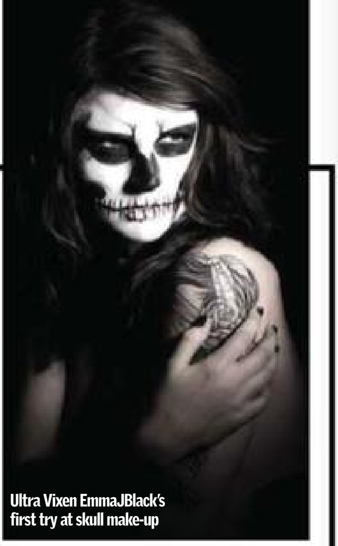
Most of you enjoy perusing *Bizarre* on the crapper, just like King Karim Jamal (right), but we want to see you reading the world's greatest rag on the highest peaks, in the lowest valleys… and in the weirdest places!

"MY SHORT 'N' CURLIES BELONG IN YER BEARD!"
TOO FRUITY FOR APPLE!

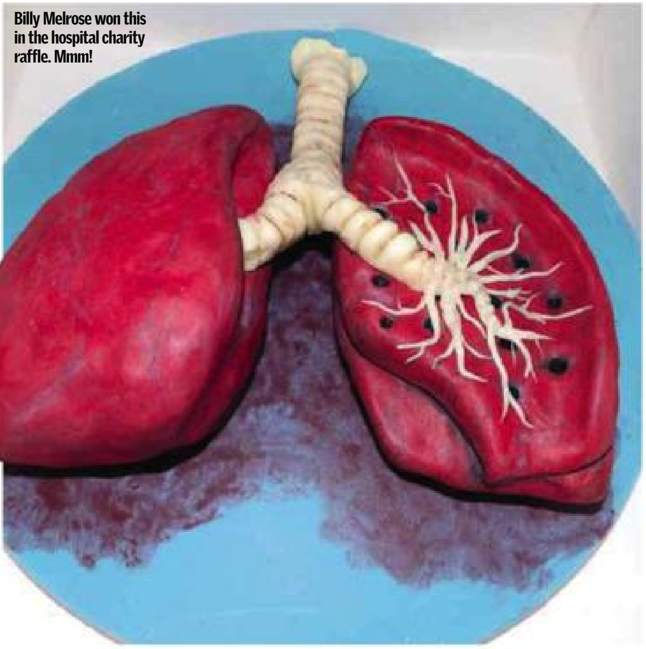
YOUR BIZARRE

PHOTO ASSAULT

You lot showing off on our community page… Visit us at Your-bizarre.tumblr.com

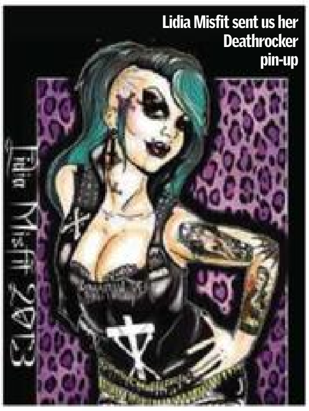


Ultra Vixen EmmaJBlack's first try at skull make-up



Billy Melrose won this in the hospital charity raffle. Mmm!

Clearhearts had a "chilled out Sunday with *Bizarre*"



Lidia Misfit sent us her Deathrocker pin-up

Theatomicpoison puts their dolls through "torment"

NEXT MONTH!

BIZARRE 211
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- THE WORLD'S MOST INCREDIBLE TATTOOS AND BODY ART REVEALED!

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PICTURE: CHRISTIAN SAINT

YOUR Body Art

READER TATTS AND BODY MODS

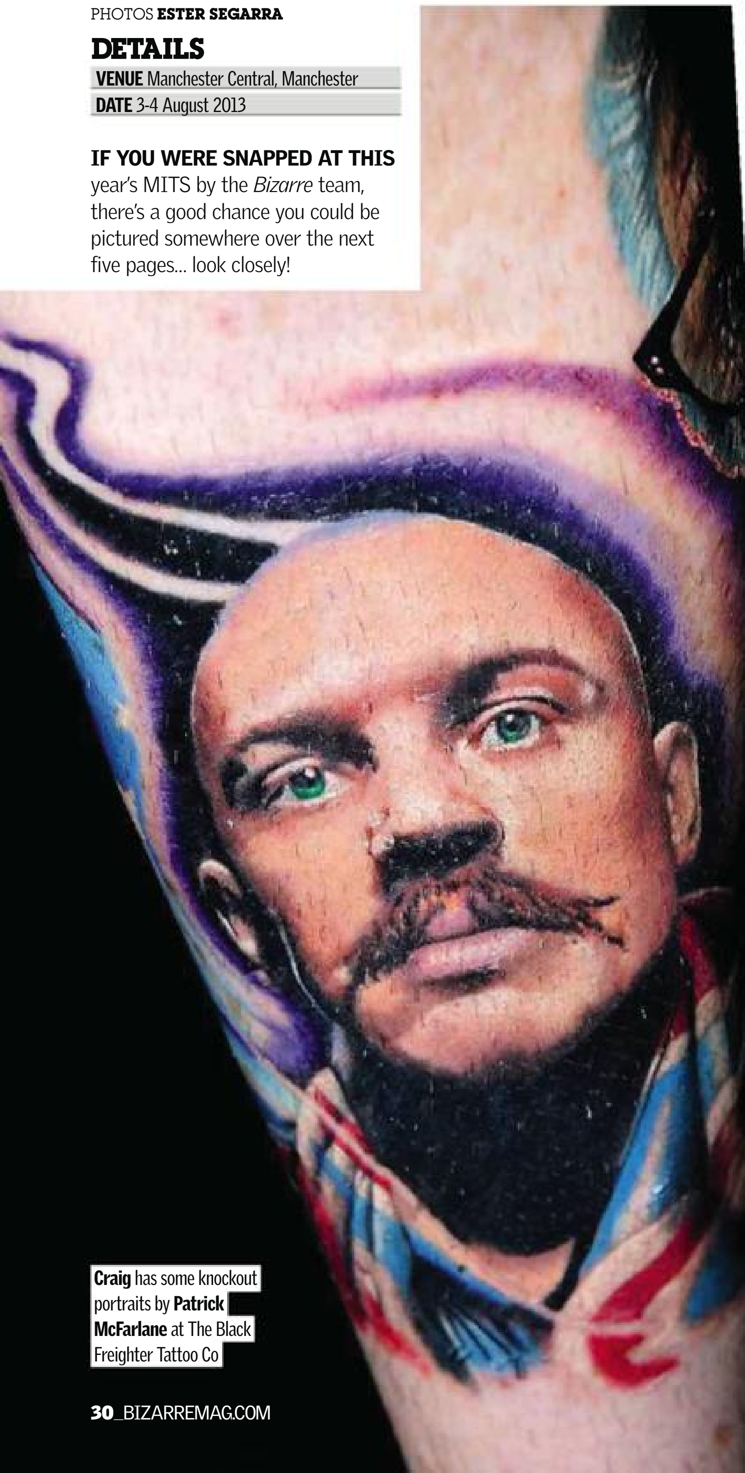
THE 12TH MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL TATTOO SHOW 2013

PHOTOS **ESTER SEGARRA**

DETAILS

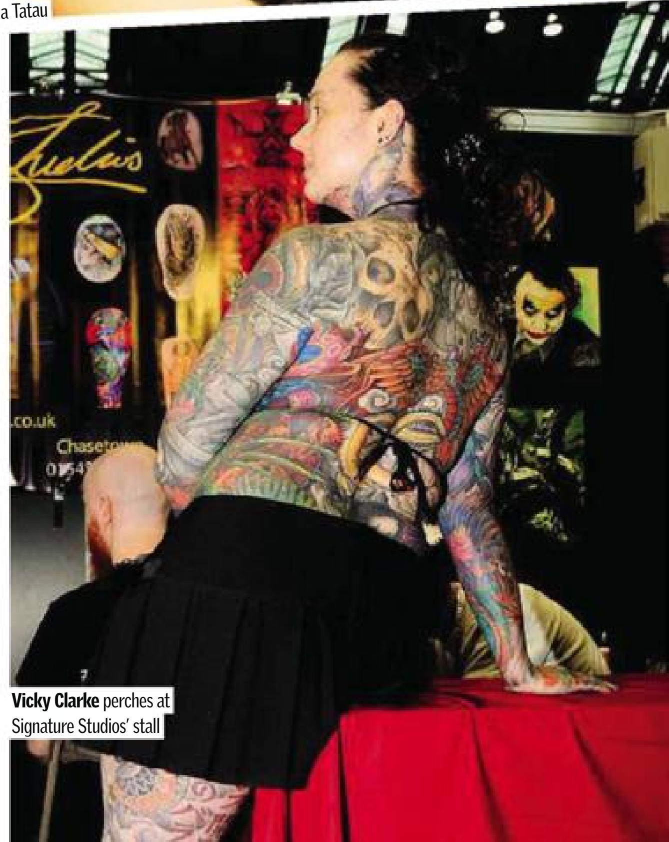
VENUE Manchester Central, Manchester
DATE 3-4 August 2013

IF YOU WERE SNAPPED AT THIS year's MITS by the *Bizarre* team, there's a good chance you could be pictured somewhere over the next five pages... look closely!



Craig has some knockout portraits by **Patrick McFarlane** at The Black Freighter Tattoo Co

Traditional methods with **Stuart** and Le Segaula Tatau



Vicky Clarke perches at Signature Studios' stall

A synthetic tattoo hand by A Pound of Flesh

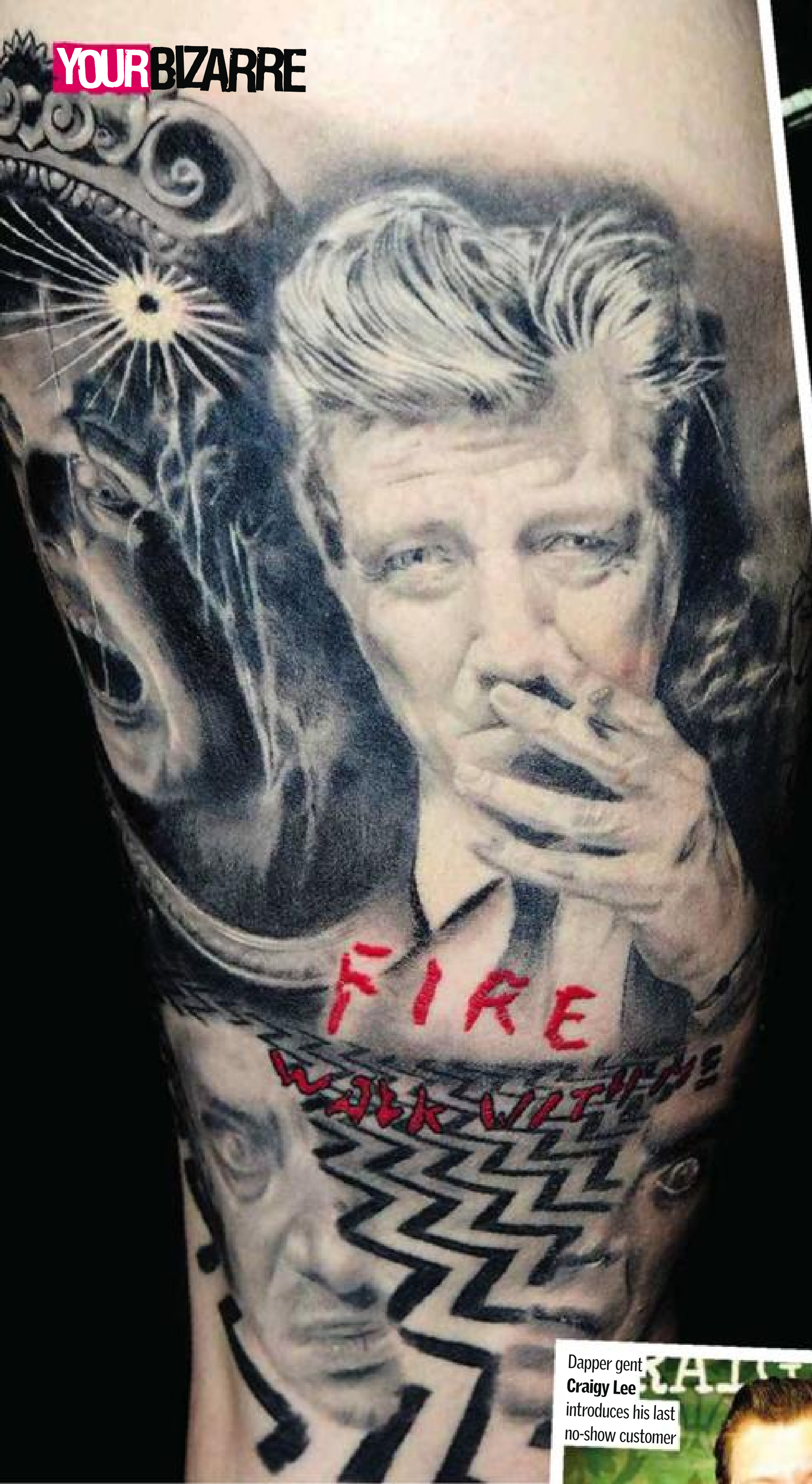
Russ' tribute to Dio by **Joe Problemo**

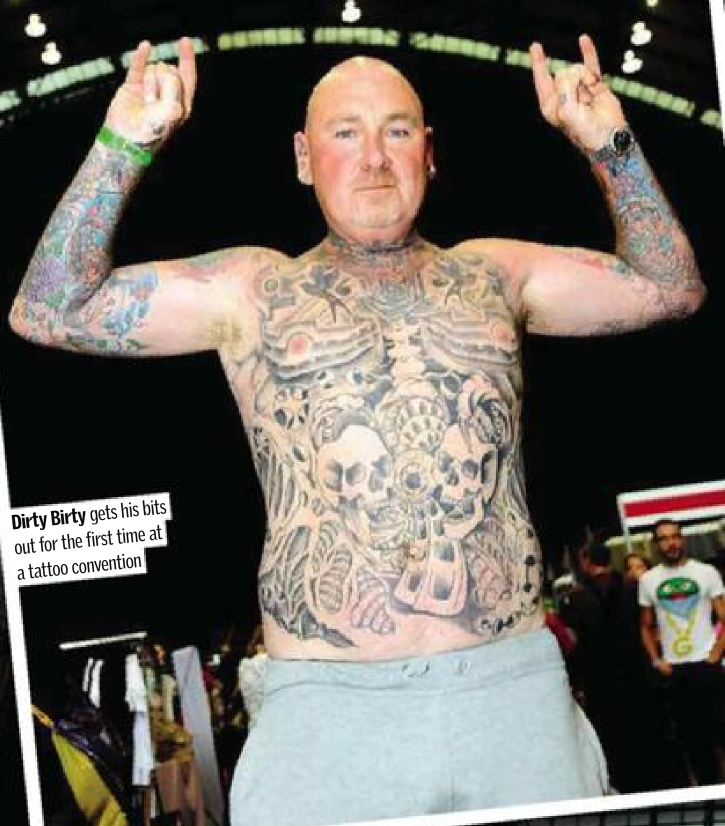
BULKY
IT'S IN OUR

Charlie from Aces High works on **Lynsey**'s leg

Benj Ashmead from Eagles Wing tattooed **Ben** on Saturday

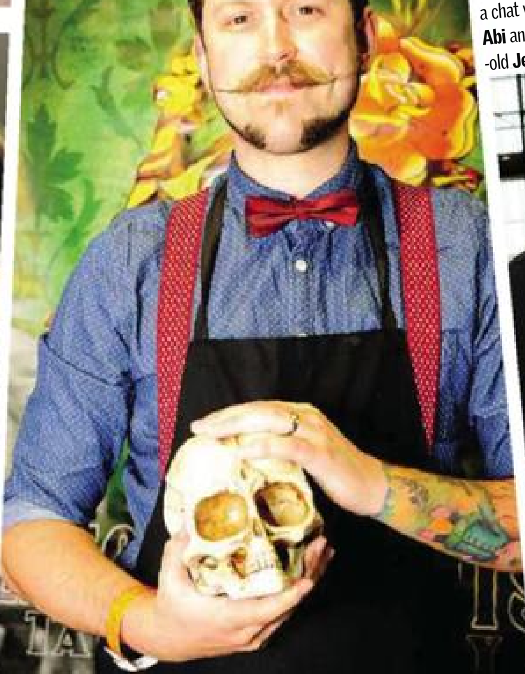
Emil from Portside Tattoo works on **Dom**'s shoulder





Dirty Birty gets his bits out for the first time at a tattoo convention

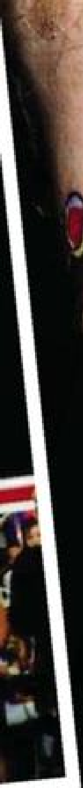
Akos Strenner won 'Best Large Black And Grey' for this *Twin Peaks* thigh piece (left)

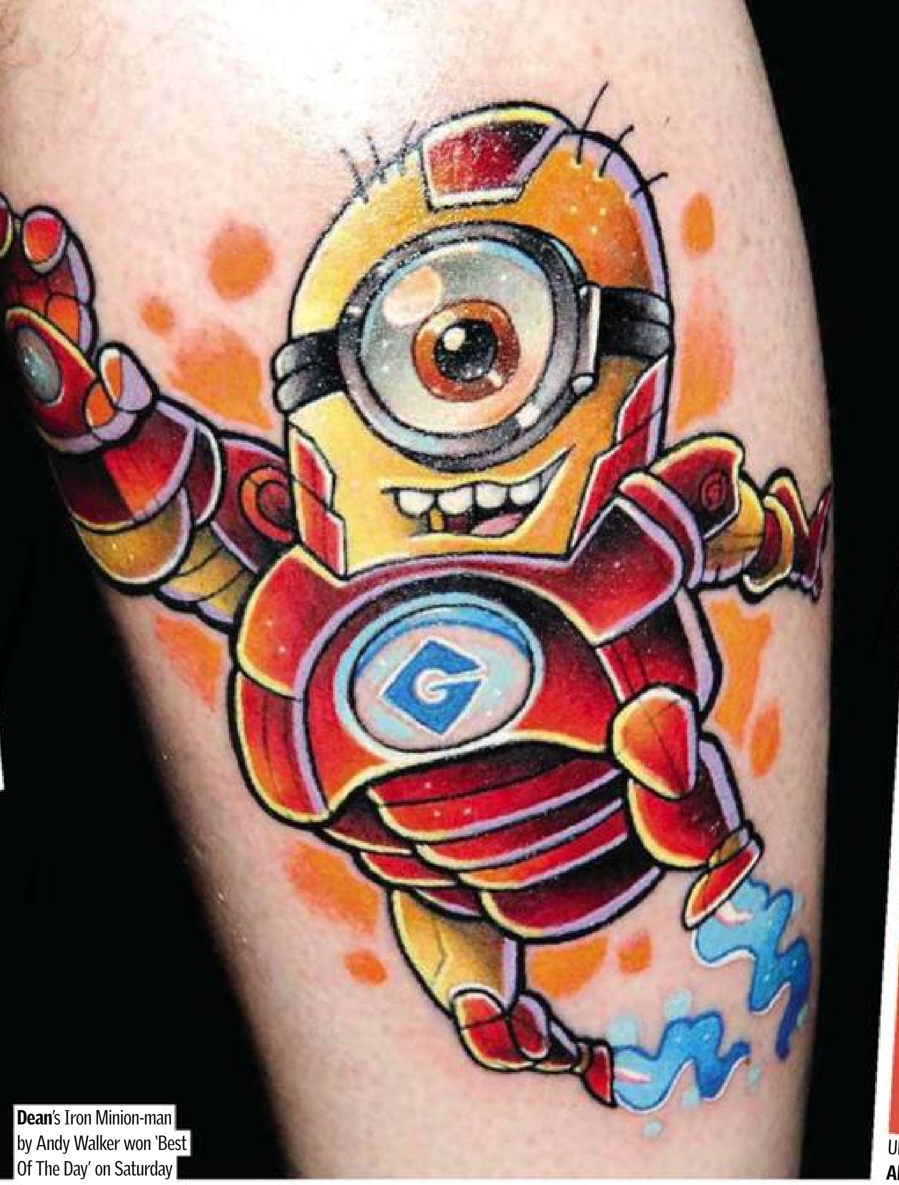


Dapper gent **Craigy Lee** introduces his last no-show customer

Bizarre enjoyed a chat with **Joe**, **Abi** and two-year-old **Jess**

Here's **Mia** (aged 12), **Donna**, **Matt Bubbles** and Ultra Vixen **Rose Von Blanche**

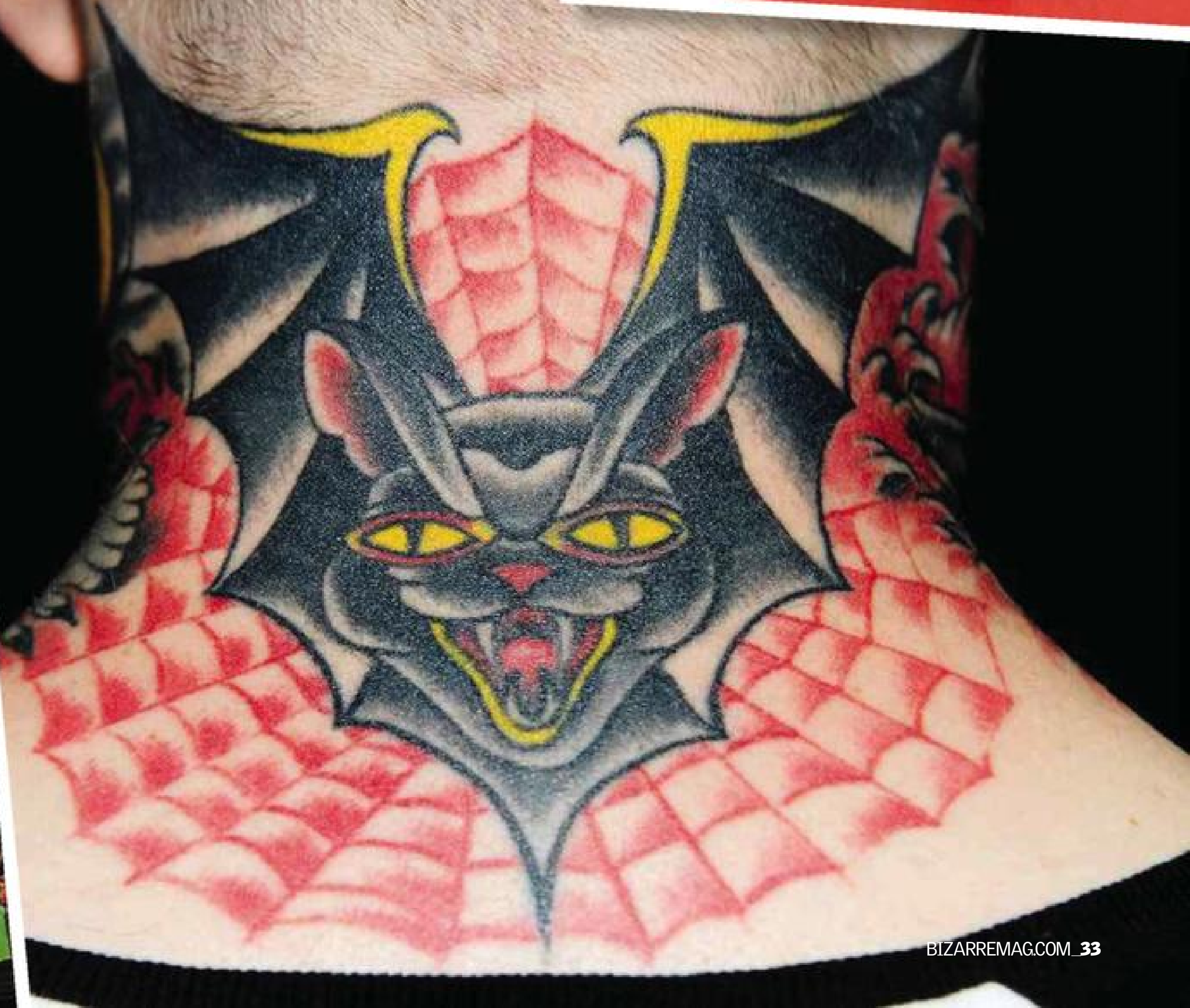


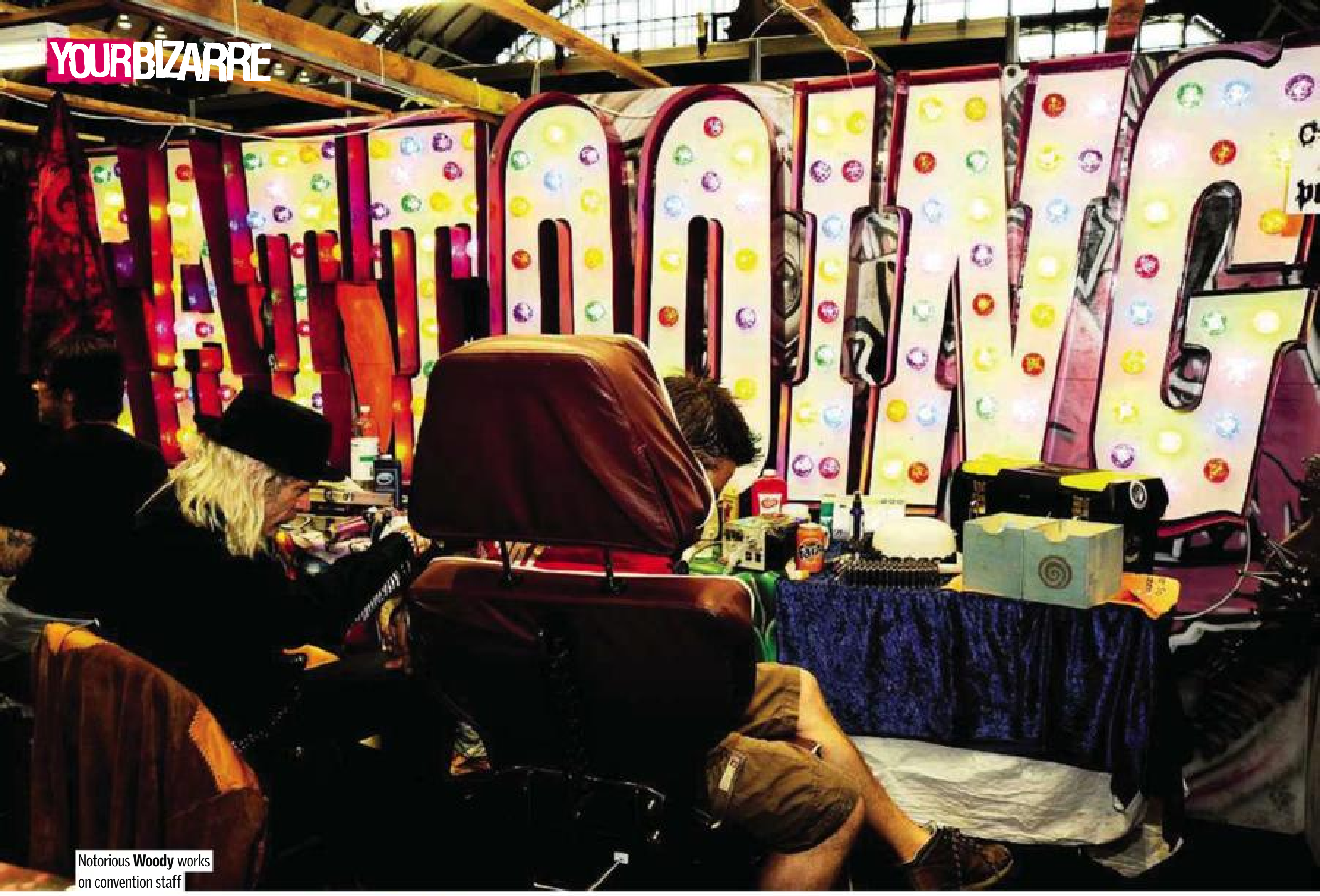


Dean's Iron Minion-man by Andy Walker won 'Best Of The Day' on Saturday

Ultra Vixens **Jade Allison** and **Miss Annalieza** with **Simon**

Chris' bat tatt was by Oliver Peck at LTC 11

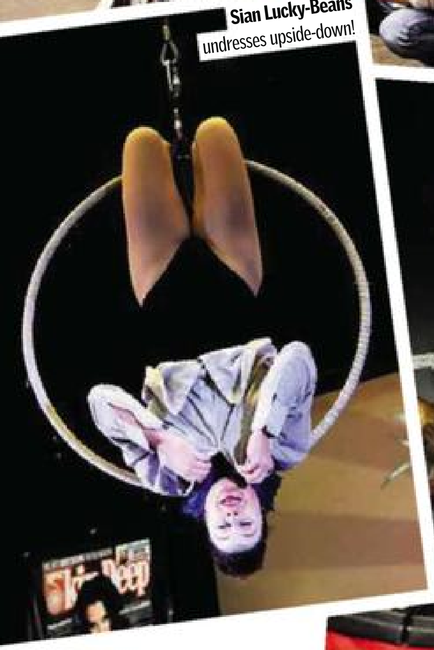




Notorious **Woody** works on convention staff

The judges were getting a good look

The FEROX clothing ladies lookin' fine!



Sian Lucky-Beans undresses upside-down!

Sculptor **Mike Anitt** makes one-off bronze pieces

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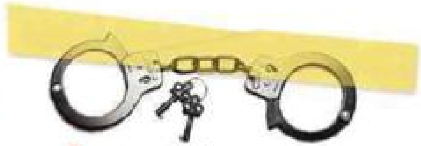
Lives: Bristol PURGATORY
Interested in: Men & WOMEN



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☑ BDSM

☑ FETISH
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☑ Socialising
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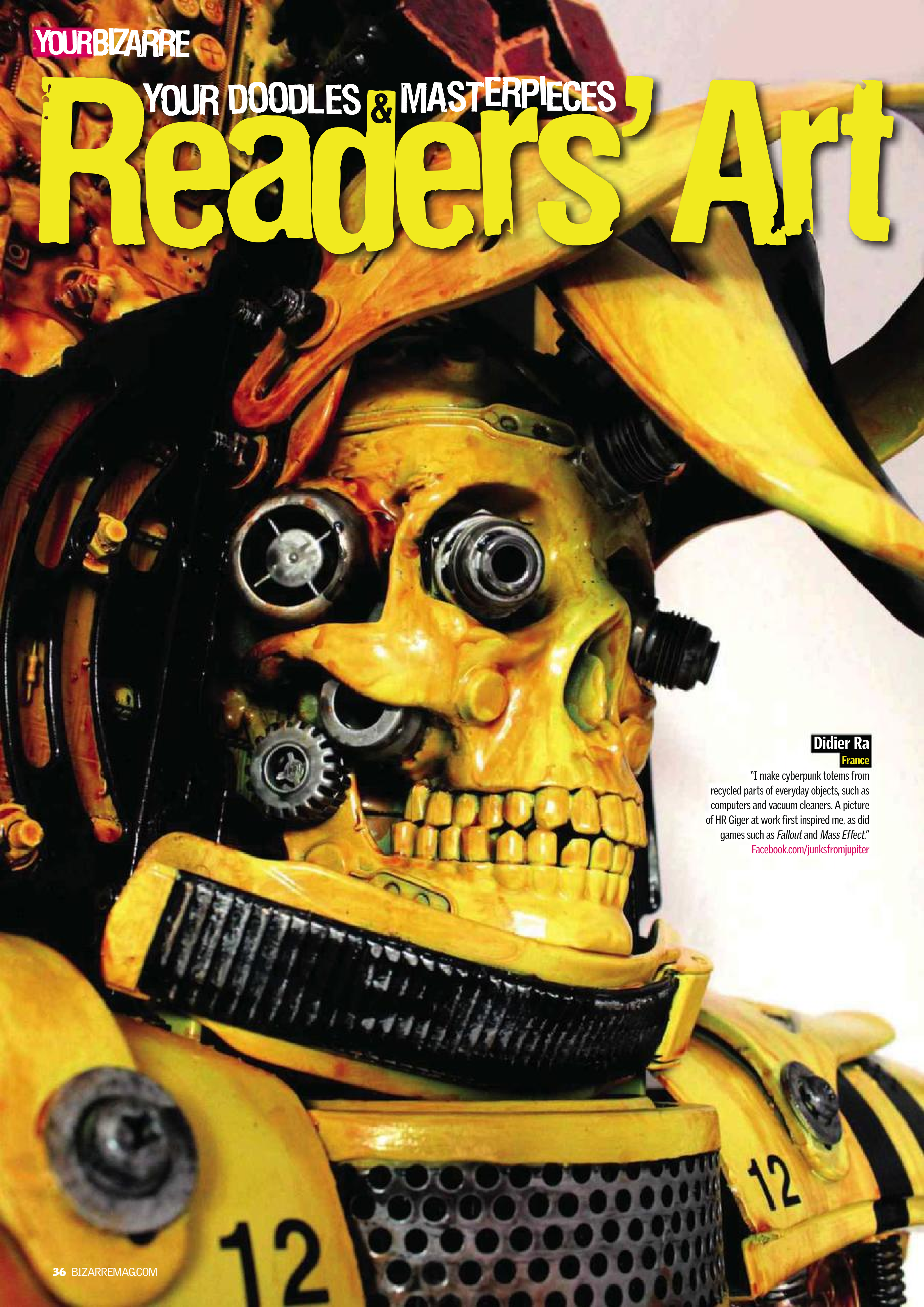
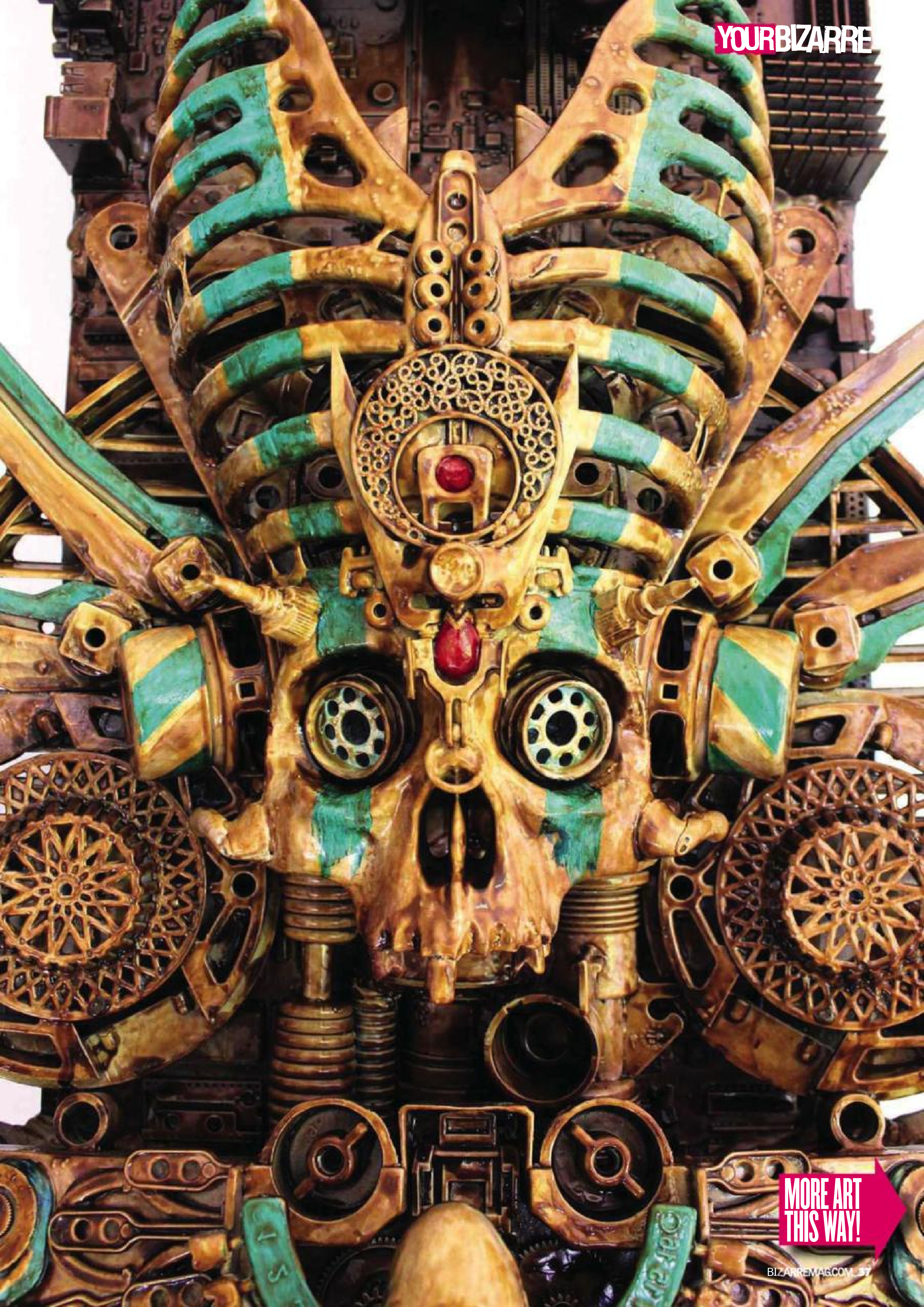
Readers' Art

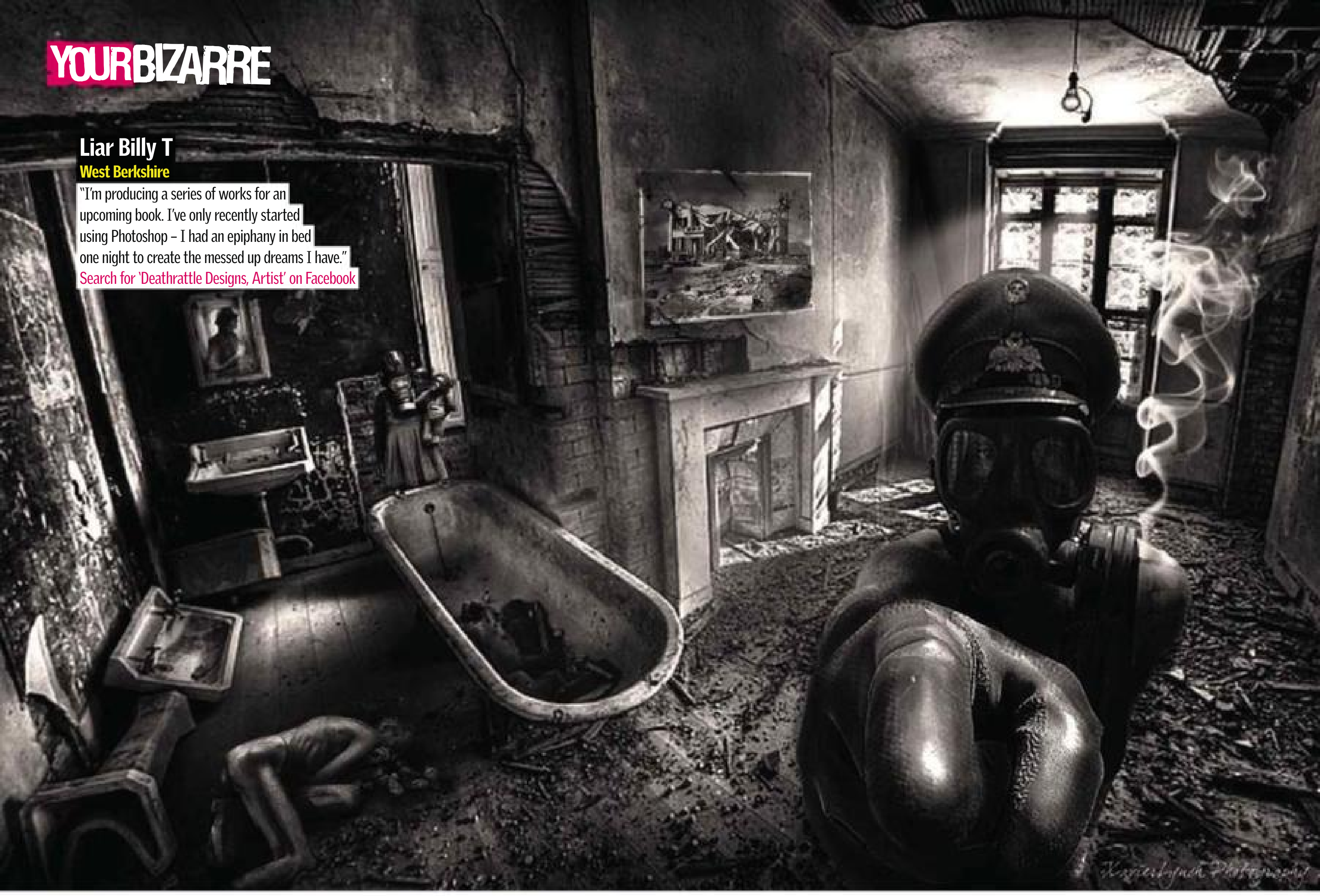


Didier Ra
France

"I make cyberpunk totems from recycled parts of everyday objects, such as computers and vacuum cleaners. A picture of HR Giger at work first inspired me, as did games such as *Fallout* and *Mass Effect*."
Facebook.com/junksfromjupiter



MORE ART THIS WAY!

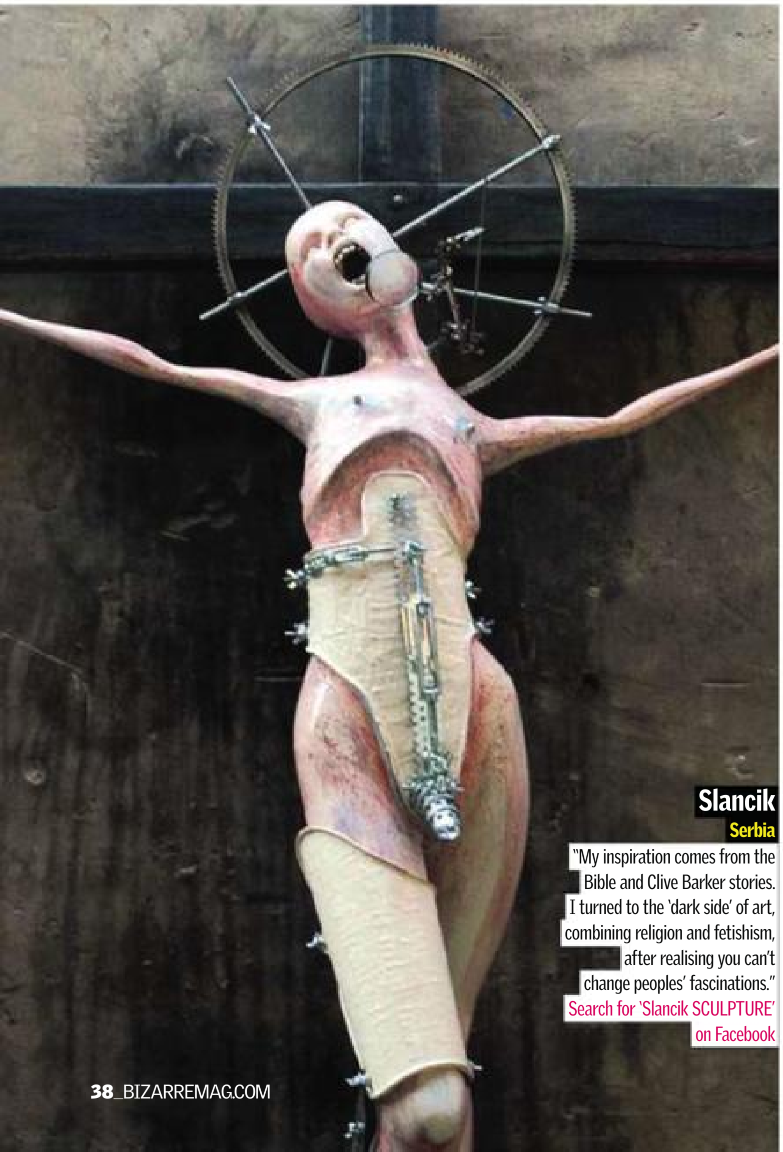


Liar Billy T

West Berkshire

"I'm producing a series of works for an upcoming book. I've only recently started using Photoshop – I had an epiphany in bed one night to create the messed up dreams I have."

Search for 'Deathrattle Designs, Artist' on Facebook

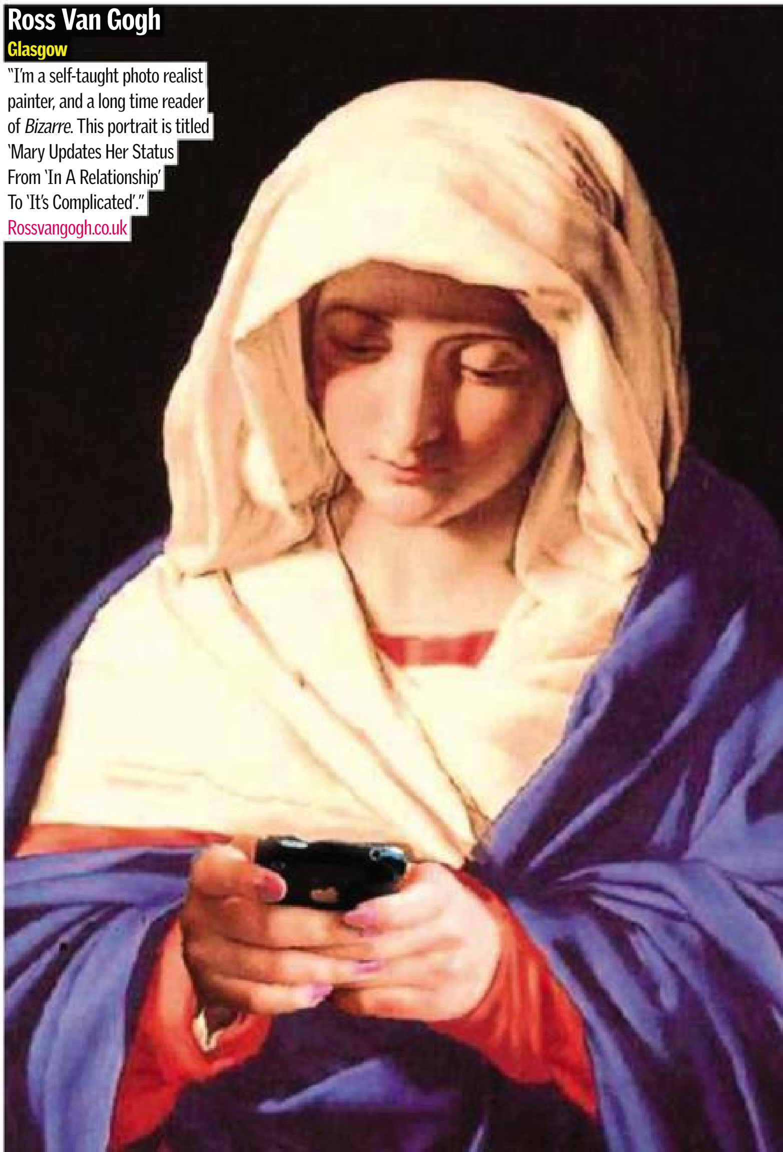


Slancik

Serbia

"My inspiration comes from the Bible and Clive Barker stories. I turned to the 'dark side' of art, combining religion and fetishism, after realising you can't change peoples' fascinations."

Search for 'Slancik SCULPTURE' on Facebook

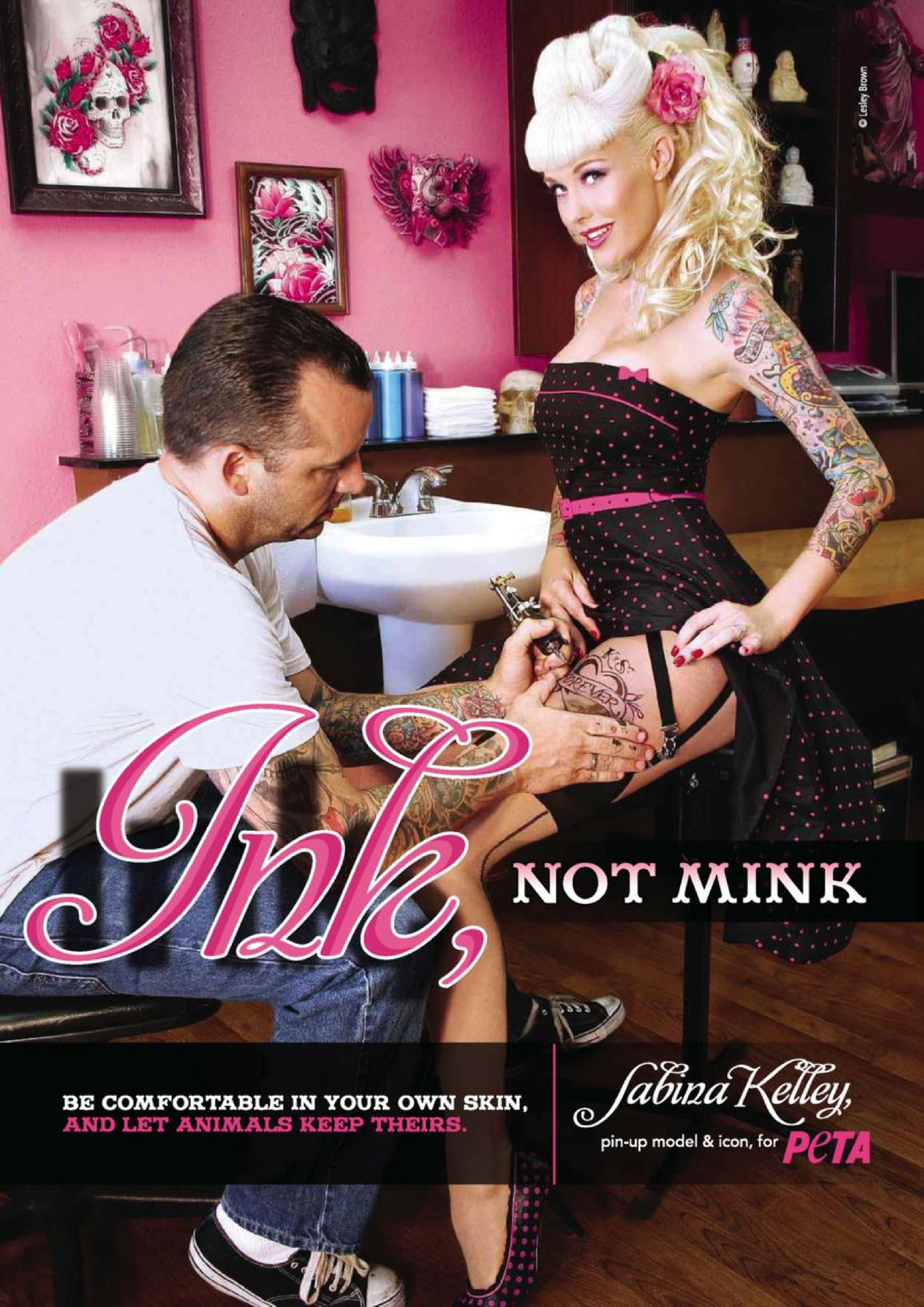


Ross Van Gogh

Glasgow

"I'm a self-taught photo realist painter, and a long time reader of *Bizarre*. This portrait is titled 'Mary Updates Her Status From 'In A Relationship' To 'It's Complicated'."

Rossvangogh.co.uk


Ink,
NOT MINK
BE COMFORTABLE IN YOUR OWN SKIN,
AND LET ANIMALS KEEP THEIRS.
Sabina Kelley,
pin-up model & icon, for PETA

© Lesley Brown

SEE MORE GIRLS!

FIND OUT MORE ON P45

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BE A COVER STAR!

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BIZARRE'S Ultra Vixens

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SAVANNAH MARIE

27, SAN ANTONIO, USA

"My weirdest life moment so far was pooping in my mum's front yard when I was piss-ass drunk! I once had sex in a hospital bed with IVs still attached to my arm. I admire Einstein – that bastard knew everything!"

PICTURE: SAVANNAHBPHOTOGRAPHY

Ultra Vixens
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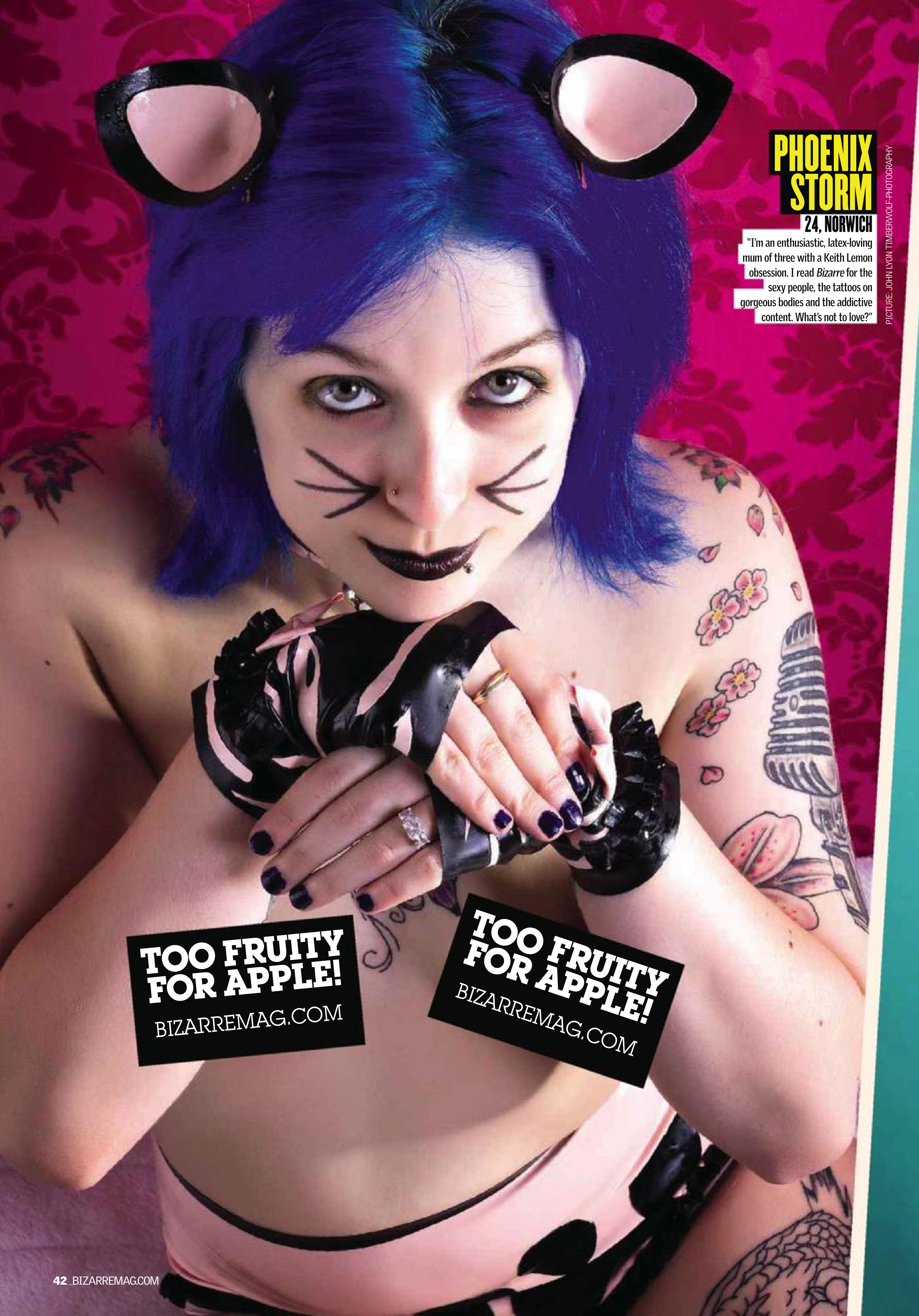
Kronenbourg 1664
HOW TO AVOID A HANGOVER STAY DRUNK
DON'T DRI… YOU MIGHT…

TIDDLEPOPS

28, DONCASTER

"Being asked on Twitter whether I'd pee in someone's mouth is in my top ten weirdest life moments. I love tattoos, Sailor Jerry rum and working out. I'd describe myself as fecking awesome!"

PICTURE: WILLIAM RAISBECK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PHOENIX STORM

24, NORWICH

"I'm an enthusiastic, latex-loving mum of three with a Keith Lemon obsession. I read *Bizarre* for the sexy people, the tattoos on gorgeous bodies and the addictive content. What's not to love?"

PICTURE: JOHN LYON TIMBERWOLF-PHOTOGRAPHY

MS ANGI

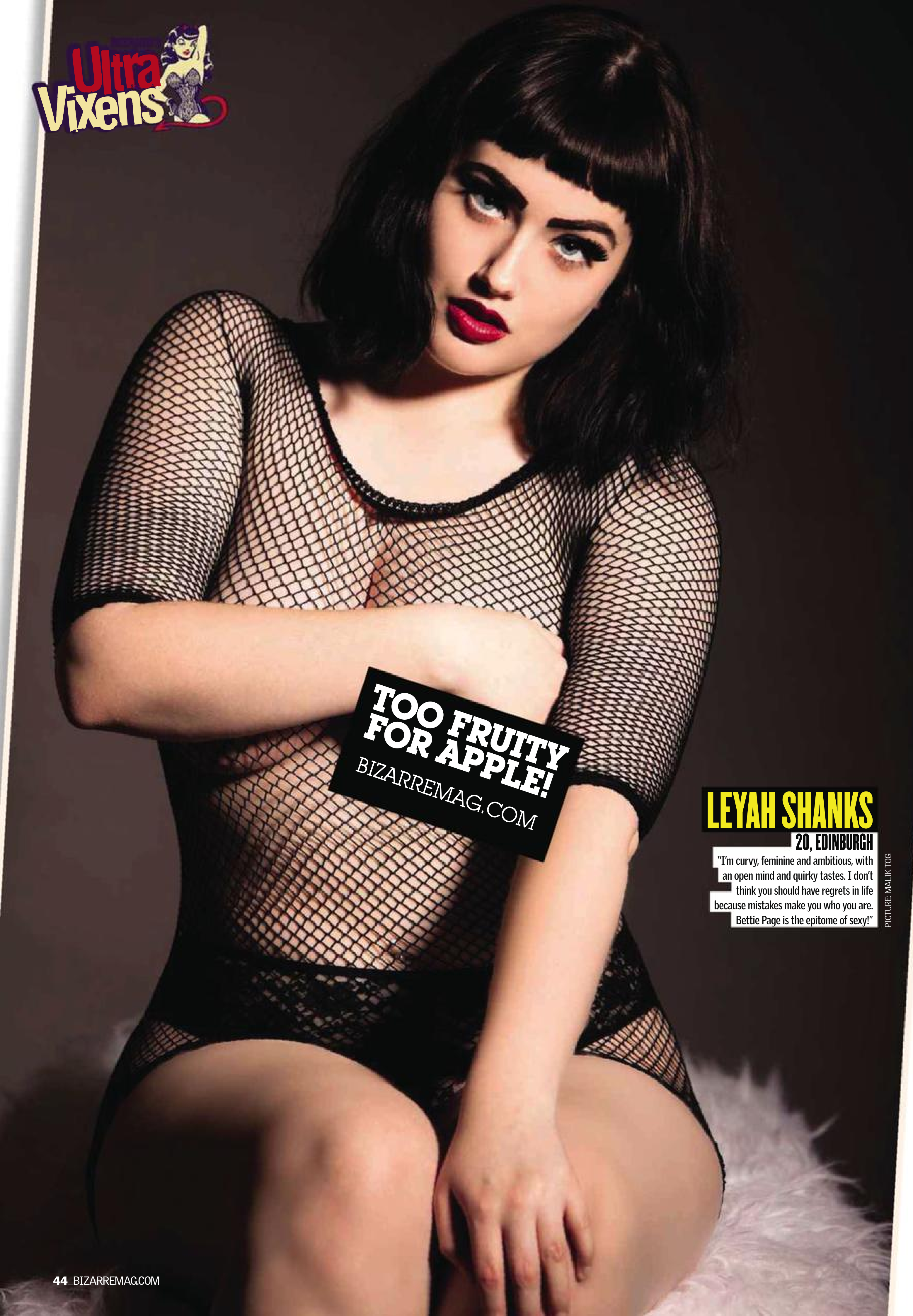
30, CALIFORNIA, USA

"My biggest achievement was being the owner of a tattoo studio at the age of 19 and successfully running it for eight years. I love being creative – I draw a lot, I still tattoo and I love to sing."

PICTURE: PIXELS BY ANGELA

RED-HOT!

SEE 100s MORE SEXY ALT.GIRLS ONLINE AT ULTRAVIXENS.NET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LEYAH SHANKS

20, EDINBURGH

"I'm curvy, feminine and ambitious, with an open mind and quirky tastes. I don't think you should have regrets in life because mistakes make you who you are. Bettie Page is the epitome of sexy!"

PICTURE: MALIK TOG

BE A COVER STAR!

IF YOU WANT TO BE ON THE COVER OF *BIZARRE*, YOU NEED TO JOIN ULTRA VIXENS

HOW IT WORKS

WANNA BE ON THE COVER OF *BIZARRE*? SIGN UP AT ULTRAVIXENS.NET AND GET A STEP CLOSER...

Sign up to **UltraVixens.net** and you'll not only be able to submit your snaps to these pages, but you'll also be in with a chance of getting on the cover of the magazine!

Each month we'll will be scouring **UltraVixens.net** for new stars. When we've spotted 10 girls we like, we'll invite them to take part in a photoshoot in London, which will be printed in *Bizarre*. If any of the girls make the grade, they'll appear on the cover, just like PoppyThorn did (below)! Up for the challenge? Then sign up at **UltraVixens.net** and hit the 'Make Me A Cover Star' button on your profile page!

"EXTREME INK! I GOT MY TONGUE AND GUMS TATTOOED BLACK!"
KEVIN SMITH! SILENT BOB REVEALS HIS SECRET DEATH NIGHTMARE!
BIZARRE
ULTRA VIXEN
WE REVEAL THE WORLD'S HOTTEST NEW ALT.GIRL!
SERIAL KILLERS!
SHOCK PHOTOS!
MASUIMI MAX!
FETISH!

forthewin!
Breaking into abandoned asylums, rebelling against her mum, and dressing up like a slutty Belle – you sure know how to pick 'em! Bizarre gets up close and personal with POPPY THORN, the Ultra Vixen YOU voted to victory...
"SOME GIRLS MIGHT FEEL PRESSURE TO SLIM DOWN, BUT IF I DID THAT I WOULDN'T GET TO SHOW OFF MY BANGING CURVES!"
URBAN FOX
"I DID A PHOTOSHOOT IN AN OLD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL INSIDE A PADDED CELL. I TRIED TO IGNORE THE BLOOD SPLATS ALONG THE WALL"

OUR NEW FAVES!

BIZARRE ART DIRECTOR DAVE KELSALL AND MANDATRON JUDGE NEW ARRIVALS ON ULTRAVIXENS.NET

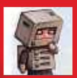
PICTURE: NICHOLAS GRAY

DEELABEAU

Mandatron says: "Dee's curves look divine in latex, but there's something about this picture that I really like. Is it just me, or can anyone see a Courtney Love resemblance? (Back when Courtney was hot, obviously.)"

Dave Kelsall says: "Er… no… not really, Mandatron, but I do like her pants and T-Shirt ensemble… Now I know what to get Mrs K for Christmas."

LOISMAPLES


Mandatron says: "Lois looks cute as a button in this colourful, sugary-sweet shot. It's no surprise she won Judge's Choice in Ireland's Next Top Alt Model – she's as versatile as they come! Cool tattoos, too."

Dave Kelsall says: "I agree… but when you're doing these sorts of shots, try and 'take 'em to the next level', as they say on TV. Take a big bite out of the doughnut, bring down the shades… something to make your shot stand out."

PICTURE: RETRO DOLLY PHOTOGRAPHY

KER-CHING!

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Girls! Want to make extra cash? Then sign up to **UltraVixens.net** and upload VIP content – that is, your sexier, darker, and kinkier material. This content can **only** be viewed by other **UltraVixens.net** members, who can award purple hearts to their favourite girls. Each purple heart you receive is worth £1! Earn more by signing up to be a **LIVE CHAT** Ultra Vixen and use the biggest alt.girl webcam service to get closer to your fans. For more info head over to **UltraVixens.net**

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CENSORED!

MODEL: ZOEMARG01
PICTURE: LES AULD

LIVE CHAT!

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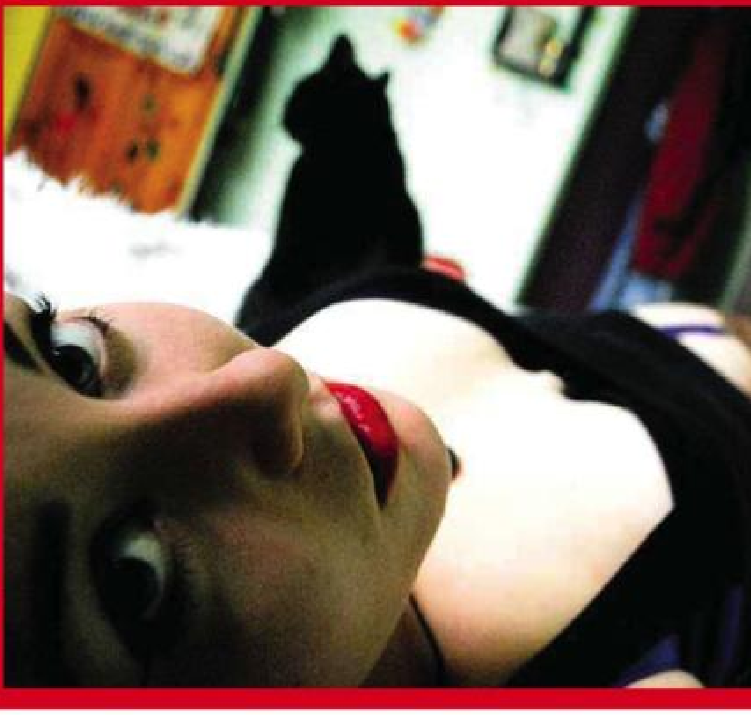
SLMBJ (below) is one of our latest **LIVE CHAT** girls. Sign up and head to **ultravixens.net/slmbj** to book a chat session with her. To see the full line-up of **LIVE CHAT** Ultra Vixens, go to **UltraVixens.net/live**



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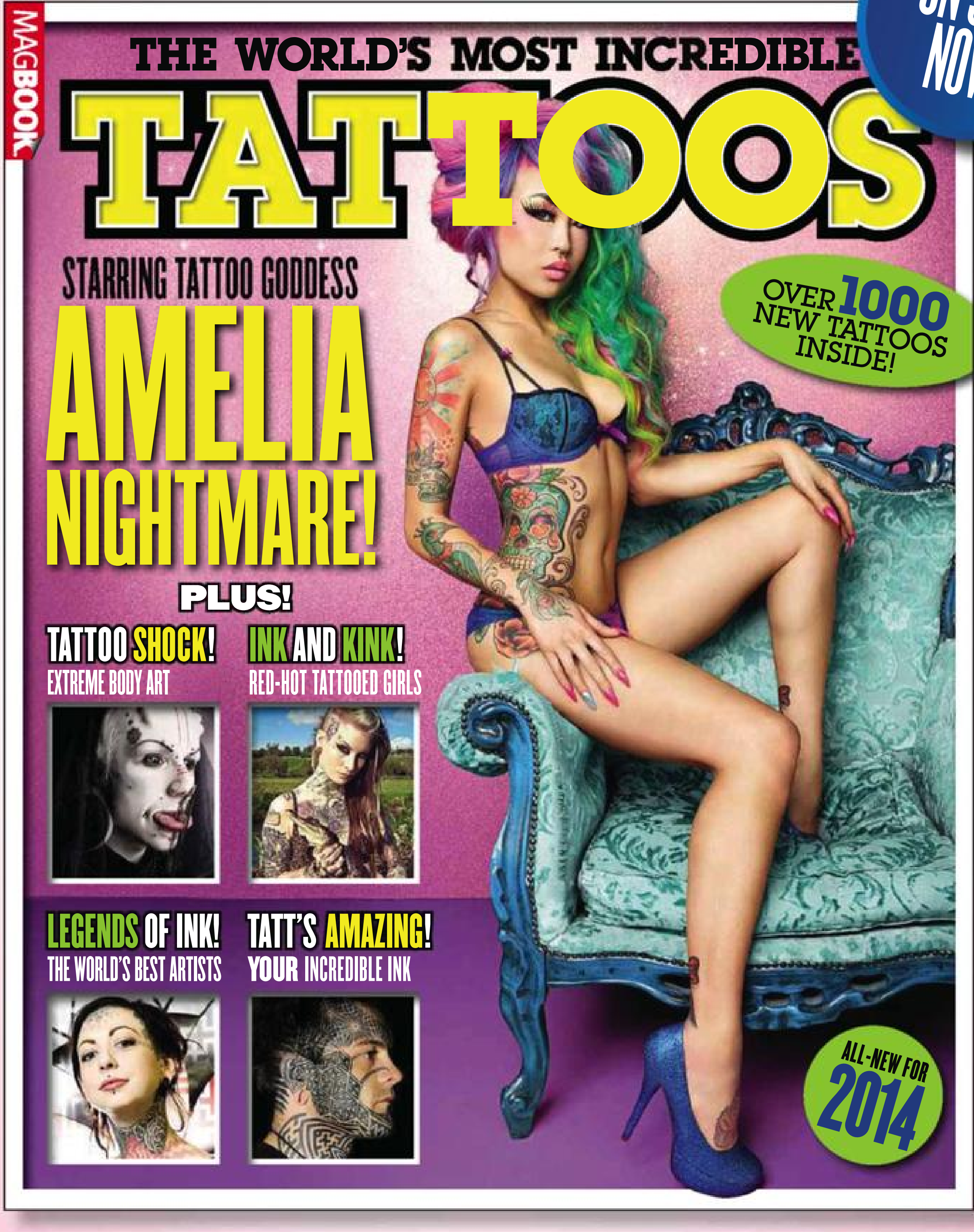
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THE THIGH'S THE LIMIT!

From handcuffing ventriloquist dummies to crushing puny men between her powerful thighs, discover why wonder-legged fetish scorcher **Ludella Hahn** has swept the *Bizarre* office off its collective feet…

WORDS **STEPHEN DAULTREY (@STEVEYBIZARRE)**
MODEL **LUDELLA HAHN (AND BULLY AND DONKEY)**
PHOTOGRAPHER **EVAN SMITH**

Curvy American beauty Ludella Hahn may look like a sweet girl on the outside, but don't be fooled: there's a wicked imagination lurking beneath that retro glare.

In the world of burlesque, the fiery-haired minx is renowned as the 'dame with the delicious derriere', and has performed all manner of risqué routines involving dummies, bondage and exploding cocks. And in the world of fetish fantasy she's also a saucy performer for the cameras, doing everything from bursting balloons with her butt to busting wimpy gentlemen's balls! We couldn't think of a more perfect cover girl for Chrimbo.

Check Ludella out over the next 13 pages, and see how she's bringing a radical new meaning to the term 'hot dog!' With a bull.

Let's start with your cover shoot. You're wearing a dog's head and riding a furry bull. Please explain…
It's a dog eat dog world, and sometimes you just need to bite down and ride the bull. Literally. Life is all about experiences, after all.

Very true, Ludella. Who is the lucky chap inside the bull costume?
That's my friend, Zak. He was good at looking mean and angry, right? With all those disgruntled facial expressions you wouldn't know the shoot took place on his birthday weekend. →

> “THE FINALE OF *THE SLUTCRACKER* INVOLVES A GIANT CANDY CANE PENIS THAT SHOOTS OUT SNOW... AND A FULL CAST ORGY!”

What an incredible birthday present… As a fetish star you make wild video clips that encompass everything from being consumed by giant plants and disappearing in quicksand to popping balloons with your sexy butt. Are those personal fetishes?
I have a personal store, **Clips4sale.com/36032**, which involves legs, stockings, pantyhose, vore (getting eaten alive) by boxes and sleeping bag monsters, and superheroine clips. But I have also been eaten by giant plants and ‘died’ in quicksand working for other fetish film producers, in addition to many other things. They’re not my personal fetishes (except for the legwear portion), but I have a blast doing them. I love being a fetish model because of the variety of interesting things I get to experience.

We published a feature on vore for *Bizarre 184*. It looks like one of the most fun fetishes around. How did you get into it?
The same producer I shoot quicksand fetish videos with began making vore content, and he hired me to get eaten by a giant plant that he'd built in his back yard. He might have hired me to get eaten by a demon bed before that, though – I can’t remember! Either way, it was a lot of fun, so I decided to shoot some of my own clips where I was consumed by an evil Christmas present. Then I was commissioned to shoot a video with a sleeping bag monster. I’ve been asked to do others, but sometimes the requests involve high-tech creatures that I can’t create.

You also strangle men with your killer thighs. How do we sign up for this?
I have a different store for my ‘scissorhold’ work under my wrestling name, Nessie Squeeze. You can find those clips at **Clips4sale.com/22364**.

Talking of those killer thighs, you’re well known for your legs. It’s not hard so see why. Do you consider them your finest assets, along with your equally amazing derriere?
Thank you! Yes, I do like my legs and butt and consider them to be my best selling points.

Do fans often request to see you crush things with your thighs and butt?
Yes, and I’ve broken a couple of coffee tables, a stereo rack, and some laptops for a crushing website. Most people want to be crushed themselves, but electronics seem to be just as popular. I don’t know what the hardest thing would be. Those things were all pretty hard and I have photos of the damage I did.

In terms of personal fetishes, you’re into electroplay. What does that entail and what do you like about it?
It’s more of a facet of one of my personal fetishes. I have a thing for danger, and being tied up with electricity tickling, stinging and shocking my body in various places, with no means of escape. It feels quite dangerous. Electroplay does a fine job of causing me much excitement.

Is electroplay painful? Do you have any tips for curious beginners?
It can be a little painful – it depends on how high you raise the power. At a lower voltage, it has more of a tickling / tingling effect, but the higher you go the more painful it is. Pain is part of the excitement, but I never turn the voltage to the top. For curious beginners, start at a low voltage using an electric wand and slowly turn it up to a level you feel comfortable with. And keep in mind that you are playing with electricity, so please read all the warning labels. Note: It will melt pantyhose and can ignite flammable materials!

You’re also well-known as a feisty burlesque performer. I understand you once handcuffed a ventriloquist dummy that you’ve owned since childhood and threatened him with, and I quote, “tits and a riding crop”. Did you do similar things to him in the privacy of your bedroom?
Haha. Oh no! It was much more innocent than that, but perhaps more creepy. I played with him like any young girl plays with her Barbie dolls, only I never moved my lips when he talked. When I first acquired him (he was found in my nana’s attic), his head was detached from his body and I just played with his head until my nana repaired him.

We'd generated this awesome mental image of you playing bondage games with all your toys. That would make some video… Maybe like a fetish remake of *Ted*?
Well, perhaps we should get in touch with Mark Wahlberg to see if he wants to jump on board with that project? He’s from Boston, so we have that as an icebreaker!

For our lucky cousins across the Atlantic, you’re performing in a burlesque version of *The Nutcracker* this Christmas called *The Slutcracker*. What’s it about?
It’s the genius creation of Boston burlesque performer and choreographer, Sugar Dish. It’s on its sixth season, with four to five shows per week for the whole of December. In this fetish burlesque version of the story, Clara receives a dildo instead of a nutcracker and it comes to life as the Dildo Prince. Though it is obviously much more risqué than the original (the finale involves a giant candy cane penis that shoots out snow, and a full cast orgy), it's still an

→

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ORGANIC BRAINS ROTTEN

> "I HAVE A THING FOR DANGER! I LIKE TO BE TIED UP AND HAVE ELECTRICITY TICKLING, STINGING AND...

...SHOCKING MY BODY, WITH NO MEANS OF ESCAPE. IT CAUSES ME MUCH EXCITEMENT!"

"MY NANA DISCOVERED WE WERE RELATED TO THREE SISTERS FROM THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS... AND APPARENTLY TO THE ORIGINAL MOTHER GOOSE!"

entirely choreographed ballet to all the original music. It's so much fun! Anyone planning to visit Boston needs to experience it.

They sure do. Given your delectable, curvy, Bettie Page-style figure and 1950s aesthetic, has this pin-up / burlesque fascination resonated with you from an early age?
Oh, yes! I grew up watching TV shows such as *I Love Lucy*, *Bewitched*, *The Munsters* and *I Dream Of Jeannie*, so my first ideas of people were based on those shows. I find myself attracted to that retro-feminine style and the 1950s family ideals. Though I am a full-time model and performer, I'm also a full-time housewife. That's a fetish for me in itself. The dancing started when my mom enrolled my sister and I in a clogging class when I was 11. I took more and more classes in different genres through my school years, and started performing burlesque in 2009 when I discovered there was a local scene for it. Now I've performed internationally. I love to dance, and I love the sexuality and the glamour involved. Perhaps my attraction to this can be first attributed to Jeannie in her harem costume.

Apparently you hate onions. Further to your 1950s look and monster-battling shenanigans, how about we make a belated, modern-day B-movie sequel to *Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes*, entitled *Attack Of The Killer Red Onions*, which stars you as the main lead?
I would pulverise those onions! Plot? My evil arch nemesis, Ozzy Onion, plans to contaminate the earth with his noxious existence and only →

"MY EVIL ARCH NEMESIS OZZY ONION PLANS TO CONTAMINATE THE EARTH WITH HIS NOXIOUS EXISTENCE!"

"I DO LIKE MY LEGS AND BUTT AND CONSIDER THEM TO BE MY BEST SELLING POINTS!"

I can stop him. But first I have to get through his army of evil onion minions. The only problem is, it's so difficult to destroy them because of all the crying that ensues.

That would inevitably be the downside to fighting giant onions. Out of interest, why do you hate onions? Without them we wouldn't have curry.
It's a hatred that goes back far before I can remember. The taste and texture make me gag.

Here's another wild and random fact about you. You're apparently related to three sisters who were accused of witchcraft during the Salem witch trials. How the heck did you find that out?
My nana was into genealogy, and traced our family history back to coming to America on the Mayflower. She discovered our relation to the sisters – and apparently to the original Mother Goose.

What did your family think when that little nugget of info made itself known? Did you call in the Ghostbusters or hand yourself in to the Vatican?

> **"I'VE BROKEN A COUPLE OF COFFEE TABLES, A STEREO RACK, AND SOME LAPTOPS FOR A CRUSHING WEBSITE, BUT MOST PEOPLE WANT TO BE CRUSHED THEMSELVES!"**

I think witches aren't as susceptible to proton packs as ghosts are, so no-one in my family seemed freaked out about it. Also, last October I went to the Vatican and I didn't melt, so I'm not so sure about those witch accusations. It sounds like the folks in Salem just had a bad case of hysteria. (Though I hope not, because I think it would be really cool to have witch blood running through my veins. *Specialis Revelio!*)

One last question. As if you couldn't get any more awesome, you have a clown fetish balloon act. What does that involve? →

I'm dressed as a clown, red nose and all, and I go through various balloon tricks while stripping. The finale involves me pumping my balloon 'cock' bigger and bigger until it explodes glitter.

We're so glad we asked. This is all too amazing for words. Thanks Ludella, we're off for a lie down… Matron, our medication, please!

Want to see more of the wonderful, plant-battling, burlesque superstar Ludella Hahn? Heck, don't even bother answering that! Just get yourselves over to the following links pronto...

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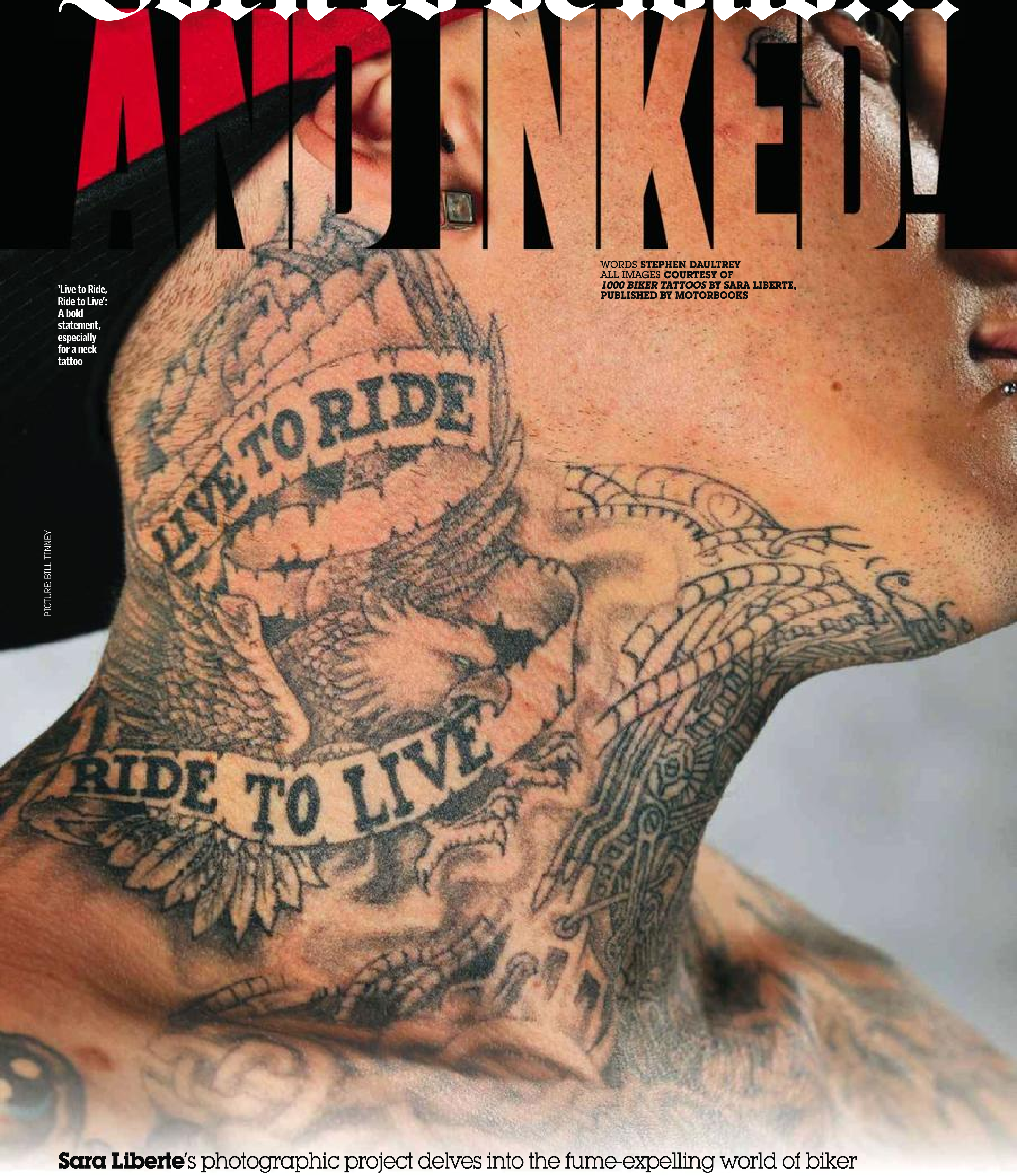


'Live to Ride, Ride to Live': A bold statement, especially for a neck tattoo

PICTURE: BILL TINNEY

Sara Liberte's photographic project delves into the fume-expelling world of biker culture, celebrating awesome tattoos and the stories behind them… →

In Hollywood films, bikers are totally badass – just one step away from *Mad Max* nuttiness, and liable to gob in your egg and chips at roadside diners. In the real world, however, they're more renowned for sharing their beer and offering world-weary wisdom than they are for terrorising quaint little villages (or getting shot at by Charles Bronson and Clint Eastwood).

Since the 1950s, the world of biking has been one of the largest outsider subcultures. But while bikers may not necessarily be the hostile tearaways projected on the big screen, they have a look that screams rebellion – and a big part of that is down to their ink.

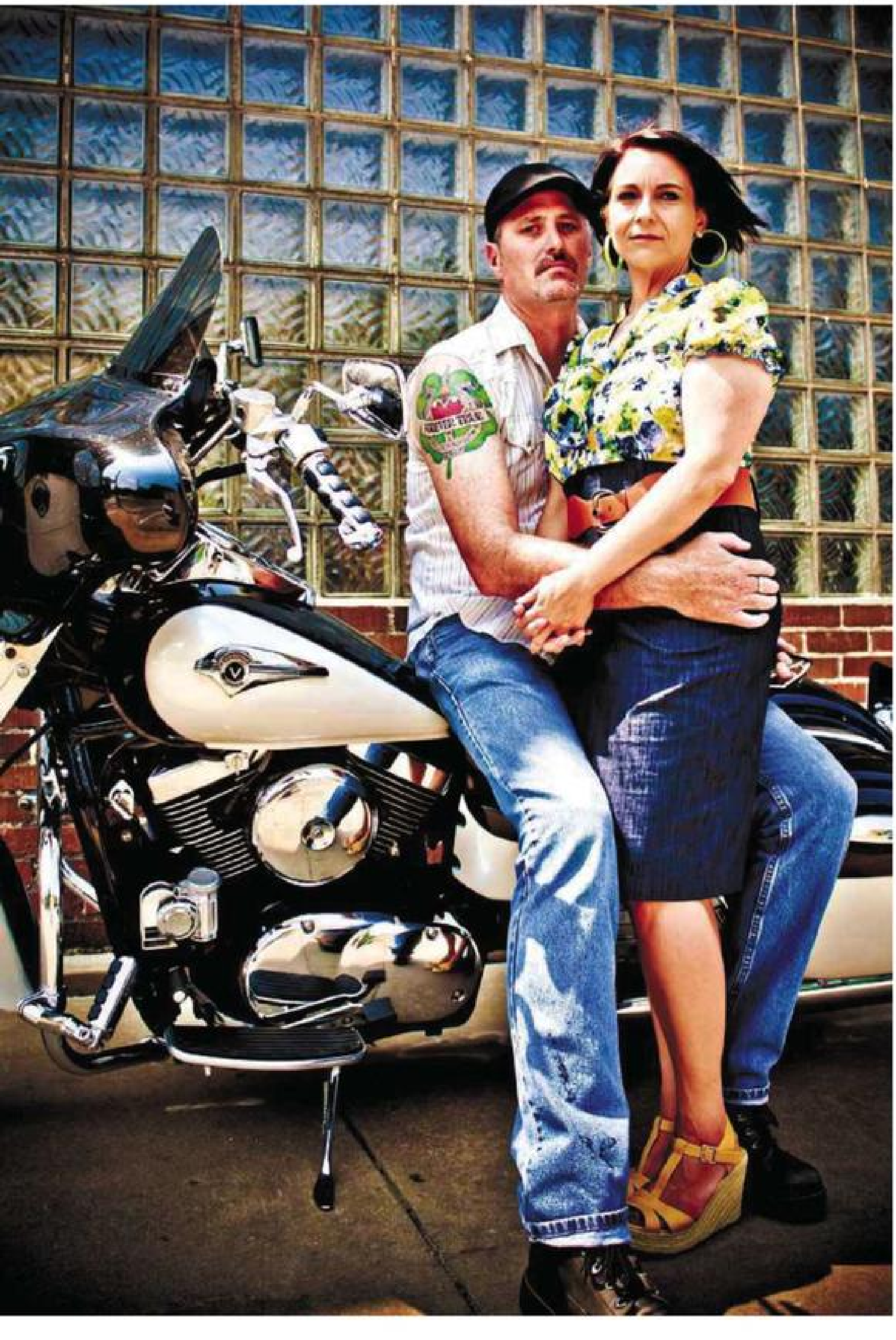
Almost as essential as dusty leathers, a biker without some form of fiendish skin-etching is like a swimmer without trunks: underdressed, unforgivable, and likely to result in widespread looks of terror. Straddling a throbbing Harley and brandishing tattoos proclaiming 'Live To Ride' is a match made in hell, and it's an observation that led to Sara Liberte to shoot a whole project about it.

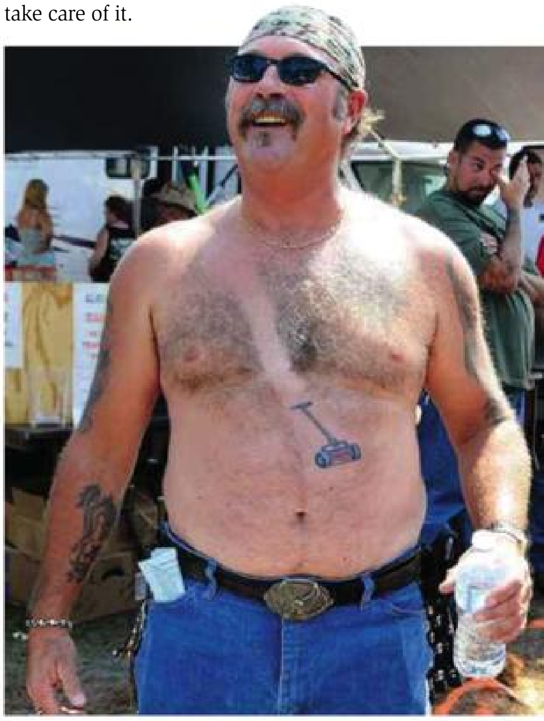
A long-time motorcycle enthusiast, Liberte owned and operated the custom motorcycle shop Rt's North Hills Cycle Inc in Pittsburgh, US, for 15 years. But she's also a professional motorcycle photographer, and her swelling, petrol-wafting portfolio features hundreds of bikers sporting unique body art.

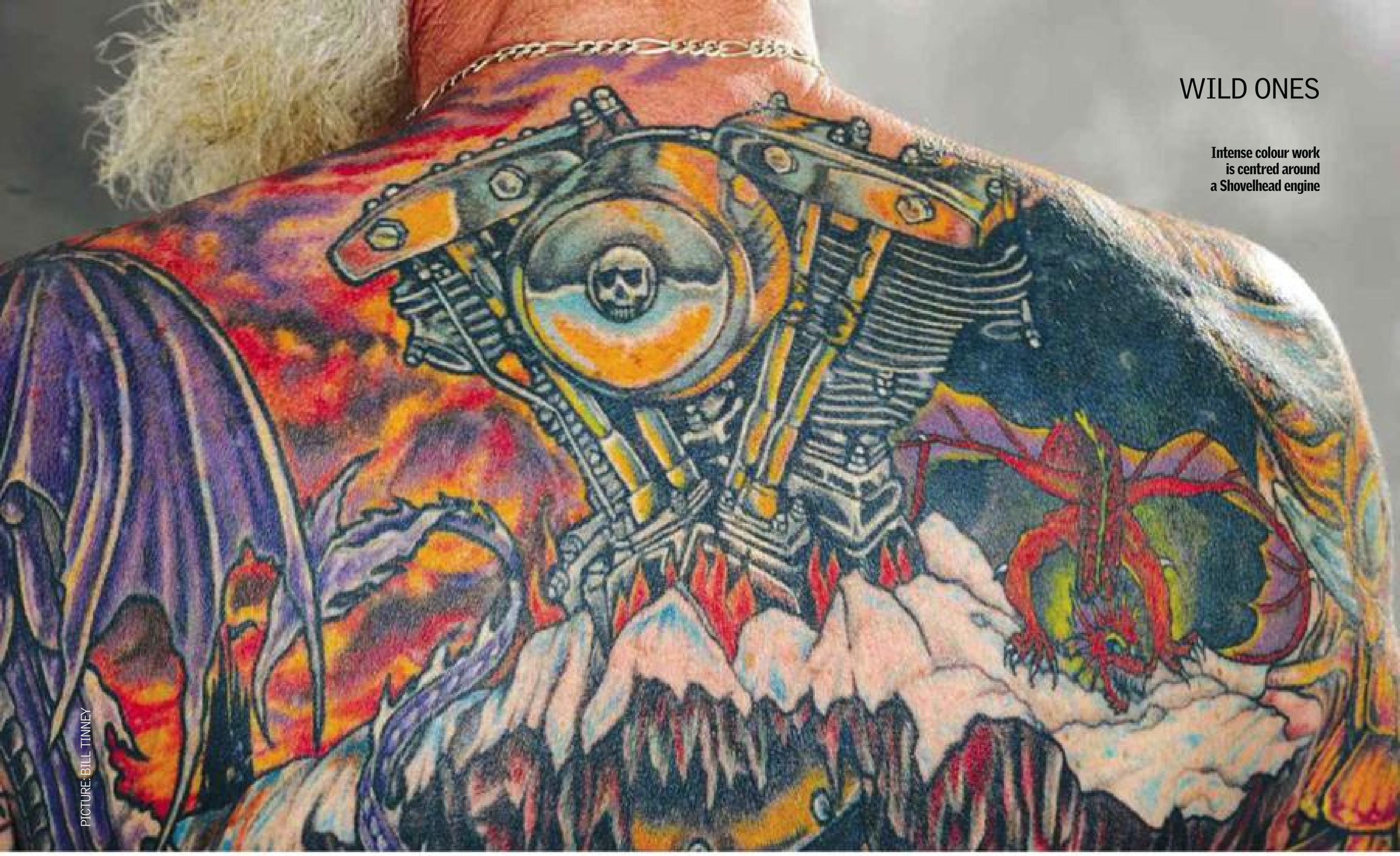
So captivated was Liberte by biker tattoos – and especially by the stories behind them – that she embarked on a massive road trip to track down more. The trail took her across highways and through rallies in Las Vegas, Arizona, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Daytona, and her project is told in the new book, *1000 Biker Tattoos*.

When and how did you get into motorcycles?

It was while I was at college, on the north shore of Boston, Massachusetts. I'd just got into the local bike scene, and started hanging out at a bike shop to learn how to work on them. It was Mark L'eruex (a respected mechanic who was tragically killed on a test run in 1998) who taught me lots about motorcycles. Then I saved up and bought a '96 Harley Davidson XL Sportster, but only after I learned how to take care of it.







Intense colour work is centred around a Shovelhead engine

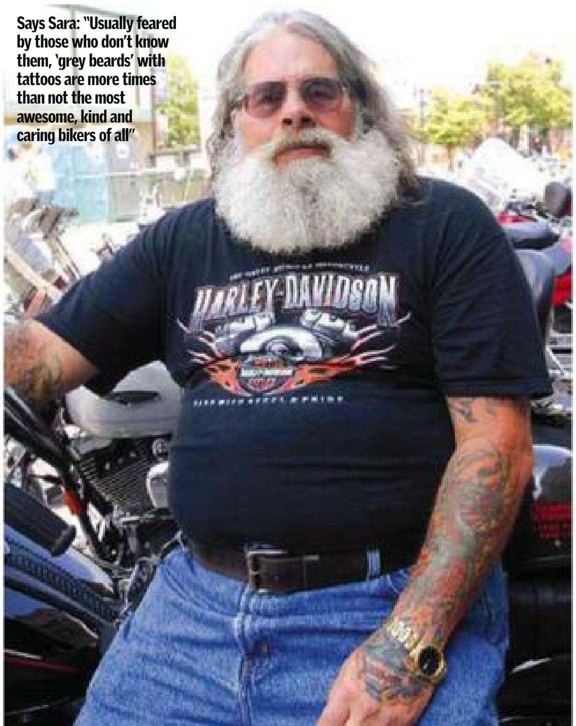
PICTURE: BILL TINNEY

“I LIKE THE WAY A MOTORCYCLE CONNECTS TO YOUR BODY. IT BECOMES AN EXTENSION OF YOU. I GET A KICK OUT OF THAT”

Would you describe yourself as a biker?
I’d call myself more of a motorcycle enthusiast, which I’ve been for the last 15 years. It’s less about living the lifestyle, being on the road and never having a home base, and more that I enjoy the machines. I like the mechanical aspect of the motorcycle and the way it connects to your body. I like the way you control the shifting and the throttle. It’s all done with the hands and feet, so it becomes an extension of you. I get a kick out of that.

What was it specifically about biker tattoos that first interested you?
The more I became submerged in the motorcycle world, I found myself meeting and befriending more and more tattoo artists. I was intrigued by all the stories these people had to share. You ride around with those guys and they have an endless supply of stories.

Were there any tales that particularly captured your imagination?
I was most impressed by everyone who got the Indian Larry ‘question mark’ tattoo because it wasn’t just about having something cool – it represented a way of life. Indian Larry was a custom motorcycle builder, and a ground-breaker in terms of developing new techniques and combining traditional ways of building with modern technology. He also pioneered a philosophy of questioning everything, which resonated with people in biker culture. The question mark became a logo for →



Says Sara: "Usually feared by those who don’t know them, ‘grey beards’ with tattoos are more times than not the most awesome, kind and caring bikers of all”

Iliya Hamovic’s arm ink is a tree mirrored in the custom work on his motorcycle seat, hand-tooled by Paul Cox

TOP 5 MOVIE BIKER GANGS

Five cool and not-so-cool biker gangs from the big screen…

1) THE BLACK WIDOWS (*EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE*, 1978)

Bunch of chumps who feud with Clint Eastwood after insulting his pet orang-utan, Clyde. Led by a sweaty gimp in a scarf with a fondness for Nazi regalia.

2) DEL FUEGO GANG (*WILD HOGS*, 2007)

You know you're a shit gang when a middle-aged John Travolta blows up your crew's entire motorcycle stock. There's no coming back from that...

3) THE MAN-EATERS (*SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS*, 1968)

One of a giant wad of exploitation biker flicks from the 1960s and '70s. Horny female bikers enjoy sweaty orgies after a hard day's racing. As you do...

4) THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATES (*WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS*, 1971)

Extra-hairy biker dudes get unwittingly transformed into werewolves after stumbling upon a strange cult. Arguably the greatest plot in movie history!

5) THE SATANS (*SATAN'S SADISTS*, 1969)

Vicious gits whose crimewave gets melodramatically billed as a "shocking, realistic story of the wave of revolution and anarchy sweeping our nation today!"

Sara says this guy had "a great rider look", but he disappeared before she was able to speak with him

"BIKERS ARE EDUCATED PEOPLE, WHO ARE ESPECIALLY KNOWLEDGEABLE IN THE HARD SHIFT THAT IS LIFE"

Indian Larry's motorcycles, and that's what many people had tattooed in memory of him when he passed away.

What was Indian Larry's philosophy?

It was to question everything. Why just accept what's put in front of you? If you didn't understand or enjoy something, why did you have to accept it for what it was? Instead, go out and seize those opportunities to get the most out of life. Nothing in this world is guaranteed. Personally speaking, I have an instant connection with anyone who was attracted to Larry's philosophy, so we didn't need to speak many words. That inspired me.

You remark in your book that big, burly 'grey beard' bikers may look terrifying, but can be some of the nicest people you could hope to meet. Is that fear element a misnomer and ill-fitting stereotype?

The 'grey beards' fit the stereotype mould that Hollywood built in the late 1960s and early '70s of motorcycle gangs rolling into towns and wreaking havoc. So when you meet these guys with grey beards that are covered in tattoos and jewellery, you instantly think they must be badass. Then you sit down and chat with them and discover they're in fact educated people, who are especially knowledgeable in the hard shift that is life. They can share a wealth of knowledge with you, covering topics from motorcycle mechanics to relationships.

There's one particular photo of a 'grey beard' wearing a white handkerchief on his head and removing a lumberjack shirt (above, right). You describe him as having a "great rider look". He kind of encapsulates that classic American biker look, doesn't he?

I didn't even get a chance to talk to that guy because that photo was taken during Dakota bike week on the busiest day. He caught my eye, so I snapped a pic of him. I wanted to go and chat with him, but then somebody pulled me in a different direction and I never ran into him again. You could tell he had some amazing stories to share just by looking at him.

Are there bikers who live exclusively on the road, like some kind of nomadic existence?

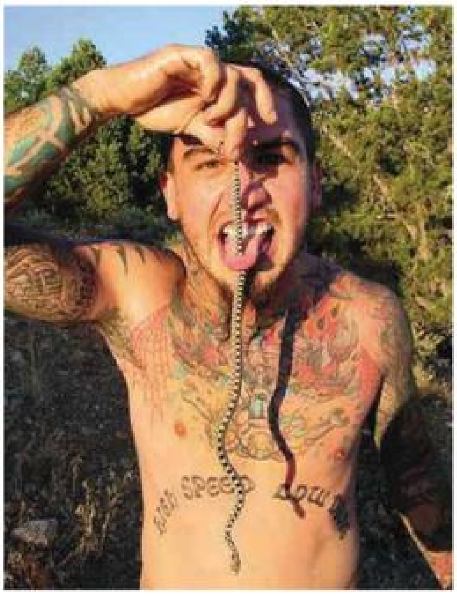
There are still gangs around, but times are different. In the 1960s it was easier to be a nomad, and you could crash in public areas. Now those areas are so policed that you can't even stop at a rest-stop without getting hassled by the law if you've been there for a while. There are guys who take off for a weekend at a time and crash wherever. But it's pretty tough to make a lifestyle out of it these days.

Do bikers still get hassled or victimised by the law in these modern times?

PICTURE: ISTOCK

PICTURE: TOM TOBIN

PICTURE: BILL TINNEY



Years ago, that was the norm; Hollywood built that bad reputation in the 1960s, but over time many bikers held events to raise money for organisations or to support our veterans. They are mostly respected now.

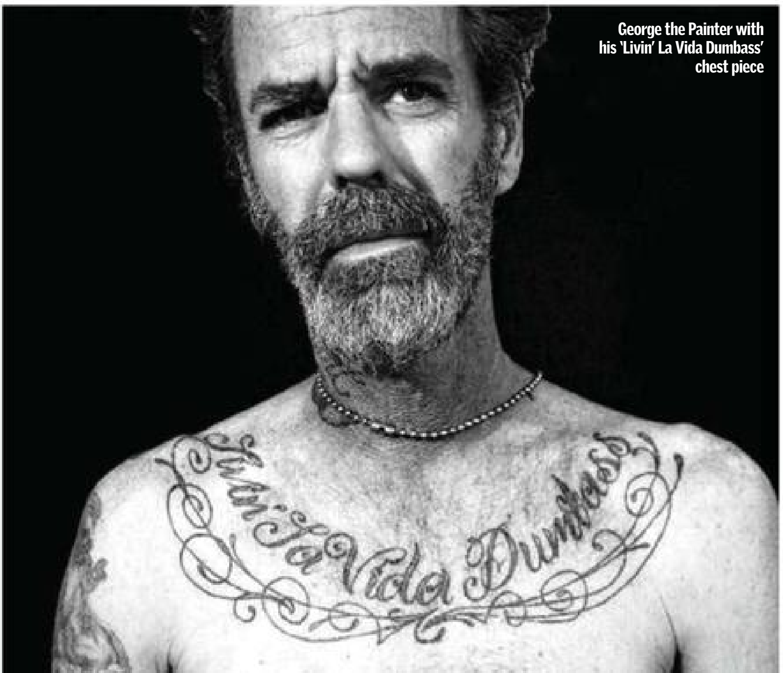
Is it nothing like Ray Liotta's gang in *Wild Hogs* then? (Go on, admit it, you've seen it).
No.

There's a chapter on tattoo phrases in the book. I like the guy in the red cap whose neck ink reads 'Live To Ride, Ride To Live'. Do you have any favourites?
I'm a big fan of George the Painter, who has 'Livin' La Vida Dumbass' across his neckline (below). He's someone who has steered away from the whole greediness of society and rebelled against what people have become, and how back-stabbing they are. He's just got his motorcycle and his dog, and does his own thing, living on his own terms. He's actually a painter by trade and also writes for a motorcycle magazine. All the significant moments in life that have happened to him, he's had tattooed on himself. He's quite a character.

At the other end of the spectrum, you devote a chapter to 'tattoo regret'. Did you get to meet the guy with the lawn mower on his torso (see p66)?
I did not. I lost him in the crowd!

I should ask you at this point whether you have any tattoos of your own...
I have the Statue Of Liberty on my right shoulder. My dad owned a metal business that I grew up in, and she is the most proud independent woman made of metal that there is. I believe in everything she stands for – and we share the same name!

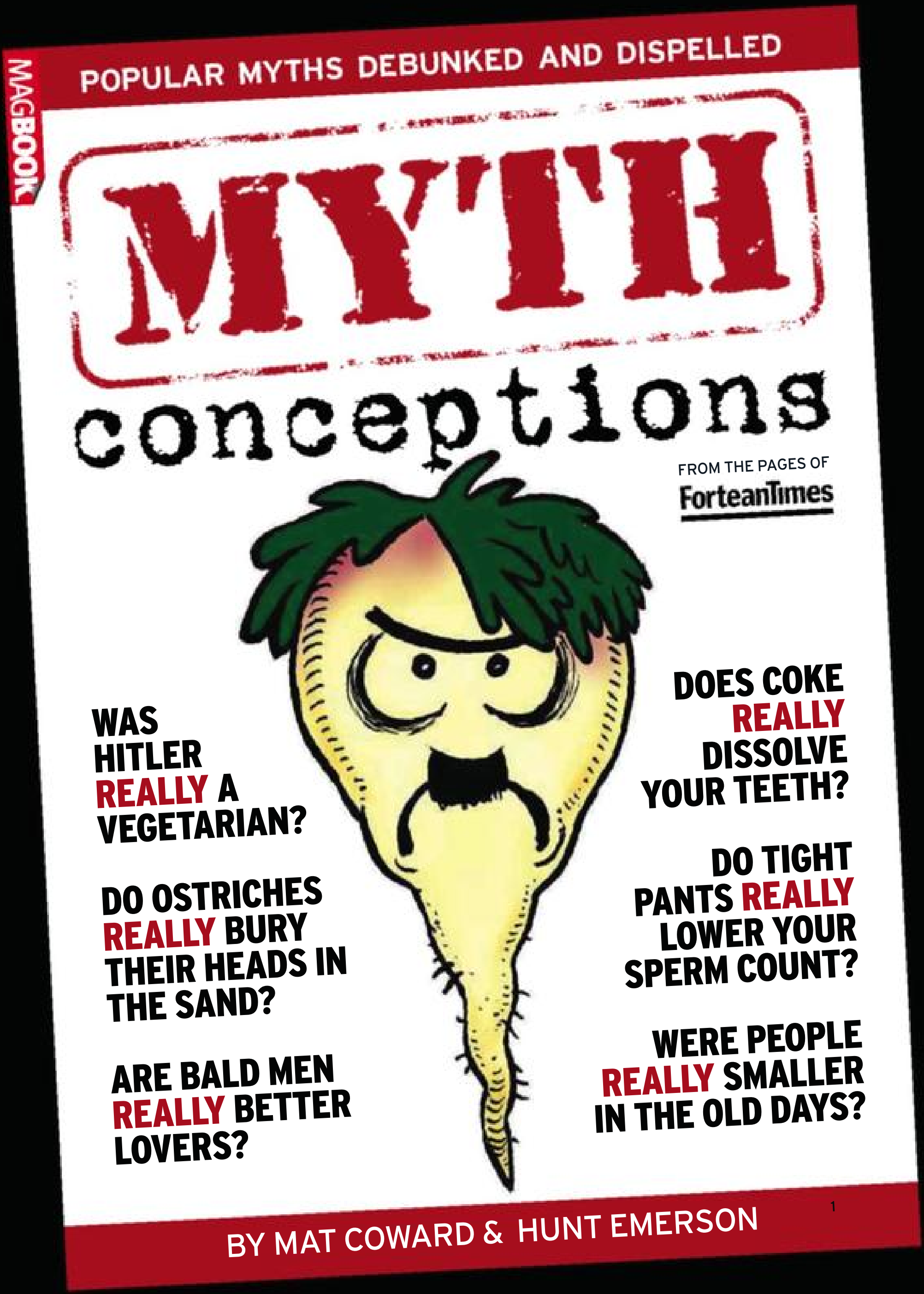
1000 Biker Tattoos by Sara Liberte is out now, published by Motorbooks



George the Painter with his 'Livin' La Vida Dumbass' chest piece

SPEED LOW DRAG

THE TRUTH ISN'T
OUT THERE...



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WHEN TWO BECAME ONE

AN AVANT-GARDE, INTERDIMENSIONAL LOVE STORY

With the release of the astonishing photographic biography *Genesis Breyer P-Orridge*, the Throbbing Gristle / Psychic TV founder and gender-revolutionist tells *Bizarre* how h/er former male self and wife Lady Jaye became a single entity known as the Pandrogyne. And s/he reveals how they are still communicating across spiritual and physical dimensions to this day… →

WORDS **STEPHEN DAULTREY**
IMAGES **ALL PHOTOS TAKEN FROM *GENESIS BREYER P-ORRIDGE* BY LEIGHA MASON (ARTIST) AND MARK PAYTRESS (WORDS), AVAILABLE NOW, PUBLISHED BY FIRST THIRD BOOKS**

PICTURE: © [illegible]

In the world of art there are innovators, and then there are *innovators*. But Genesis P-Orridge doesn't fit into either camp; he (or "s/he", as s/he prefers) ventures beyond both.

Self-proclaimed as an "avant-garde antihero" and "cultural engineer", the artist first smashed musical boundaries in the bands Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV. But h/er most radical experimentation has nothing to do with dark lyrics or tape samples, and is instead devoted to challenging gender conventions. In the early 2000s, s/he created and became a single gender-blurring entity with h/er wife Lady Jaye (1969-2007), which they labelled the Pandrogyne.

"We started out, because we were so crazy in love, just wanting to eat each other up, to become each other and become one," the unconventional artist told SuicideGirls.com in 2008. "Really, we were just two parts of one whole; the Pandrogyne was the whole and we were each other's other half."

BIRTH OF AN INNOVATOR

Born Neil Andrew Megson in Manchester in 1950, and later "reborn" as the artist Genesis P-Orridge in 1971, Genesis first found infamy in the confrontational performance collective COUM Transmissions in the early 1970s. Already notorious for extreme, uncouth acts, the group's final showpiece involved standing barefoot on thumb tacks, licking vomit from a stone floor, and Genesis being injected with an enema filled with piss, wine and milk. Only two spectators remained to witness the youthful subversive blast the ghastly fluids from his bottom.

In 1975, P-Orridge and three other COUM members pioneered industrial music in Throbbing Gristle. The four-piece's output was provocative, mechanical and addictive, and Genesis often recited terrifying, deadpan lyrics that spoke of love, occultism, Nazism and serial killers. The first track s/he recorded vocals for (although released much later) was called 'Very Friendly'; and with its chilling, drawn-out refrain of *"Ian Bradeeeee and Myra Hindleeeeey, very friendleeeee"* it offered a personal insight into the Moors murders of 1963-1965.

"As a kid, I have vivid memories of living around Manchester and Stockport, and we were suddenly not allowed to go out on our bikes alone or stay out in the countryside," Genesis recalls. "Suddenly neighbours' doors were locked and you had to be home by a certain time. We didn't understand why, but it was because our parents were terrified we would be the next kids to be kidnapped. Those murders, with Myra Hindley being female, changed everything, just like 9/11 did."

Throbbing Gristle disbanded in 1981 and Genesis, along with TG's Peter Christopherson, formed acid house oddballs Psychic TV, another act revered in underground circles. This time the music was generally more psychedelic, but no less experimental, unpredictable or bizarre.

In 1993 Genesis relocated from London to New York, where s/he married a local nurse, Lady Jaye (*née* Jacqueline Mary Breyer), having apparently met in a dungeon where it was love at first sight. Lady Jaye joined Psychic TV as a keyboardist and sampler, and it was here that the gender and identity experiments began.

"It was all Lady Jaye's idea," remembers Genesis, speaking on the phone from h/er current home in New York. S/he sounds croaky and reveals that s/he hasn't been to bed from the night before. (It's now 3pm local time). "Lady Jaye was editing a book about me called *Painful But Fabulous: The Lives And Art*

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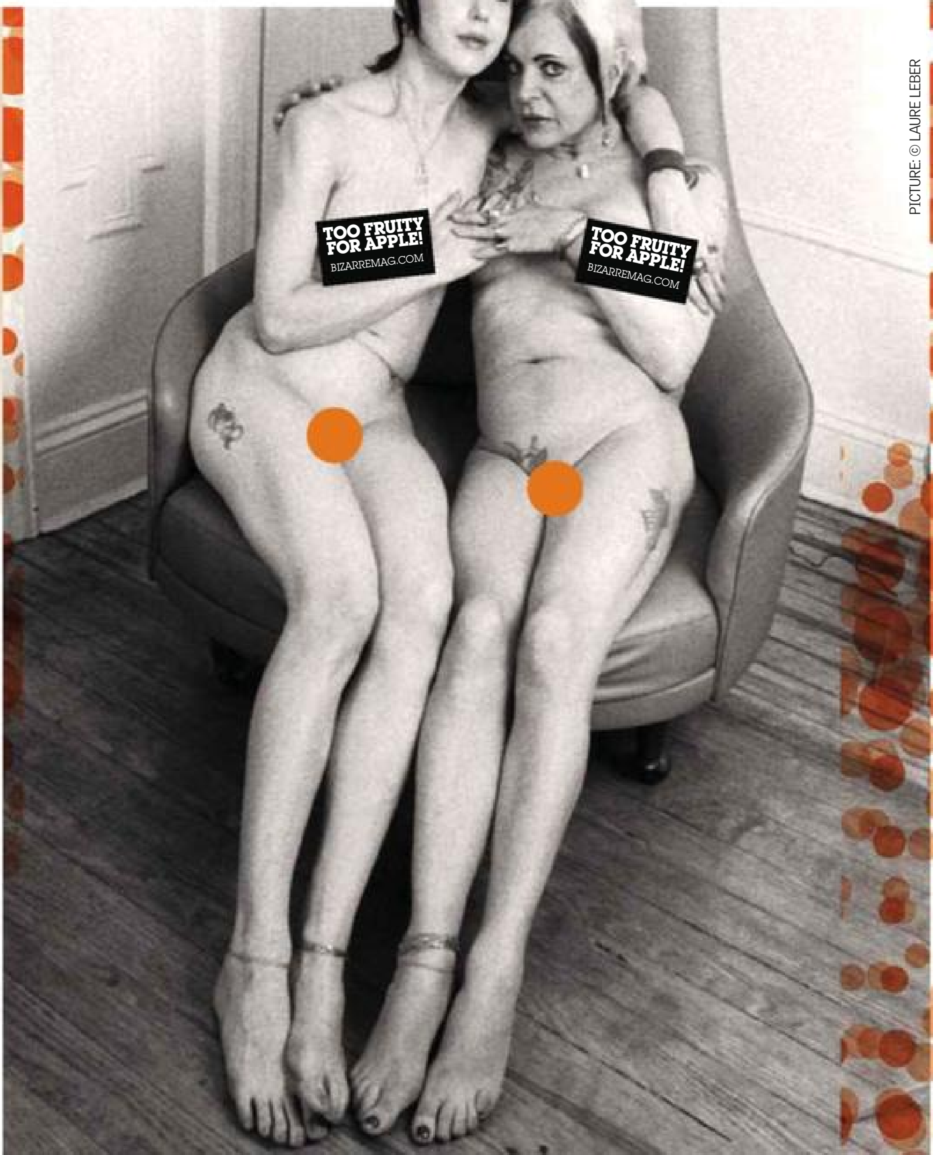
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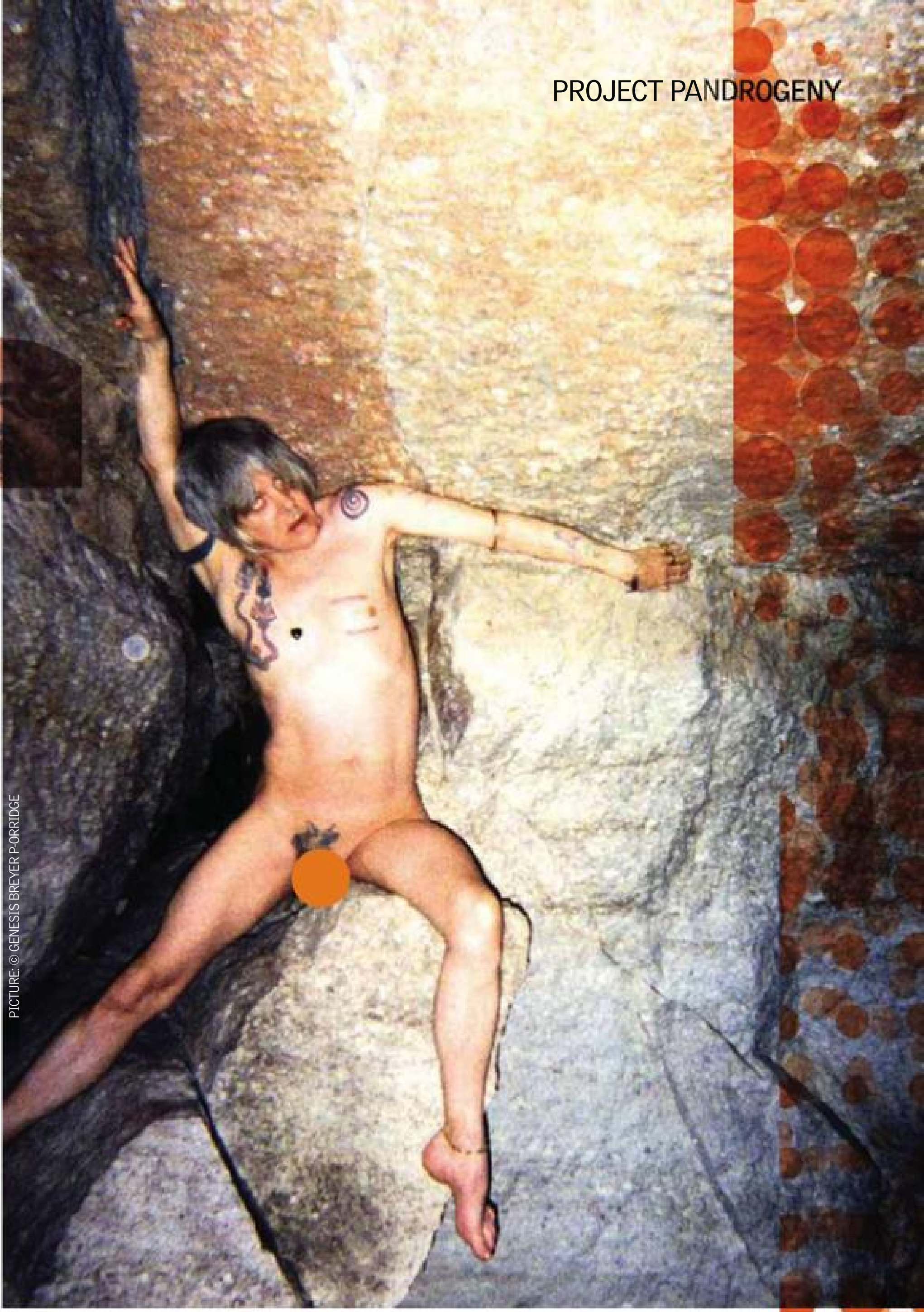


PICTURE: © GENESIS BREYER P-ORRIDGE

"OUR PROJECT BEGAN AS LOVE, AND ASKING HOW WE COULD LOVE EACH OTHER ABSOLUTELY AND UNCONDITIONALLY"

Of Genesis P-Orridge (published in 2002), and going through all my old photo albums. That's when she noticed the recurring theme of change, and how I had been changing the way I look throughout my life without even realising it."

ERASING GENDERS

The observation threw the couple on a new art path. Inspired by an insatiable hunger for one another, they began exploring concepts of identity and gender. Genesis says they both felt "weighed down" by society's expectations, and claims that society governs the way one should look, dress and fit into culture. To them, the human body was secondary to the human consciousness. So they plotted a revolt.

"Lady Jaye would pose questions, asking why she felt so repressed and suppressed just by being biologically female," remembers P-Orridge. "Why was our sex relevant? Surely the relevance of everything in life is the intelligence, the mind and the consciousness? We came to the conclusion that the human body is a cheap suitcase that just so happens to carry the brain, and in the brain is consciousness. The bit that thinks and calls yourself 'I', that's actually *you*. The purpose of the body you're in, as Timothy Leary said, is solely to make your brain mobile. And we explored these things from every angle – the physical, mental and psychedelic. In order to separate oneself from the flow of conditioned traditional culture, we went against every aspect of identity that's pressed upon you. That's why we became extreme."

And extreme they most certainly became. Lady Jaye and Genesis conceived Project Pandrogeny, a cultural experiment designed to merge them into the same person – or, more accurately, a single being known as the Pandrogyne, which they called Breyer P-Orridge (an amalgam of their two names). They began to dress, walk and talk the same, and referred to themselves using the gender-neutral pronouns 's/he' and 'h/er'.

More dramatically, this pandrogynous quest (a term they coined) saw them undergo multiple cosmetic surgical procedures as s/he strove to physically resemble the other. Both had breast implants on Valentine's Day in 2003 – their 10th anniversary. Genesis also had his cheeks altered to match his wife's distinctive →

facial contours, but reveals that Lady Jaye had the most work done. "Her nose and the bottoms of her eyes were changed," s/he says. "She had cheek and chin implants. She had a mole removed from her top lip. And she had eyeliner tattooed under her eyes to make them look bigger, like mine. She was also set to have her teeth replaced with gold teeth (Genesis had gold teeth installed between 1998 and 2001) before she 'dropped her body' in 2007."

LOVE AFTER DEATH

The extravagance of Project Pandrogeny was largely funded by an expensive lawsuit that Genesis won in 1998, after being badly injured in a fire at the Los Angeles home of music producer Rick Rubin. But while the pandrogynous Genesis Breyer P-Orridge pimped their human 'suitcases' in hospitals, their true quest lay in the spiritual.

P-Orridge's interest in esotericism, Eastern religions and mystical cultures had resonated from a young age, and Breyer P-Orridge spent further compensation money on visiting places such as the Himalayas, Tibet and Burma, where they spent time with native tribes and holy people. In the words of Genesis, it was a pursuit of "the true nature of reality". And that's when they found themselves asking whether Project Pandrogeny could be continued, even after death.

"Our whole project began as love and asking how we could love each other unconditionally without withholding anything," Genesis recalls, unaware of the fate that lay ahead. "And that made us think, what would happen if one of us died? How would we find each other? Could we find each other? Is there anything after death?"

Genesis says both he and Lady Jaye were originally existentialists (that is, the 18th century philosophy that isolates the individual experience against adversity) – but having lived with Buddhist Tibetan monks, they began to believe in reincarnation. They saw it as a "rare" occurrence, but certainly possible, and it offered hope that Breyer P-Orridge might remain as one in the event of one half passing on. Together, they devised three clear signals that would establish interdimensional contact.

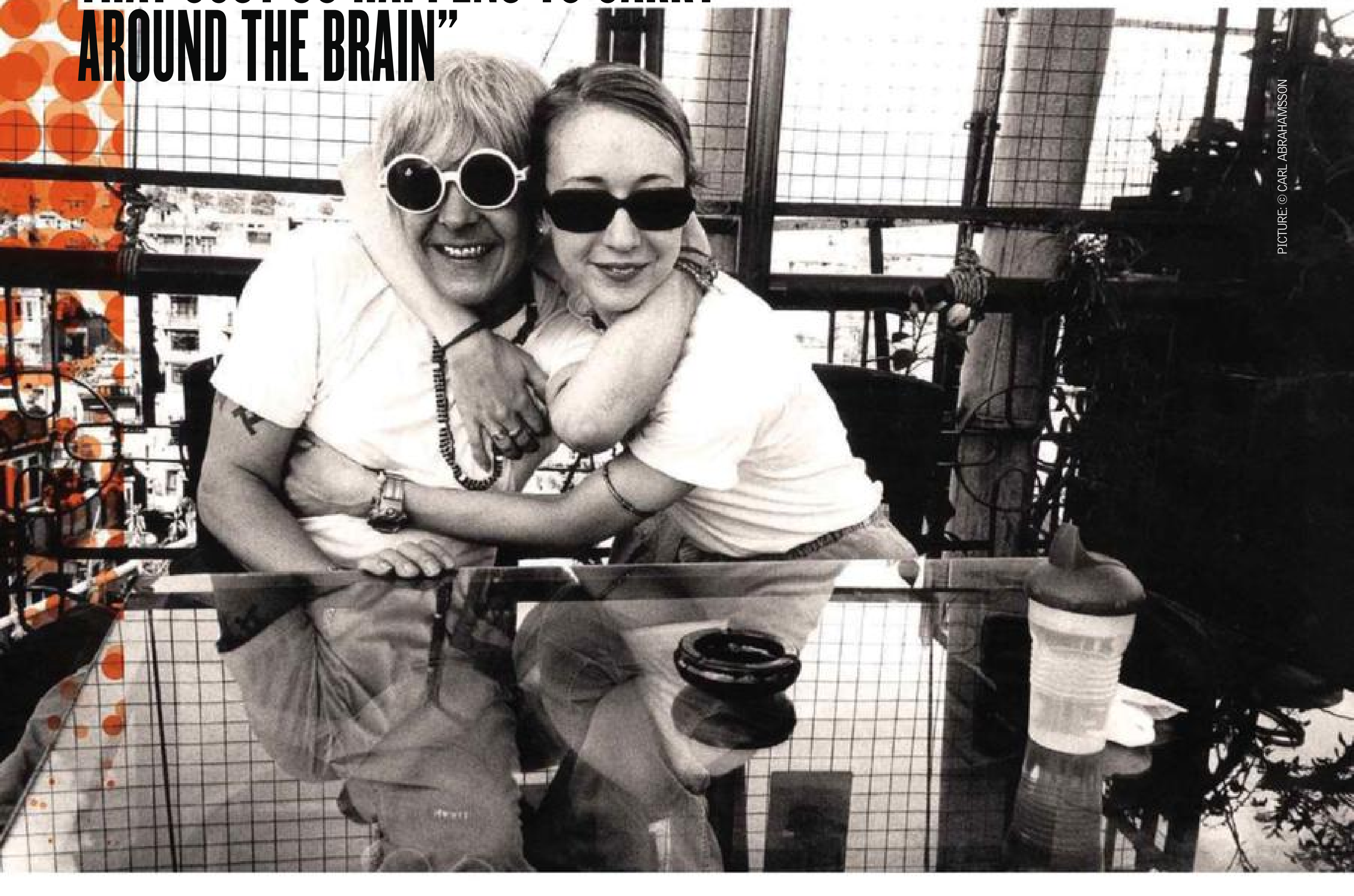
"Something physical would have to happen, it must have witnesses, and the event had to have a special meaning," says Genesis. "Then, if anything weird happens that fulfils all three criteria, we would be sure that it really was communication from the other side."

In a cruel twist, Lady Jaye was soon diagnosed with stomach cancer and, on 9 October 2007, she 'dropped her body'. Suddenly, the pandrogynous being had an opportunity to test its theories. Genesis takes a deep breath before continuing the story, admitting that s/he is "venturing into very weird territory", but sensing our burning interest in the story proceeds with enthusiasm.

"Three days after Lady Jaye's funeral 'we' were sitting in an apartment," says Genesis, now almost exclusively referring to h/erself as "we". "Also present were the members of Psychic TV, my two daughters (from Genesis' first marriage in the 1980s) and a couple of friends. My kids were saying, 'You're not meant to be alone here when you're so upset.' And we were thinking, 'Do we want to go away with them or stay here?' Suddenly, we had this strong thought that if we were to go somewhere else, we would need a photograph of Lady Jaye and I to keep by the bed. It seemed like a strange thing to suddenly think of, but we went to the bedroom and on Lady Jaye's side of the bed was our 'kissing wall', which had 20 or so photos of us kissing all over the world.

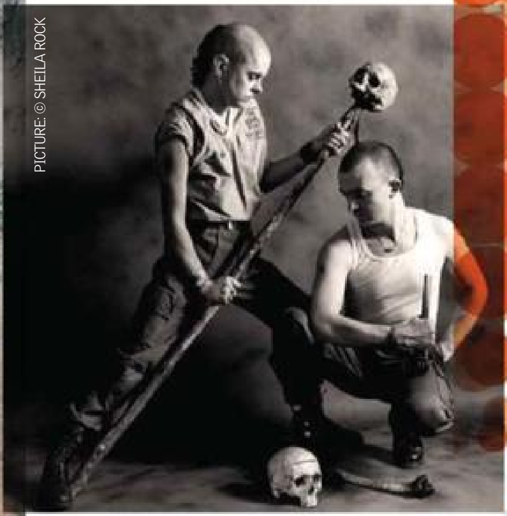
"In the middle was a photo of us in Kathmandu in Nepal. We were wearing red robes and sitting on each other's laps in a big chair. So we resembled a big blob of red with two heads. Suddenly it struck 'us' that this photo *is* the Pandrogyne – the very point where two become one. So we took it off wall, went back into the other room, laid it face down on a cupboard, and sat down in a chair which

"THE HUMAN BODY IS A CHEAP SUITCASE THAT JUST SO HAPPENS TO CARRY AROUND THE BRAIN"



PICTURE: © CARL ABRAHAMSSON

PICTURE: © GEORG GATSAS



PICTURE: © SHEILA ROCK

PICTURE: © PAUL COX

was about 6ft away. The kids were asking again, 'So, are you going to come with us?' We said, 'I don't think Lady Jaye wants me to leave.' And as soon as we said that, the picture rose a couple of inches, floated across the room and fell down in front of me. Then it turned the right way up. Everyone in the room saw it happen. And everyone went white… including me!"

"The three things that Lady Jaye and I had discussed before she dropped her body had happened. An object moved 6ft through the air by itself. There were witnesses. And the photo had special meaning to us, not just because it pictured one of our favourite places in the world, but because the red robes looked like we were one being. That incident blew my mind. And there have been more incidents like that since. So it's true, you *can* find your love and the other half of yourself. Even after death. That was a radical thing to discover. It was a long, long way from the start of our pandrogynous journey, where Lady Jaye and I were wearing the same clothes and having the same haircut…"

UNDYING LEGACIES

Convinced of communication from the other side, Genesis P-Orridge continues the Pandrogeny project to this day. S/he says that s/he represents Breyer P-Orridge in the physical world, while Lady Jaye represents h/er in the spiritual or metaphysical realm. Genesis P-Orridge also tours universities, delivering thought-provoking lectures in matters of gender and identity. Such is h/er repute in this field that among the universities s/he has lectured in is Yale, the US' answer to Oxbridge.

But questioning gender and identity isn't the only thing that engages Genesis Breyer P-Orridge in this earthly realm – there is still the matter of making and performing music. Throbbing Gristle reformed in 2004 and disbanded again in 2010 when Peter Christopherson passed away, while an ongoing legal battle with its other members ("we're not allowed to talk about it," quips Genesis) means that TG is currently inactive. But, for the time being, there is still lots going on with Psychic TV (or PTV3 as they sometimes became known from 2003 onwards).

"We're into a new phase," reveals Genesis, excitedly. "We were asked to do a third encore at a Moscow show because, for some reason, we're mega-popular in Russia. Out of the blue – and we have no idea where it came from – we improvised 'Maggot Brain' by Funkadelic, and the crowd went even more nuts. That's taken us into our new phase of taking classic psychedelic, prog songs and reinventing them, which we're using as A-sides to our own tracks, which all have 'alien' in the title. I'm not sure why, but we've become really popular again."

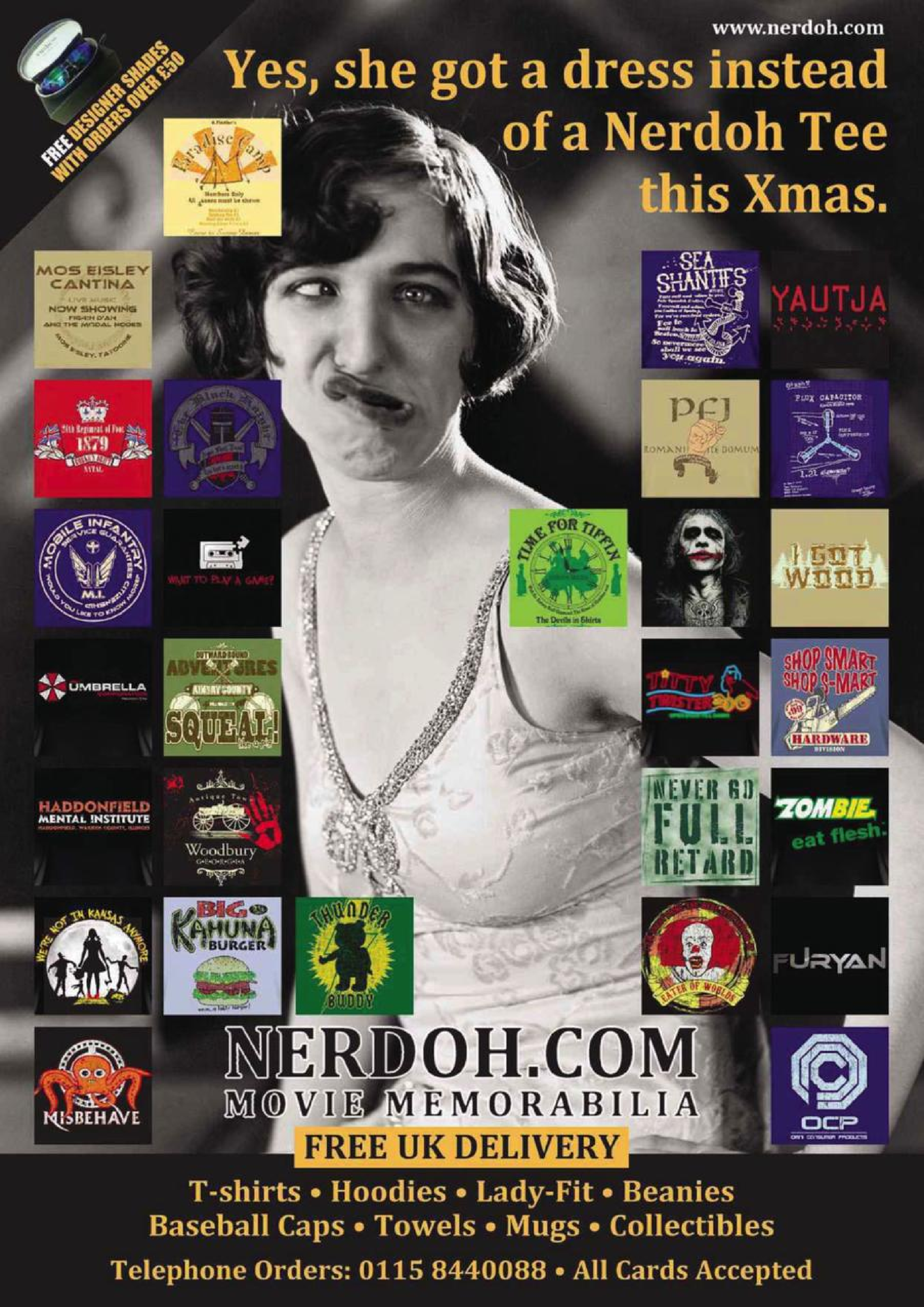
In addition to relaunching the record label Angry Love Productions, Genesis Breyer P-Orridge also remixed a track on the deluxe edition of the recent Nine Inch Nails record *Hesitation Marks* – the rock demigods whose narcissistic anthems are widely categorised as industrial music. But does Genesis think it strange that, almost 40 years ago, the members of Throbbing Gristle effectively coined the term 'industrial music' while discussing their new, futuristic sounds in London Fields park on 3 September 1975?

"It's odd for people who are fully grown up, because for them there has always been this genre of music called 'industrial'," s/he reflects. "There's loads of it across the globe: bands, DJs, club nights, concerts… And to think that all evolved from an offhand comment in Hackney while we were trying to think of a name for the music we were making. Yes, it is weird. You tell a youngster that there hasn't always been industrial music and they'll scream, 'LIAR!'" ◆

For more visit Genesisbreyerporridge.com and Angryloveproductions.com

AND HERE'S THE BOOK

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge is the spectacular 323-page book that collects around 350 personal, unseen photos from Genesis P-Orridge's unique career and cultural experiments, including graphic, unblinking images of those pandrogynous surgeries. A limited edition Deluxe Edition features 7in singles, catalogues and other delights. Both are out now. For more details visit Firstthirdbooks.com/books/genesis-breyer-p-orridge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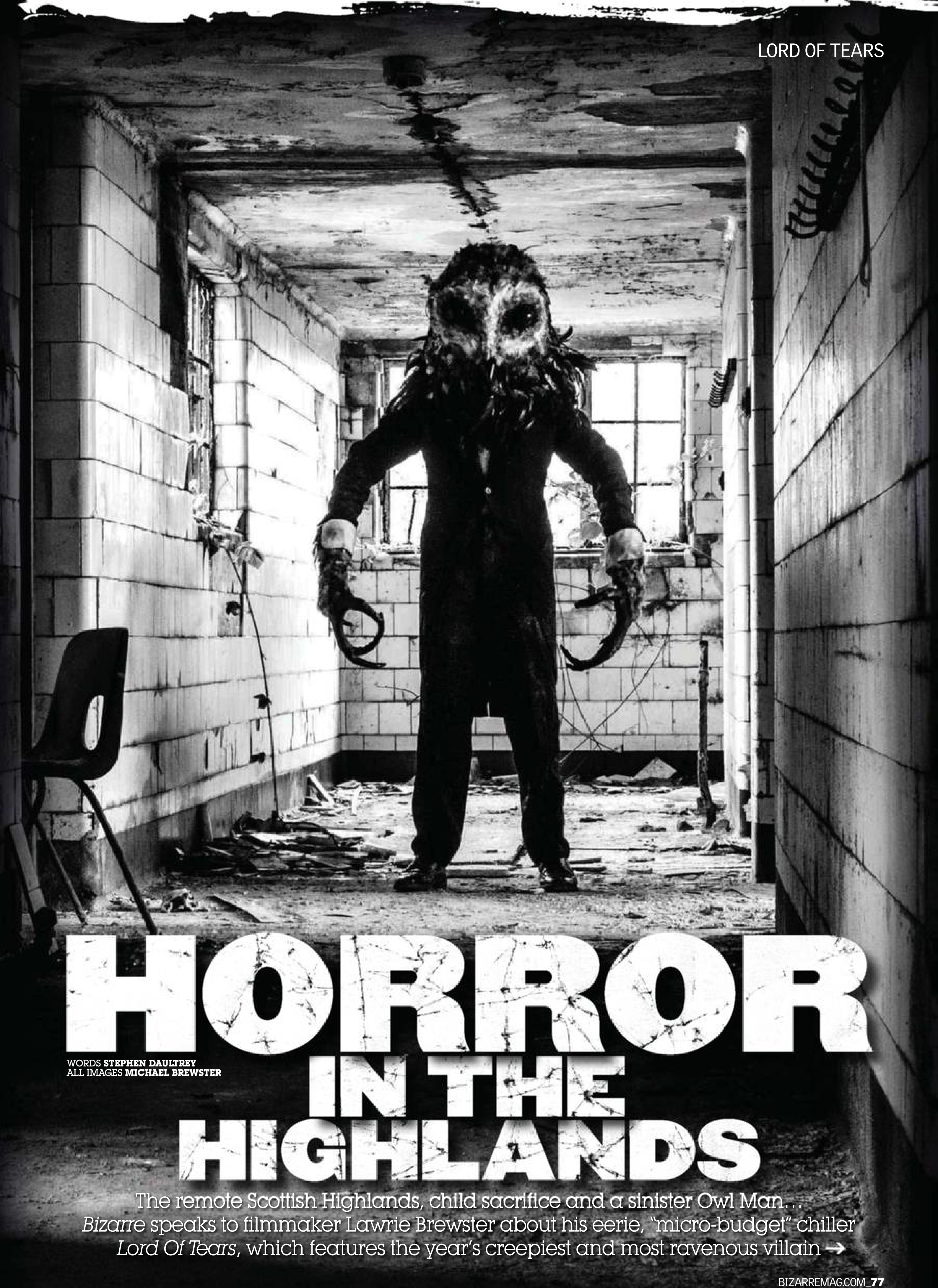


HORROR IN THE HIGHLANDS

WORDS **STEPHEN DAULTREY**
ALL IMAGES **MICHAEL BREWSTER**

The remote Scottish Highlands, child sacrifice and a sinister Owl Man… *Bizarre* speaks to filmmaker Lawrie Brewster about his eerie, "micro-budget" chiller *Lord Of Tears*, which features the year's creepiest and most ravenous villain →

Director Lawrie Brewster tucking into his daily dose of *Bizarre*

> **"MYSELF AND MY CREW HAVE MASTURBATED TO MANY EDITIONS OF *BIZARRE* OVER THE YEARS. IT'S AN AWESOME MAGAZINE"**

Here at *Bizarre*, there's nothing we enjoy more than championing home-grown weirdness – and *Lord Of Tears* fits the bill perfectly.

The creepy feature debut from Scottish director Lawrie Brewster (interestingly, a former trainee minister), *Lord Of Tears* is an arcane, windswept offering based in the Scottish Highlands, which takes inspiration from early Hammer horror flicks, HP Lovecraft and ancient religions.

In the film, Scottish newcomer Euan Douglas stars as a schoolteacher who inherits a sprawling stately home in the middle of absolutely bloody nowhere. Intrigued by his dead mother's claim that, as a nipper, he encountered an owl-headed monster in the mansion, the ponderous protagonist returns to the remote building to investigate this long-forgotten memory. Cue unsettling visions, tales of human sacrifice, and a clandestine encounter with an American neighbour (Lexy Hulme) in a swimming pool. At least one of those was enjoyable…

After shooting the film in Fife and in the Highlands, Brewster and his crew completed the project after turning to crowd-funding site Kickstarter for extra finance. Bizarrely, a sultan from the United Arab Emirates proved to be its chief benefactor. Another interesting factoid is that the film's screenwriter – songstress Sarah Daley, who performs on the soundtrack under the moniker Metaphorest – happens to be Kate Bush's cousin. Now that's a family connection we're jealous of!

Let's start with that remote, desolate mansion that most of the film was shot in. Where did you find it?
It's an incredible Georgian mansion in a place called Ardgour, on the western shore of Loche Linnhe. It has nothing around it other than valleys and moors. Our director of photography, Gavin Robertson, discovered it when walking through the Highlands and was like, "My God, what the hell is this place?" It was definitely somewhere that scary weird shit had to happen. It's uninhabited during winter, but a company rents it out in the summer to wedding parties. We shot there in the winter months. You can see why it's not rented out at that time – there was extreme wind, snow, and hailstorms. It was the craziest weather I've ever seen.

Were there any strange tales already attached to the mansion?
It was built in the 18th century on the site of a medieval building, and it still has catacombs and tunnels underneath. Other than that an aristocratic family lived in the house for many years, and it's still full of their centuries-old portraits. The last family member to live there was an old woman, who died alone. I made our grip sleep in her old bedroom, and while he slept I moved the old lady's portrait to the foot of his bed. The grip is terrified of the supernatural. That was just me being a bastard!

As readers will have gauged from the images, there's a mysterious Owl Man in *Lord Of Tears* which is voiced by English actor David Schofield (the darts player in *An American Werewolf In London*, and Mercer in *Pirates Of The Caribbean*). Where did you find the inspiration for this feathered felon?
In the film, the main character Jamie (Euan Douglas) returns to this big house to investigate the mystery of this strange Owl Man that he apparently witnessed as a child. Bizarrely, that's inspired by a similar incident that happened to me when I was about eight-years-old. My family often stayed at a secluded stately home and, one year, I walked out of the front door by myself and saw a strange figure at the end of a long

> “PRIESTS WOULD THROW CHILDREN INTO A BURNING BRONZE STATUE THAT WAS CONSTRUCTED IN THE SHAPE OF MOLOCH, WHO WAS DEPICTED AS A BULL”

expanse of lawn. We stared at each other for a few seconds, and then the figure just turned and walked off into the trees. I wasn’t scared at first because I thought he was one of our group, but then I noticed his head was that of an animal or bird, which seemed to be an owl because he had giant eyes. The hairs on the back of my neck rose up. The only other time I’ve experienced something like that was when I caught sight of an old lady with Alzheimer’s staring blankly out of her window. That was terrifying!

Was it a life-long ambition to make a film based on that sighting?

My interests and studies in theology, ancient religions, the occult and the esoteric play just a big as part. To me, these are fascinating subjects, as is the manner of perspective in which one can interpret reality and the possibility that reality gives us. When I think of that moment as a kid, I don’t know if it was someone in a mask or my imagination running wild, but I know the feeling it gave me was *real*. It inspired me to think of the infinite possibilities of what else might exist beyond our world.

We don’t want to give too much away, but the film is based around an ancient deity known as Moloch. Was Moloch adapted from existing Semitic belief, as claimed in the film?

Moloch is a brilliant and terrifying deity to describe. As a god, he formed one of a pantheon of deities worshipped in North Africa by the ancient Phoenician and then Carthaginian civilisations, who were the great enemies of Rome in ancient times. The worship of Moloch centred around child sacrifice. In return for good health or to avoid defeat in war, priests and priestesses would throw babies and children into a large, burning bronze statue that was constructed in the shape of Moloch, who was traditionally depicted as a brazen, gold bull. The infants would be rolled down its scalding metal arms, which were operated by 20-40 people using chains, into a roaring furnace inside. Animals would also be placed into various compartments to be burned alive. In the Bible, this sacrifice was called ‘passing through fire, passing through flame’. It was a great sin to let your child be sacrificed to Moloch. Moloch was often mentioned in the Bible as a kind of arch-enemy god who should never be worshipped. →

David Schofield, who starred in *An American Werewolf In London* and *Gladiator*, providing the voice of the Owl Man

PICTURE: SARAH DALEY

> **"THE OWL CAN BE SEEN AS A PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL, LIKE THE DEVIL, BUT MORE INSIDIOUS AND WITH AN APPETITE FOR CHILDREN"**

That is beyond horrific. It reminds us of the ancient Greek form of execution called 'Brazen Bull', where people were literally cooked inside a metal bull.
I think the closest comparison is in *The Wicker Man*, with chickens, goats and lots of other animals placed inside various compartments of the wicker man to be burned alive. That takes inspiration from that manner of sacrifice. These were intense ceremonies, and around 200-300 infants would perish within 30 minutes.

You say that Moloch is depicted as a bull, but in your film you have an owl man…
We later discovered Moloch was also more esoterically represented by different cults in the form of an owl. That caught our imagination because there's something mysterious and magical about owls. And when that's linked to child sacrifice, it becomes a theme worthy of exploration, which hasn't been examined much in the horror genre. The owl still has relevance today with the Bohemian Grove society in the US (an annual meet-up of the world's most powerful men), who hold their events before a big statue of an owl. Conspiracy theorists suggest it's a stature of Moloch, and if you look at pictures it's an evil-looking son of a bitch… scary as fuck! So the owl can be seen as a personification of evil; it's like the devil, but a more insidious and wise puppet-master, with an appetite for children. But also, for *Lord Of Tears* we simply used the Owl Man because I can't imagine Moloch being quite so intimidating with the head of a cow!

Before you moved into film you were training to become a minister, thus explaining your extensive knowledge of religions. How did that career swing come about?
It was fun studying theology, but during my exams at the University of St Andrews I remember eavesdropping on a young American chap chatting about the trials and tribulations of trying to get a short film made, and realising he was complaining about the kind of lifestyle that I really wanted. So that changed my career drive! At the time, even as a Christian, I was the most open-minded, hippy kind of Christian imaginable. I was probably too hippy for the Church of Scotland, even though it's a very liberal church. I was interested in things such as occultism. I felt that being an artist would provide a platform to explore intellectual, esoteric, spiritual, paranormal and theological questions through creating stories, which would ask questions not just of myself, but of the audience as well. In most mainstream entertainment questions are never asked, and answers are just given. The horror genre can be guilty of that, too. I think the readership of *Bizarre*, myself included, has open-minded viewpoints because they're into alternative subcultures of all kinds. I want our films to start a wide plethora of ideas about how to live and what kind of realities might be out there.

Tell us more about funding *Lord Of Tears* through Kickstarter, and your biggest benefactor from the United Arab Emirates…
We'd already shot a lot of the film, but we used Kickstarter to get the finishing funds. We're also distributing the film, so I wanted to package it uniquely to create a different experience for the people supporting us. That's how we found the sultan, and from there we developed a relationship. He flew over and drank cider and ate cakes with us, which is what you do in Scotland, and he amazed us with how excited and honoured he was to visit these humble, micro-budget filmmakers working in the most frightful places. He was a kindred spirit who was really into horror, ghosts, monsters and aliens.

"I DIGRESSED INTO A CONVERSATION ABOUT SEAGULLS WITH WILLIAM FRIEDKIN"

His day job is running a big family business, but he ended up founding his own movie company, Dark Dunes Productions.

Do you think Kickstarter is the way forward for independent filmmakers?
We actually used it as a last resort, not realising how much potential it had for indie filmmaking. But it's not about raising money – it's about getting support from people and building a buzz. Via Kickstarter, we had people working in film contact us to offer support and advice; there was Asia Argento, Barbara Crampton – who was the sexy lady from *Re-Animator* – and William Malone, who directed the *House On Haunted Hill* remake and designed the original Michael Myer mask for *Halloween*. William Friedkin, director of *The Exorcist*, tweeted about our film, too. He said, "It looks good!", and then we digressed into a conversation about seagulls because Friedkin loves them! I can't recommend Kickstarter enough for any British filmmaker. The traditional film industry isn't willing to finance arty, intellectual horror.

Are you planning to show the film at any horror festivals?
We showed it at the Bram Stoker International Film Festival in Whitby in October, and it won two awards: 'Best Female Lead' for Lexy Hume, and the 'Audience Award' for best film, where it received around 70 per cent of votes. Over the next 12 months I want to get the film to as many festivals as possible. We are also the distributors of the film, and it is currently available to buy from the Lordoftears.com website.

You must have felt honoured to be voted best film by the Bram Stoker audience…
When you make a film, you're paranoid about its faults – so to hear people believe in it is amazing. We've also had 16 magazine reviews for *Lord Of Tears* so far, and not a single negative critique. It's been a miracle. *Starburst* gave us 8/10, and Bloody-Disgusting.com gave it 4/5. All this for a micro-budget, Scottish throwback, Hammer-style horror film. And, of course, I'm honoured to be in *Bizarre*. Myself and my crew have masturbated to many editions of *Bizarre* over the years. It's an awesome magazine. And you can quote me on that if you want!

Lord Of Tears is available to buy on Blu-ray and DVD in a special digipak with a 400-page booklet and an audio soundtrack. Visit LordOfTears.com

FORT FOR THE

WARNING!
CONTAINS SPLATTERINGS
OF SEAMEN!

Ahoy there, me farties! All aboard as *Bizarre*'s Alix Fox takes a boat trip to Redsand WWII Army fort to learn about the haunting history of these steampunk-esque structures-on-stilts, and take part in an edible sea monster autopsy conducted by an anatomist

When I was a tiddler, no taller than a terrapin's slimy toe is long, at bedtime my mum would tell me the story of Baba Yaga: a Slavic folk tale about a ferocious-faced, hunchbacked witch who would fly around the night skies in a giant mortar, steering with an enormous stone pestle.

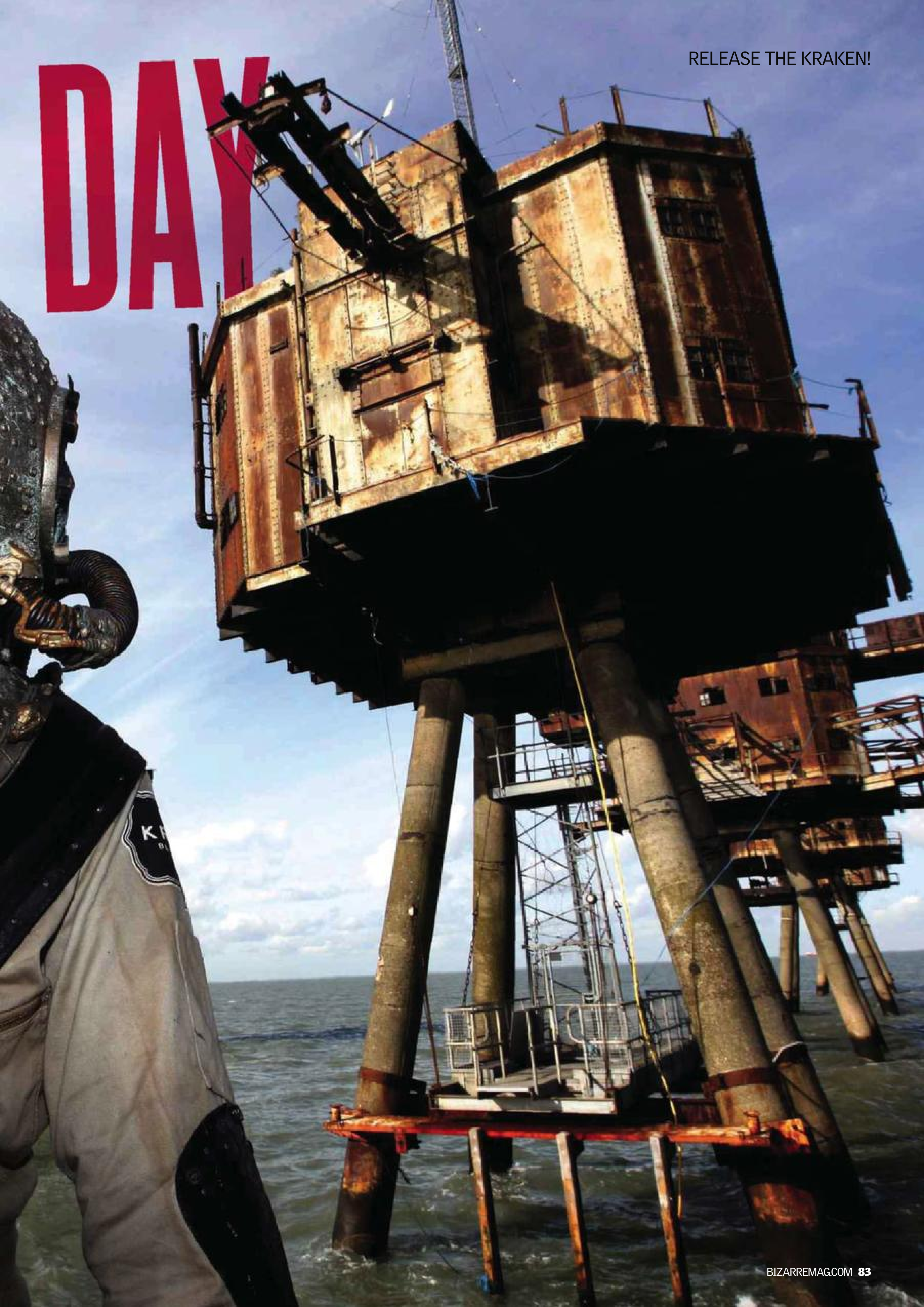
If Baba Yaga found any children who refused to go to sleep when their parents told them to, the cackling crone would whizz through their bedroom window, sweep them up into her spice bowl, use the pestle to knock them unconscious, then take them back to her lair where she'd roast them on a spit and eat them.

Baba Yaga lived in a thatch-roofed hut with walls made from human skulls in a deep, dark forest, and at each of the four corners of her house was a spindly, skinny, gristly chicken leg. Even if a kidnapped child's parents tried to rescue their little one from the woods, they'd never find them because Baba Yaga's hut would move out of their sight, scurrying behind tress and into shadows on long, claw-footed limbs. They were lost – forever. →

WORDS **ALIX FOX**

ALL IMAGES **NATHAN PASK; PROJECT REDSAND; DAVID SANDISON; EMILY EVANS**

DAY



Thankfully, I loved the thrill of being scared as a kid; my ma wasn't resorting to frightening the beejesus and all of his buzzy bee-ciples out of me in order to get me to close my eyes (although I'm sure there were a lot of Russian toddlers regularly shitting stroganoff into their pyjamas in abject fear). However, the story's always struck with me, so the first thing I think of when I see the Redsand Sea Fort is Baba Yaga's house-on-legs. Every one of the fort's seven imposing, russet-rusted towers rises out of the Thames estuary on four enormous columns, as though they're on stilts. Unlike the scuttling hut, though, they haven't moved since they were built in 1943.

SEA LEGS

Redsand is one of a group of ten Army and Navy forts built in the Mersey and Thames estuary during World War II and designed by a gent named Guy Maunsell. Its towers weigh a hernia-inducing 750 tons each: that's about 11,905 Nina Kates, or around 84 of Bianca Beauchamp's boobs, plus an extra nipple or two. They were built further up the river, then floated to their current location. The legs are held in place not by being pile-driven into the sea bed, but instead are mounted on humongous concrete bases which rest on the sand bank many metres below the surface of the water. This design meant that the buildings' foundations were able to absorb the colossal recoil experienced when the enormous artillery guns were fired from the tower platforms: Redsand Fort was intended to defend London from Nazi air raids and protect allied ships from magnetic mines, and during battle soldiers stationed there shot down 22 enemy aircraft and 30 flying bombs, as well as a German E-boat.

Nowadays, Redsand – or 'Uncle 6', as was its wartime code name – is the last of the offshore Army forts that remains in its complete form (bar the now-destroyed steel 'catwalk' bridges that used to connect the individual blocks). Yet while it's still standing like Elton John losing a game of musical chairs, it requires £1.492m of restoration and refurbishment to make it fit to be repurposed for any sort of regular usage. A specially founded charity, Project Redsand, has begun work on this, and secured listed building status for the towers, meaning that they can't be dismantled. In the meantime, the charity run expeditions to the site, for filmmakers, photographers… and the press.

Hence how I find myself lurching around on a boat, surf spraying into my face from the bow as though the ocean is repeatedly sneezing at me, while someone from *The Independent* lies face down on the deck looking greener than an aphid's bogeys. A bunch of us have been shipped out here on an unusual booze cruise courtesy of Kraken Rum, to attempt to board the forts before taking part in a genuine, anatomist-led 'autopsy' of lifelike giant kraken squid's head made from cake. Press trip? Press trippin' balls, more like.

24hr CCTV protecting this area
THIS IS A
CAUTION
risk of Kraken attacks is high

XPILOT
LONDON

A RUM DO

"Up to 265 soldiers could be stationed out here in the middle of the sea for weeks at a time," Project Redsand crewmate Robin reveals as we lurch around the fort on waves choppier than an advanced karate class. The brisk, briny wind carries the sound of a huge old bell contained within a red buoy floating nearby, ominously tolling to warn boats that they're approaching an obstacle, and enhancing the eerie atmosphere.

While the corroded towers look cinematically cool – like a scene from *Waterworld* or *War Of The Worlds*, Tank Girl's lookout den, or distant aquatic, paralysed cousins of the *Star Wars* AT-AT walkers – I wouldn't want to be trapped on one for a month, eating Spam while going loopy inside what is essentially a slightly larger version of the same tin can.

We're not told whether any doomed squaddies lost their lives in this lonely place, but it's certain that death's scythe swung at Redsand long after the war.

"Not too long ago, a couple of guys decided to check out the fort on their own," Robin tells us. "They sailed out here, tied their boat to one of the tower platforms while the tide was high, and clambered inside. Unfortunately, while they were exploring the tide went out; water levels dropped dramatically, leaving their craft essentially hanging from the side of the tower from the mooring rope, which then snapped. The boat drifted away – taking with it their food and water supplies, their flares, and their radio. One of the men tried to swim after it, but was pulled under the ocean by strong currents and drowned. The other was marooned on Redsand for seven days; not a soul knew he was here until he managed to drag an old mattress onto the tower roof and set it on fire. By the time his smoke signal was spotted and a rescue operation scrambled, he must have been out of his mind with thirst, hunger and panic…"

TIDAL WAVES, AIRWAVES AND SOUND WAVES

Thankfully, some of Redsand's history puts the 'jolly' back in 'Jolly Roger': from 1964, it was used as a base for a pirate radio station named Radio 390. Yet rather than playing 'rebellious' rock and pop tunes, as did most pirate broadcasters looking to rally against the stiff'n'starched BBC output of the era, 390 concentrated on easy listening and talk shows, including one aimed at housewives called *Eve: the Women's Magazine of the Air!* They also ran commercials, such as those advertising Mother's Pride white sliced bread – so, on balance, they were about as daring and anarchic as quietly eating a Polo in a public library.

By 1967, the Government had declared that Redsand was officially within British territorial waters; UK broadcasting laws that had previously been dodged by Radio 390 applied henceforth, and the station was shut down. The fort's shimmy into showbiz wasn't quite over yet, though: a year later it featured in *Doctor Who* serial 'Fury From The Deep', posing as a North Sea gas refinery under attack from a cognisant, throbbing seaweed beast which is eventually beaten by loudspeakers transmitting the sound of a woman screaming. The episodes featured the first ever incarnation of the Doctor's now-famous sonic screwdriver. Speaking of tools…

"THE BLADE PLUNGES INTO THE EYE AND IT OOZES **BLACK GLOOP!**"

SQUIDS IN

Up on the top deck, anatomist and medical illustrator Emily Evans (see p86) wields a scalpel. "Unfortunately, the winds are too strong today for us to safely board any of the towers," she announces, to a chorus of groans, and the more subtle whistling of at least three people's sphincters unclenching in secret relief, as at this point our boat is being tossed like a salad on a gay porn set. "Instead, we're going to conduct an autopsy right here beneath our sails, dissecting the eyeball of an unfathomably gargantuan man-eating sea monster known as a kraken, bravely captured for us by our very own kraken hunter…"

A bloke himself so unfathomably gargantuan in height that you suspect his mother must have had to use rolled-up sleeping bags as tampons after birthing him appears, dressed as a deep-sea diver and carrying an enormous, metallic-finished cake that resembles an incredibly convincing bulbous eye. It's the work of Annabel de Vetten-Peterson of Conjurer's Kitchen, whose recent projects also include four-tier wedding cakes sculpted entirely from meat, photorealistic dead babies' heads cast in chocolate, and a surreal fruitcake shaped like a partially flayed deer growing from a plant pot, which was exhibited at an art gallery alongside a performance involving a woman's pendulous breast being rhythmically slapped by a slice of steak gripped by a mechanical arm. Standard.

"The term 'kraken' originates from Swedish and Norwegian words meaning both 'unhealthy animal' and 'something twisted,'" Evans schools us as she plunges her blade into the glossy pupil. Tar-like, pitch black (delicious rum-based) gloop oozes forth. "The kraken legend may well have its roots in reality, as squid over 50ft long have been spotted off the coast of Greenland," she continues, relating facts about ocular structure while handing out platters of marzipan →

“I FEEL QUEASY LOOKING AT THE GRUESOME CUISINE!”

‘kraken tripe’, liquorice gallstones, and decaying human hands and feet: billed as the remains of sailors swallowed by the evil shocktopus and found rotting in the lining of its stomach, they were actually created by food artist Kate Haigh, who modelled them on her own limbs.

If I didn’t feel sea sick before, I do now, made gloriously queasy by the lethal combo of gruesome-looking cuisine, more sugar than you’d end up having stuck round your mouth after a five-hour doughtnut-bobbing competition, and enough rum to get a rhino pissed enough to accidentally sext its dad.

The future of Redsand Fort is uncertain: proposals have ranged from it becoming a marine life observation station, to a research spot for scientists examining methods of extracting hydrogen from saltwater to convert into electricity, a ‘comfort and inspiration zone’ for artists, composers and writers, or even a venue for marriages. One thing’s for ‘shore’: I know who should do the catering…

Shoot over to Project-redsand.com to find out more about Redsand Forts. If you’d like to enquire about hiring a boat to take you there, take aim and fire at X-pilot.co.uk. More into rum-tiddly-um-tum? Join the Kraken group at Facebook.com/TheKrakenRum and follow @TheKrakenRum_UK on Twitter for booze news, competitions, and announcements of free inebriation celebration events that you can get involved with.

GOOD EVANS!

The kraken autopsy may be fake, but Emily Evans is a real-life anatomist and medical illustrator

“I primarily draw diagrams and illustrations for surgery and anatomy text books and documents for medical professionals, but I’m also senior demonstrator of anatomy at Cambridge University, teaching dissection to students,” chirps Emily Evans, whose skills once helped solve a murder case after the putrefying remains of a 75-year-old man were found stuffed in a holdall in Sheffield. Evans helped reconstruct the victim’s face, muscle by muscle, and after the model was shown on *Crimewatch* the victim was identified, and his son and grandson were then charged with killing him.

“There’s never a dull hour in my line of work,” she says. “Today, I’m drawing a digital prostate examination, and tomorrow it’s the entire human body in 1cm slices from head to toe.” Evans has spent the last 17 years making various incisions into dead people, and she’s anxious not to put anyone off donating their body to medical research, but admits that the process can get gruesome: “I once had to put the head of a cadaver through a bandsaw to get a cross-section of the brain, but the body hadn’t been preserved properly and the rotten contents of the skull sprayed me – and the walls.”

In addition to producing instructional materials, Evans puts her knowledge and artistic flair to use in more creative ways. “I have an online shop where I sell anatomically inspired homewares and clothing, such as plates and silk scarves printed with human tissue slides taken from sections of the rectum and testicle,” she reports. She also produced a series of prints using real human blood as part of a stunt to promote videogame *Resident Evil*. “I took five vials of blood from Emma Cakehead – the woman behind the kraken trip – then mixed them with an anticoagulant and screen-printing medium before painting them onto 100 per cent cotton paper, so it would absorb the liquid,” she reveals. “I ended up covered in Emma’s fluids, mind!”

And how does someone who examines innards wind down? She just got back from scuba diving with sharks in Mexico, and is a member of the British Humanist Choir – a group who believe everyone should get the chance to enjoy singing in harmony without the songs having to be religious or the setting a church. “Our repertoire includes the classic Monty Python number, ‘Every Sperm Is Sacred’!” she laughs. The gal’s got spunk.

Buy Emily Evans’ grisly goods at Anatomyboutique.com

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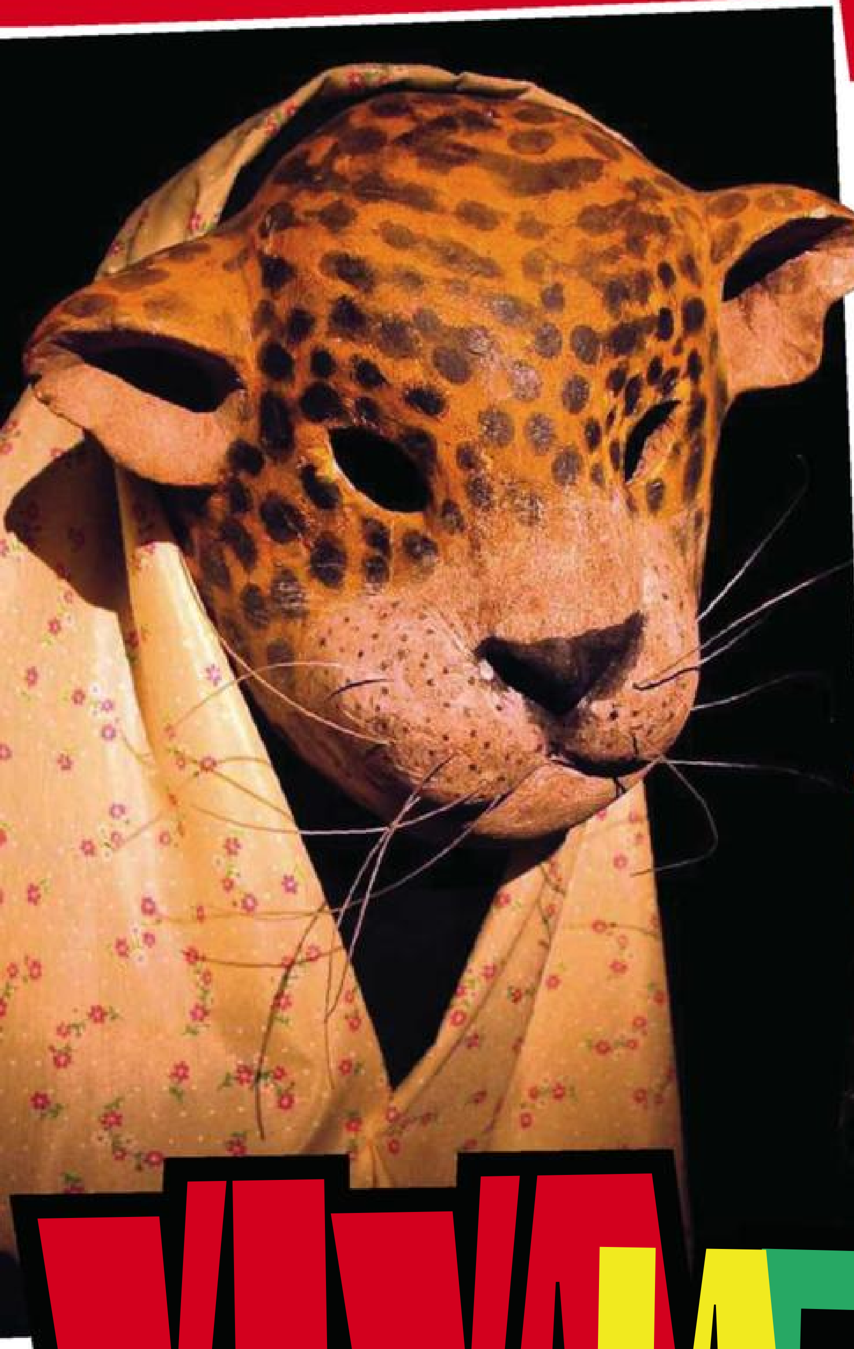


VIVA LA FIESTA!

In Bolivia, weird, horrifying and hilarious masks are the cornerstone of any good party…

In the landlocked South American country of Bolivia, local communities need little excuse for a boozy party. And as the nation's biggest festivals such as the Oruro Carnival (see *Bizarre 179*) see the streets of small towns flooded with people dancing through the night while wearing nightmarish masks that represent devils, demons and mythical beasts, it confirms *Bizarre*'s conviction that Bolivia is the weirdest country on earth.

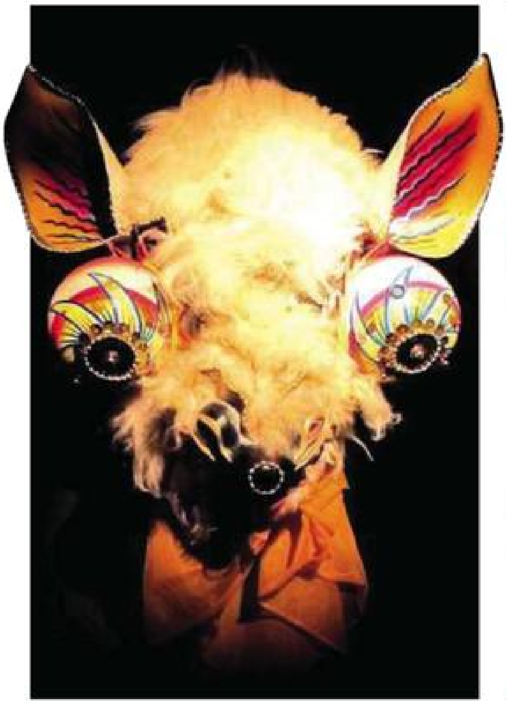
The ancient folk art of making extravagant masks for use in performances, dances and dramas stretches back thousands of years, with revellers wearing extraordinary headgear to play to role of gods, devils and other important figures from Andean folklore.

In the 16th century Spanish colonists and Christian priests tried to stamp out indigenous beliefs across South America, and forced the people of Bolivia to transform their traditional dances into celebrations to mark Catholic feast days. The invaders also banned masks that represented pre-Hispanic pagan gods and forced locals to wear costumes that impersonated Europeans, a practice that continued through the 17th and 18th centuries and saw many ancient traditions lost forever.

Since the postcolonial era of the 19th century, communities across South America have had greater freedom to stage their own festivals, and there has been a glorious resurgence in the use of masks that are sometimes funny, sometimes scary, but are always visually striking and take local artisans months to create. And while a tradition of masquerading can be found in all South American nations, the masks in Bolivia – and, to a lesser extent, in neighbouring Peru – are some of the most amazing on the planet.

While locals are no longer obliged to wear masks that impersonate Spanish colonists, many dances now incorporate faces that resemble Europeans and are used to mock former oppressors. And while many masks that represent African people may look dodgy in this politically correct age, they were originally designed to show sympathy and respect – albeit in a ham-fisted way – for the slaves the Spanish conquistadors brought with them to work in the gold mines of Bolivian cities such as Potosí.

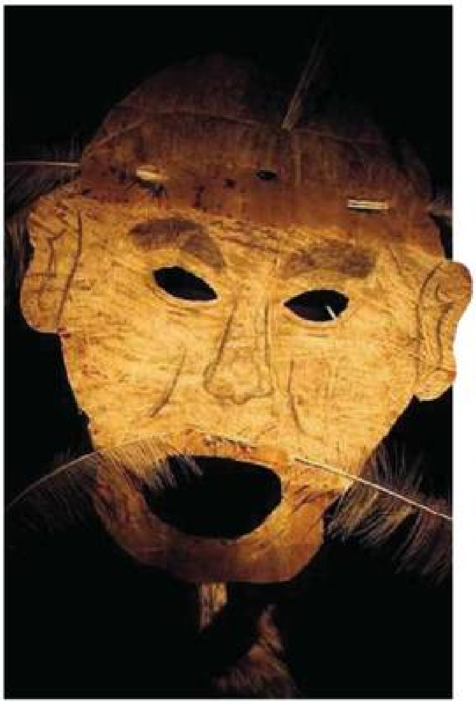
Join *Bizarre* as we take a look at some of the most striking masks from Bolivian folk festivals, which will hopefully encourage you to up your game when Halloween 2014 comes around… →



OSO

Dance: Morenada and Diablada

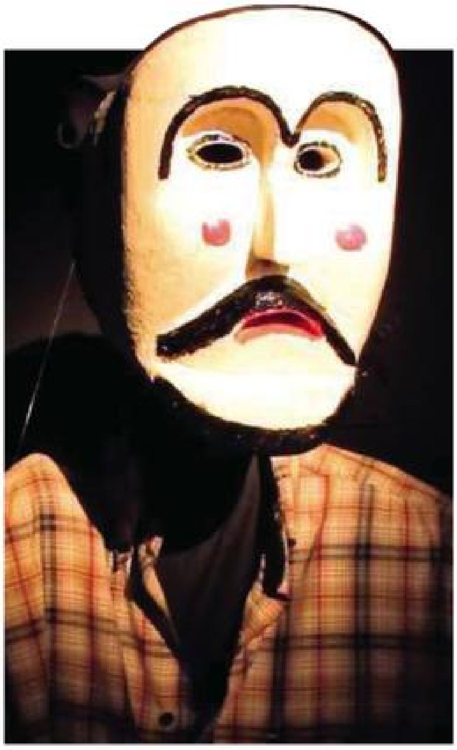
A white, fluffy, bug-eyed bear, Oso is most often seen in parades in Bolivia's second largest city, La Paz. A cross between a polar and an Andean bear (also see Jakumari, p92), Oso represents the different ecological conditions across the Andes – the world's longest continental mountain range, that stretches across the western coast of South America – and he often encourages carnival spectators to join in the dancing.



KARAY CARETA

Dance: Various

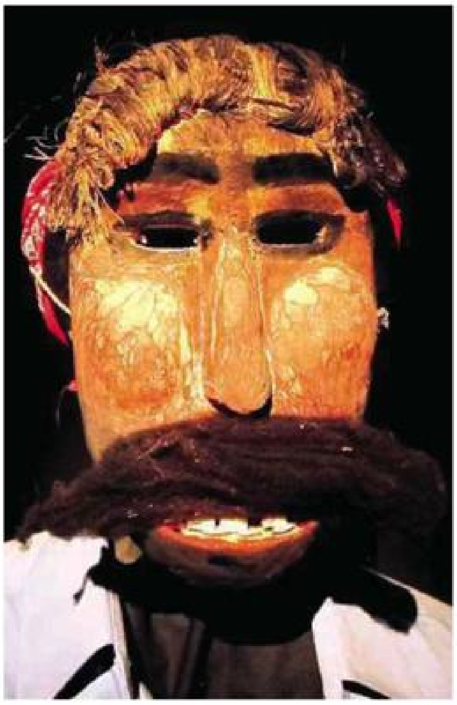
The Karay Careta mask – which roughly translates as 'the other' – is worn by indigenous people who live in isolated regions of Bolivia, and refuse to give up their local traditions in the face of encroaching modernity. Made using cowhide and bird feathers, the Karay Careta mask represents the face of a white landlord who's settled in a remote community and is trying to stamp out local customs.



ORIENTE

Dance: Los Abuleos

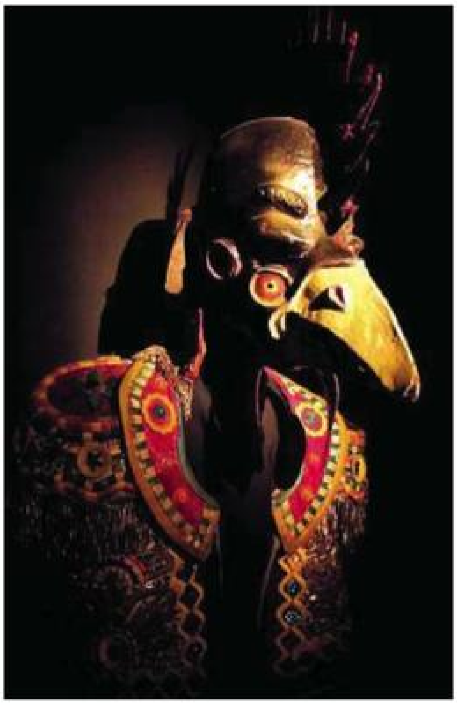
Made from carved wood and decorated with vivid paints, the Oriente mask is thought to have originated in the Bolivian region of Santa Cruz, and is worn in parades by the indigenous people who live there. The mask is often used in dances during Holy Week – the seven days preceding Easter – but its original meaning has been lost over the centuries.



AÑA NDÉCHI

Dance: Los Añas

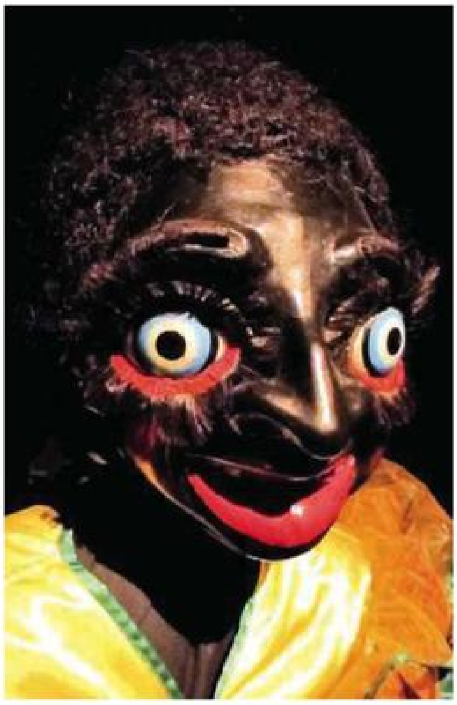
The Aña Ndéchi mask is worn by the Guaraní, an indigenous group of people who are found across the interior of South America. The mask is a protest against modern society, which the Guaraní believe discriminates against local people and prevents them from honouring long-held traditions. Aña Ndéchi represents the spirits of nature and ancient societies.



GALLO

Dance: Misti Sikuri

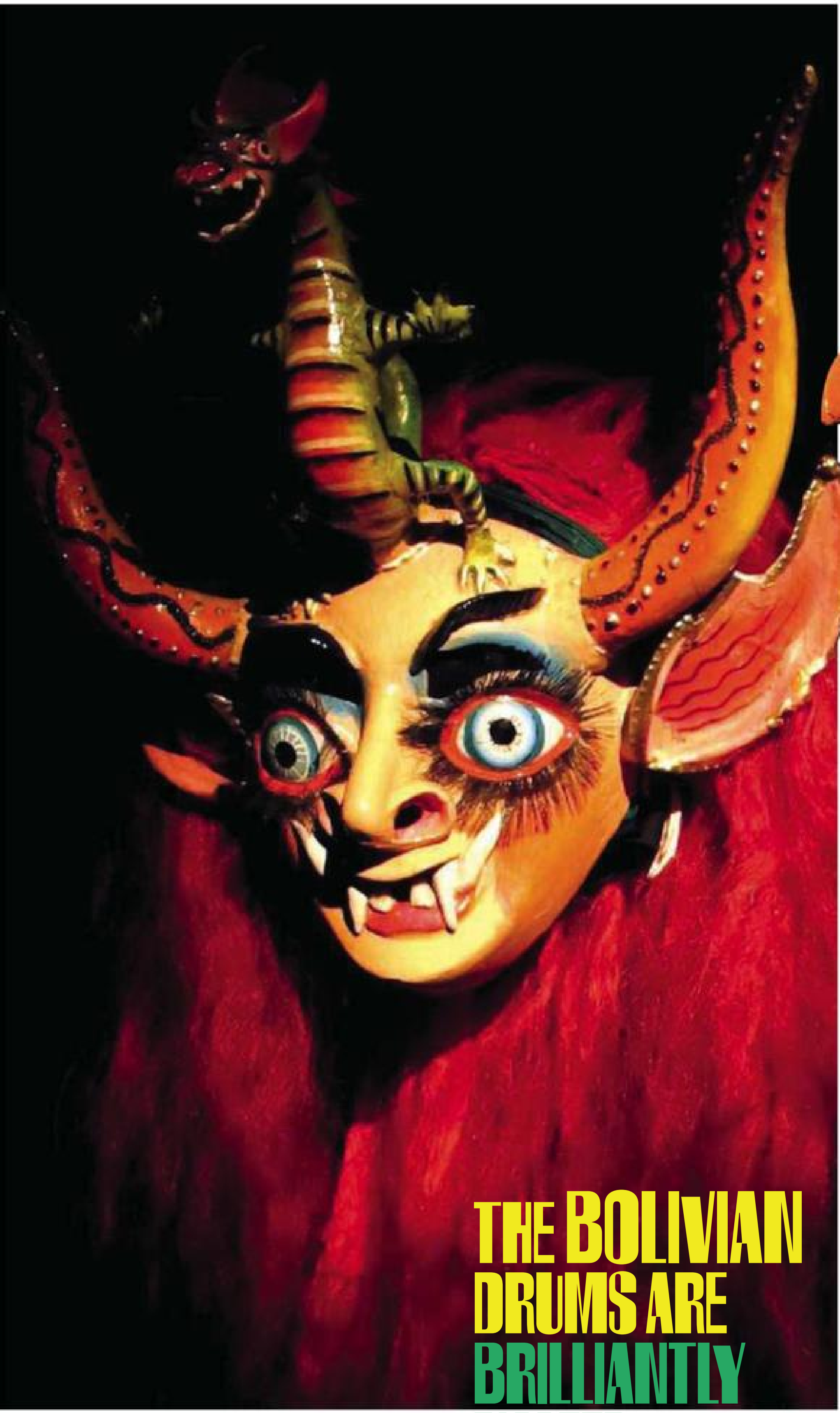
The Gallo mask represents a red rooster, which appears in many Bolivian folk tales and is said to appear near springs and rivers at midnight, and is regarded as a symbol of serenity. This extravagant mask is made from folded felt that's covered in plaster to make it hard, then decorated with silver threads, fake jewels and oil paints.



CAPORAL TUNDIQUI

Dance: Tuntunas or Tundiqui

Caporal Tundiqui represents an African foreman who was under the command of Spanish colonists during the South American conquest that began in the 16th century. During dances Caporal Tundiqui beats out a rhythm using a drum and boots covered in bells, and locals often 'black up' with greasepaint to represent him if they can't afford to buy a mask.

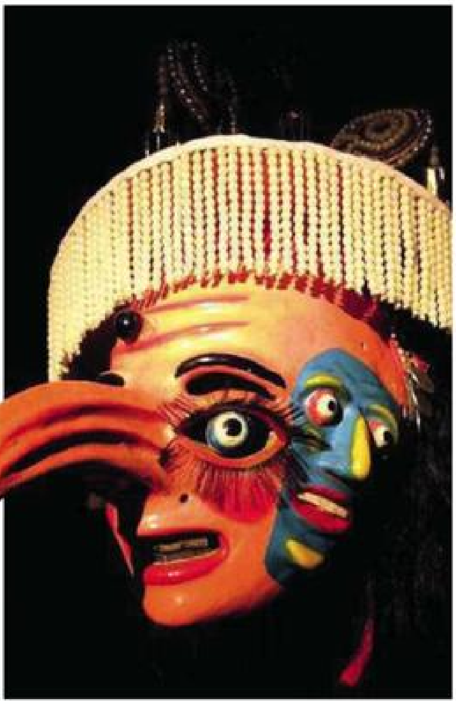


DIABLESA

Dance: Diablada

The stunning Diablesa mask is used in the Diablada, one of Bolivia's most thrilling dances that sees the streets of small towns such as Oruro packed with hundreds of dancing devils, exploding fireworks and shrill brass bands. The Diablesa character is normally played by young women aged 16-19, and the mask is made from fibreglass, felt and real animal teeth.

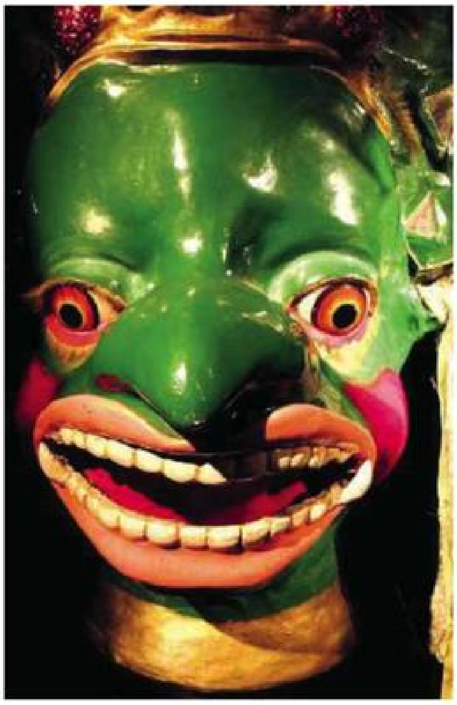
THE BOLIVIAN DRUMS ARE BRILLIANTLY NAMED *WANKARAS*



WAPHURI

Dance: Kullawada

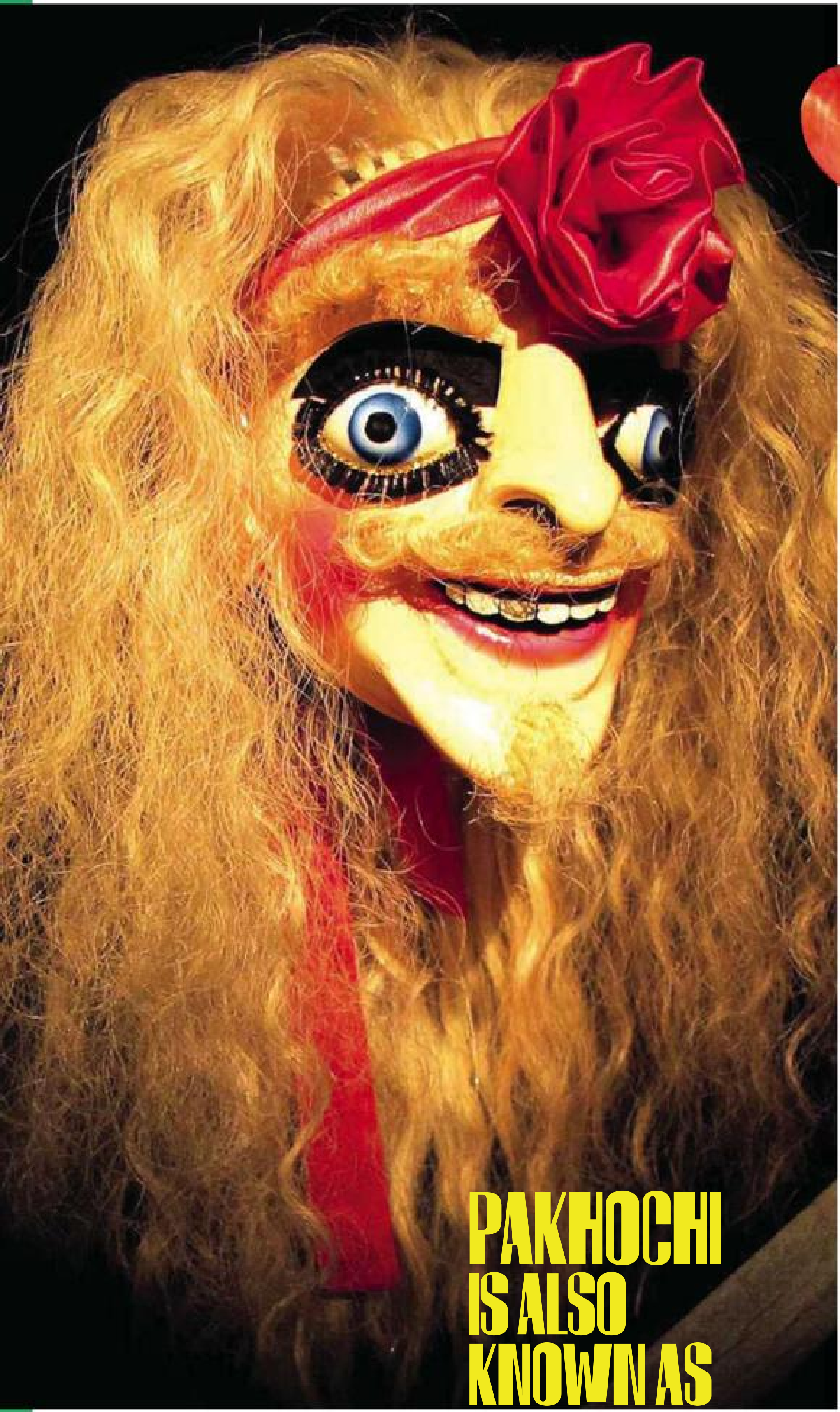
In dances originating in La Paz and Oruro, the character Waphuri represents a traditional rural spinner who weaves fabrics from the wool of llamas, alpacas and vicuñas. Waphuri is different from other characters as he has three faces, and the pace of his dancing is dictated by other revellers who carry small spinning wheels and use them to tap out a funky rhythm.

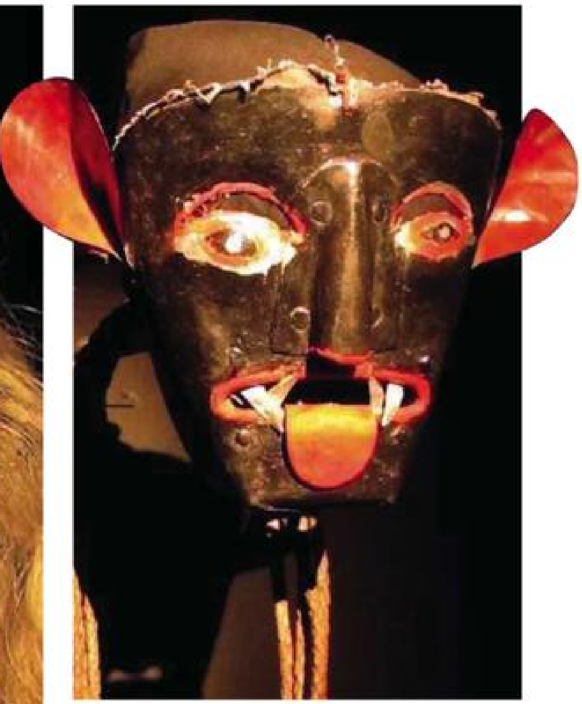


JACH'ATATA DANZANTI

Dance: Jagua Jagua

Roughly translated as 'Mr Big Dancer', Jach'a Danzanti is one of the most popular carnival attractions as his groovy moves can change in the blink of an eye to match the erratic music played by other revellers using Bolivian flutes or *pinkillu*, and drums that are brilliantly named *wankaras*. →

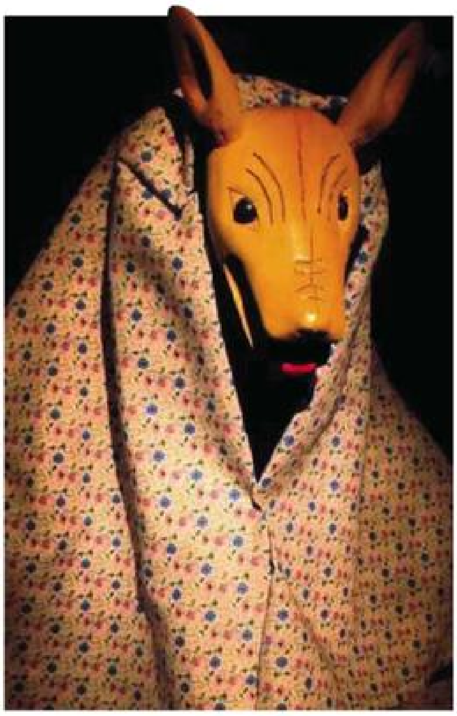




JUKUMARI

Dance: Various

A key character in traditional dances in rural communities, Jakumari represents the Andean or spectacled bear, which is found in various countries across South America. The spectacled bear is an important figure in Bolivian folklore, and to this day tales featuring the Jukumari are passed down through the generations using an oral tradition of storytelling.



PAKHOCHI

Dance: Los Pakhochis

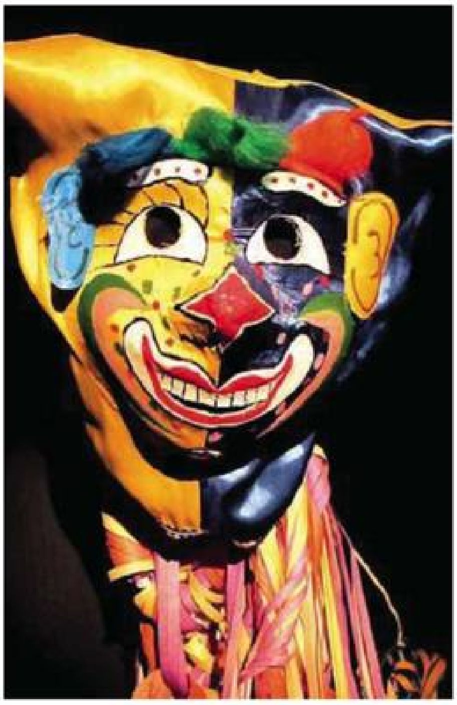
Pakhochi or Warrior Of Death represents Spanish colonists from the 16th century. The word 'Phako' means 'ruddy' or 'red', in reference to the skin tones of Spanish conquistadors, and Pakhochi performers dance through the night until they're exhausted, to symbolise a fight to the death. Afterwards their clothes are buried or thrown into a river, which is said to ward off evil.

PAKHOCHI IS ALSO KNOWN AS A WARRIOR OF DEATH

TAMUCUMIRA

Dance: Los Toritos

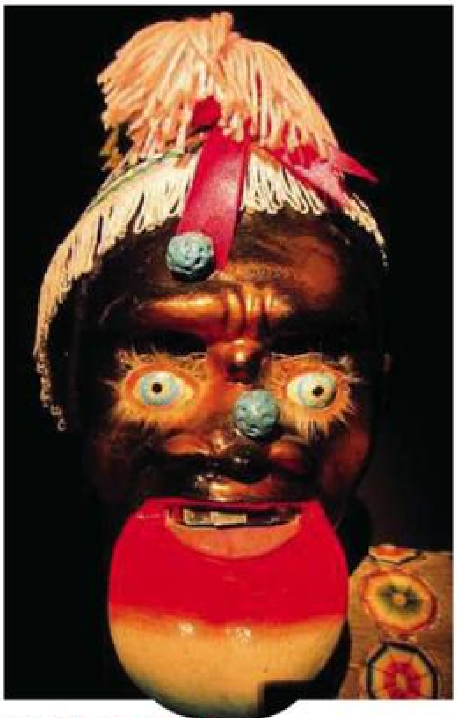
The wooden Tamucumira mask represents a normal domestic dog, which are still used today in remote Bolivian communities to hunt wild animals. During Los Toritos the Tamucumira dance in pairs, and they leap backwards and forwards in a steady rhythm to the sound of bells which are worn on a vest hidden beneath their tunic.



PEPINO

Dance: Ch'utas and Pepinos

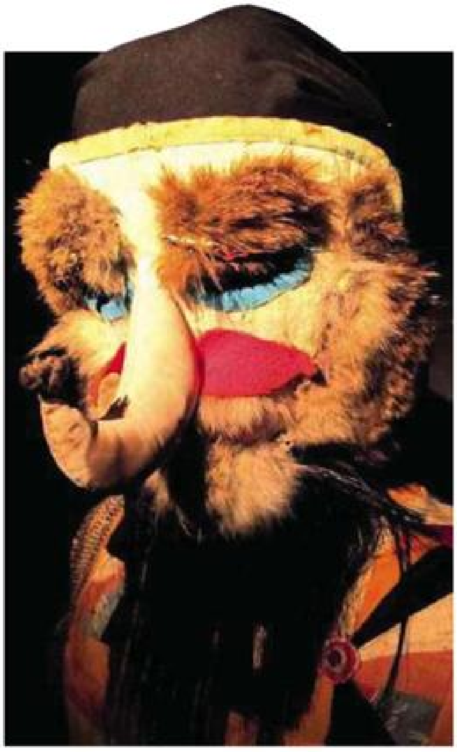
Although Pepino is one of Bolivia's most popular carnival characters – and is often seen spraying squealing kids in shaving foam – he's a combination of Kusillo (far right) and the 'fool' from European carnival traditions. This jester normally dances alone during carnivals and specialises in whipping up trouble, and during parade season the streets of La Paz are packed with vendors selling Pepino masks.



MORENO

Dance: Morenada

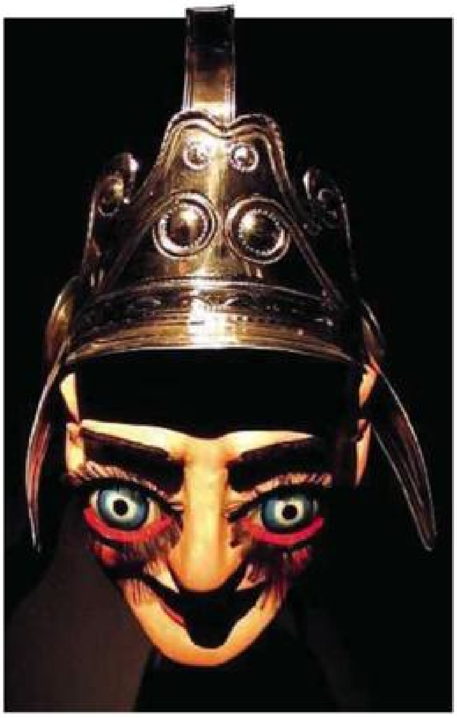
Like Caporal Tundiqui (p90), Moreno represents African slaves who were kidnapped and brought to South America by the Spaniards in the 16th century. Moreno's bulging eyes and extended tongue represent how slaves suffered from severe altitude sickness when they were sent to work in Bolivia's gold mines, and gasped for breath as they became accustomed to the thin air in country's highlands.



KUSILLO

Dance: Ch'utas, Kusillos, Waka Tintis, Choquelas, Waka Waka

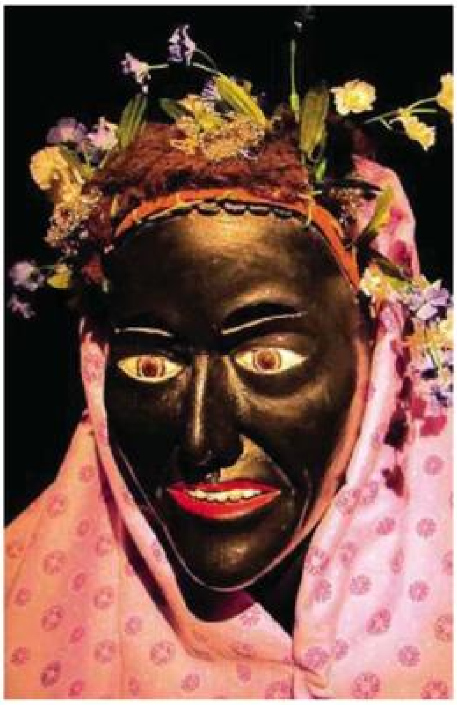
Part devil and park monkey, Kusillo's long nose is a phallic symbol that represents fertility, planting and harvesting in rural communities. Kusillos run and jump through the streets, begging for money in a high falsetto voice and picking on women who try to hide behind their fathers or partners. Funny, perhaps, but also a little sinister and rapey.



ÁNGEL

Dance: Diablada

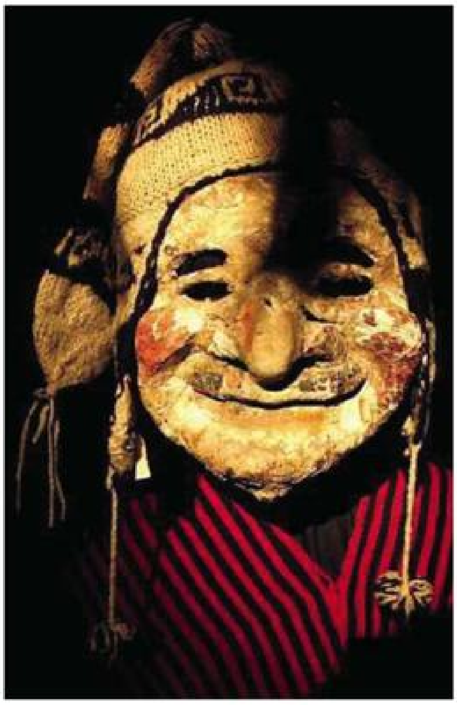
During stunning Diablada parades, the Ángel stays one step ahead of a pack of devils and choreographs their wild dancing. The Ángel represents the forces of good, which always triumph over darkness, and he carries a flaming sword that he waves above his head to conduct his army of demon dancers and show them who's boss.



JAPUTUQUI

Dance: Los Toritos

Fringed by wild flowers, Japutuqui's black face is designed to highlight the whites of his eyes, and as dusk falls he's one of the creepiest characters in Bolivian folk festivals. Japutuqui performs a funny solo dance where he beats a small drum with a stick, and bizarrely bumps elbows with other performers.



ACHACHILA

Dance: Various

Grinning Achachila is one of the oldest characters in Bolivian folk festivals, and is thought to date back to the pre-Hispanic era. Achachila represents a respected elder or spirit of a village's ancestors, and is also said to symbolise the forgotten origins of remote Ayllu communities based in the Bolivian and Peruvian Andes.

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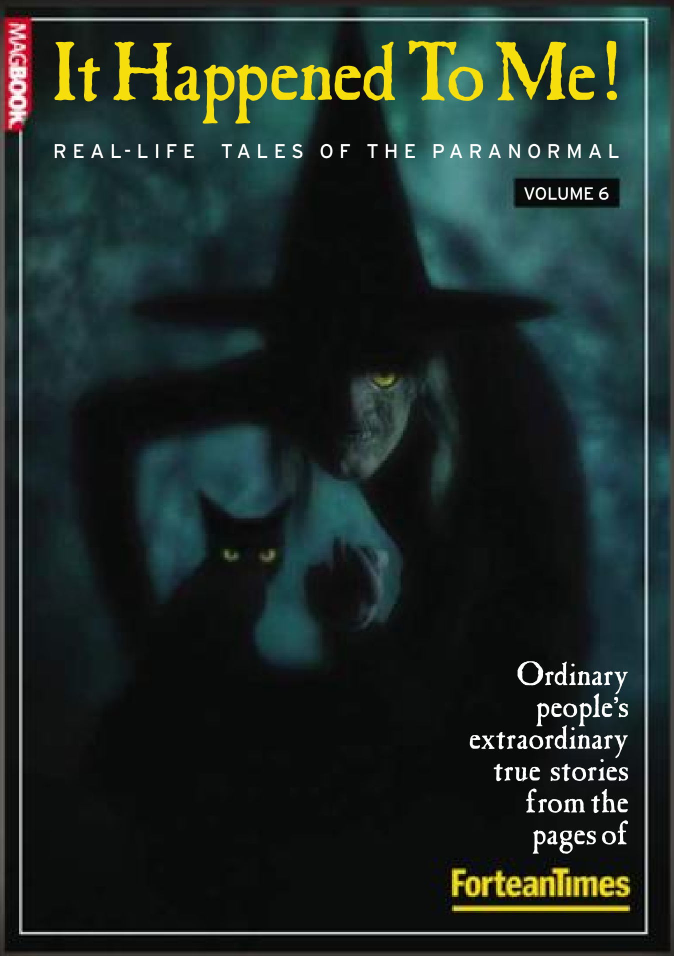
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SATANIC ACID ROCK!

Meet psychedelic metal ghouls Ghost B.C. on **p110**

HOT THIS MONTH

Is your spending limited by the icy grip of recession? Then let us help you choose the best stuff money can buy until the next issue of *Bizarre* hits the shelves on **21 JANUARY**…

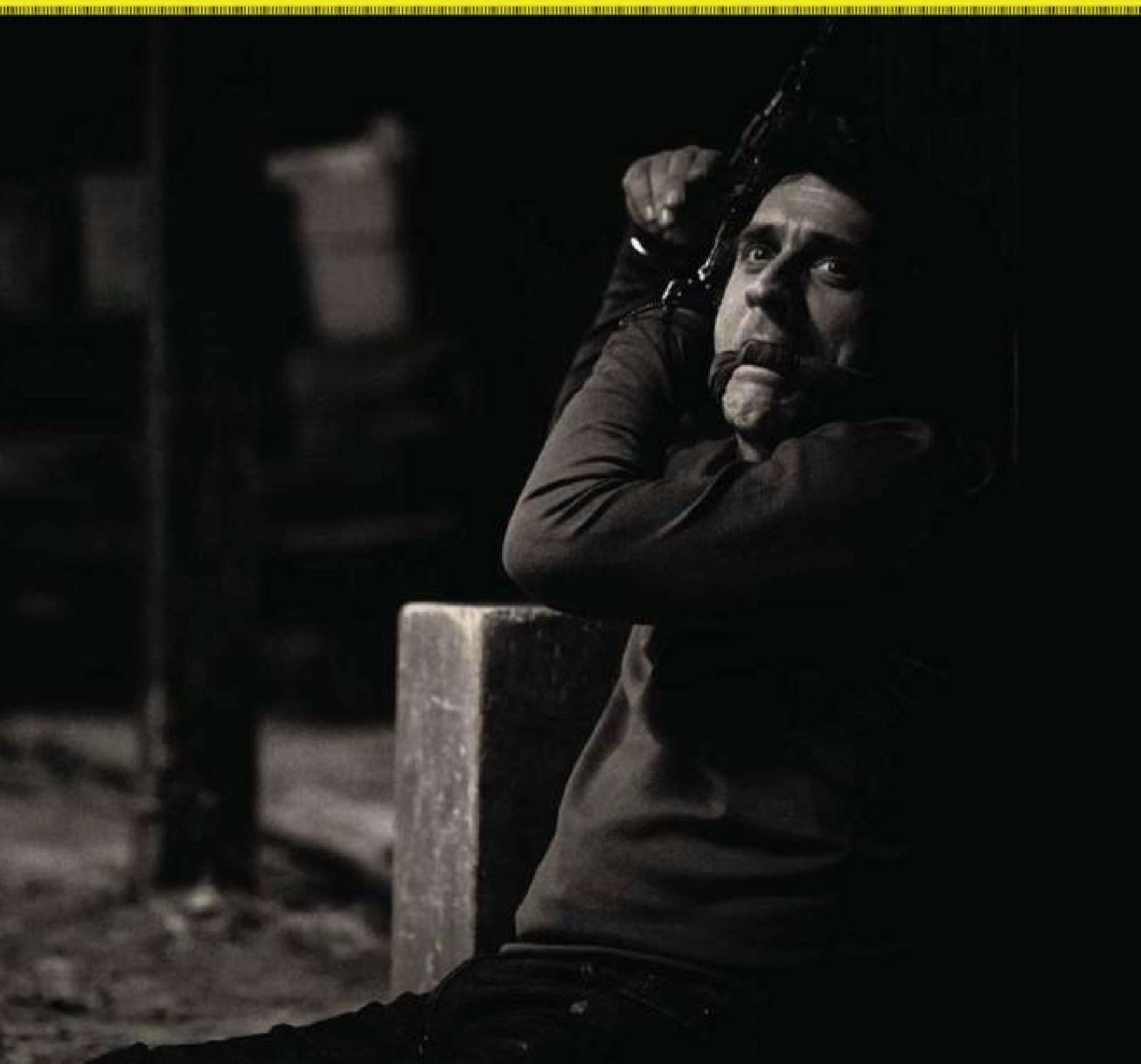
FILM

BIG BAD WOLVES

Get your wolf on

OUT NOW

Is this a renegade cop film, a torture porn extravaganza, a revenge thriller or a comedy? Well, it's a bit of all four. Written and directed by Aharon Keshales and Navot Papushado, *Big Bad Wolves* is a three-cornered affair: a disgraced and now rogue cop (Lior Ashkenazi) and the revenge-bent father of a murder victim (Tzahi Grad) find themselves colluding on the kidnap and torture of the prime suspect – an alleged serial killer, but ostensibly humble teacher (Rotem Keinan). A cornucopia of sickening cruelty and some astonishing twists and turns make *Big Bad Wolves* a flick that will have you cringing one minute and laughing your ass off the next. Uncomfortable fun.



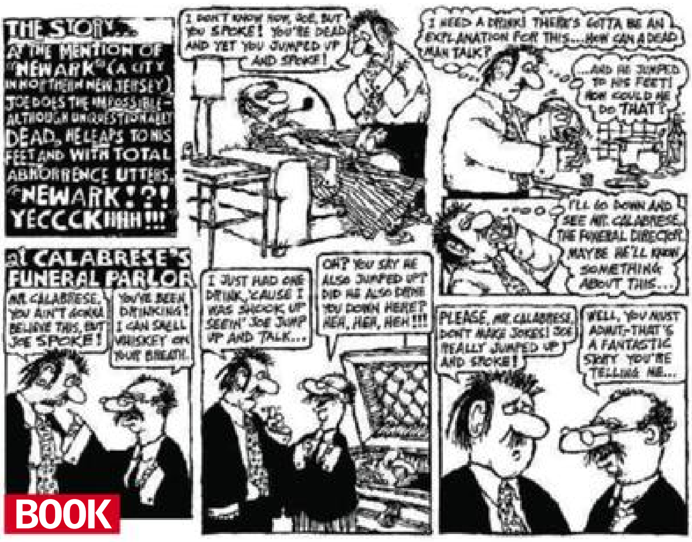
DVD

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 2

Why he's a boy with a chainsaw

OUT NOW

In Tobe Hooper's 1986 sequel to his horror classic, *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, the inbred Sawyer family are now proud providers of the Lone Star State's finest chilli. Mmmm, that meat is damn good! Trouble is, former Sheriff Lieutenant Enright – the redoubtable Dennis Hopper – has decided to bring an end to the family's reign of cannibalistic terror and a spate of inexplicable disappearances. Hooper dishes out a relentless diet of bloody, buzzsaw-related gore and mayhem, but there's a current of dark humour that lifts this from splatterfest into something altogether more intriguing and enjoyable. Yummy.


THE STORY...
AT THE MENTION OF "NEWARK" (A CITY IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY) JOE DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE – ALTHOUGH UNQUESTIONABLY DEAD, HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND WITH TOTAL ABHORRENCE UTTERS, "NEWARK!?! YECCCKHHHH!!!"
I DON'T KNOW HOW, JOE, BUT YOU SPOKE! YOU'RE DEAD AND YET YOU JUMPED UP AND SPOKE!
I NEED A DRINK! THERE'S GOTTA BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS... HOW CAN A DEAD MAN TALK?
...AND HE JUMPED TO HIS FEET! HOW COULD HE DO THAT?
I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE MR. CALABRESE, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR. MAYBE HE'LL KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...
AT CALABRESE'S FUNERAL PARLOR
MR. CALABRESE, YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT JOE SPOKE!
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING! I CAN SMELL WHISKEY ON YOUR BREATH.
I JUST HAD ONE DRINK, 'CAUSE I WAS SHOOK UP SEEIN' JOE JUMP UP AND TALK...
OH? YOU SAY HE ALSO JUMPED UP? DID HE ALSO DRIVE YOU DOWN HERE? HEH, HEH, HEH!!!
PLEASE, MR. CALABRESE, DON'T MAKE JOKES! JOE REALLY JUMPED UP AND SPOKE!
WELL, YOU MUST ADMIT – THAT'S A FANTASTIC STORY YOU'RE TELLING ME...

BOOK

RAY AND JOE: THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

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CHARLES RODRIGUES
OUT NOW

PICTURE: FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

This new book features a collection of works by Charles Rodrigues, a cult American cartoonist whose comic strips appeared in satirical humour magazine *The National Lampoon* from 1970 to 1993. And, guess what – it's the funniest, most laugh-out-loud book we've read all year!

From the conjoined Aesop Brothers trying to lose their virginity, to Ray, a loser whose adventures involve him dragging around his embalmed, dead best, via Deirdre Callahan, 'the world's ugliest child' who turns onlookers blind with her censored mug, every one of its characters and storylines is ridiculous, brilliant and grotesque. For fans of warped humour, we can't recommend it enough.

MUSIC

CAN

Iconic musical weirdness in a linen-wrapped box

CAN VINYL BOX

OUT NOW

At a likely retail price of around £450, there's possibly little chance you'll dig deep for this, unless you have a mega-rich aunt and a working vinyl player (awesome music taste would help too).

Encompassing 13 classic albums, the long unavailable *Out Of Reach*, and unreleased live tracks from the visionary psychedelic / krautrock extremists – all remastered across 17 vinyl discs – it will hold its value better than a West London flat.

Can were magicians of weird music, and have influenced everyone from Brian Eno to Mogwai. This release is just another great opportunity to flash their mysterious mugs in the mag.

PICTURE: CAN

GAME

ASSASSIN'S CREED: LIBERATION HD

Another *AC* triumph

OUT JANUARY 15, **PS3, XBOX 360, PC**

Originally released in October 2012 as a PlayStation Vita exclusive, the swashbuckling *Assassin's Creed: Liberation HD* will be hitting PlayStation Network, Xbox Live Arcade and Steam in January. And not a minute too soon!

Set in the late 1700s, *Liberation HD* features the series' first female protagonist, Aveline de Grandpré; an African-French Assassin around the end of the French and Indian War, who operates in 18th century New Orleans.

Although *Liberation* was hammered on the Vita for its comparatively light plot that lacks the depth of more substantial *Assassin's Creed* games, this adventure is still a blast from beginning to end, and features one of the most engaging central characters we've come across in a long time.

Violent deaths, a convincing 18th century backdrop, sharp visuals... *Liberation HD* has it all!

FILM AND DVD EDITOR **BILLY CHAINSAW**
BILLYCHAINSAW@BLACKTHORNCOMMUNICATIONS.COM

EXPOSED

Shock and awe in NYC's controversial burlesque scene

OUT NOW

THE LATEST DOCUMENTARY FROM renowned underground filmmaker Beth B blows the lid clean off the bizarre world of New York's alternative burlesque scene. And if you think that burlesque is little more than chicks strutting their sexy stuff in retro lingerie and pasties, watching this compelling film will make you change your opinion.

Focusing on eight confrontational burlesque stars, director B gets her subjects to 'fess up about their lives both on and off the stage, and the motives behind their performances – particularly the ease with which they unashamedly cavort and perform explicit sex acts. Cue such remarkable people as Bunny Love, who holds a gun to her head, paints her pussy with lipstick, and declares: "There is freedom in vulgarity". Elsewhere, *Bizarre* fave Mat Fraser proves he's mellowed with age, and turns his 'angry with the world' performance on its head by replacing it with comedic charisma. Most outlandish of all, though, is Rose Wood – a once introvert Jewish chap whose routines include a Grand Guignol depiction of a serial killer, and the satirical slaughter of rabbis. Wood also has breast augmentation, yet retains his meat and two veg.

While explicit, there's not a single moment during *Exposed*'s running time when Beth B exploits her subjects. Which not only makes for thought-provoking, emotional viewing, but also challenges stereotypes and offers a greater understanding of performers who are often regarded as freaks.

Billy Chainsaw

TOO FRUITY FOR APPLE!
BIZARREMAG.COM
TOO FRUITY FOR APPLE!
BIZARREMAG.COM

MORE FILMS THIS WAY!

47 RONIN

The swords of a thousand men

OUT 26 DECEMBER

A VIOLENT REVENGE MOVIE based on the real-life story of a group of samurai warriors in 18th century Japan who avenged the murder of their beloved master… sounds bloody good, right? But while *47 Ronin* is rooted in historical fact, debut director Carl Erik Rinsch has delivered a big budget action thriller with fantastical elements more akin to recent Hobbit-based adventures than any of the previous filmed versions of Japan's most enthralling national legend.

47 Ronin is the story of an outsider named Kai (Keanu Reeves) and other banished samurai who are seeking revenge for their master's forced suicide at the hands of a corrupt official, Lord Kira (Tadanobu Asano). The samurai know that the price they'll have to pay for revenge is their own death by ritual suicide, and this knowledge adds depth to the explosive action, and means that a clever morality play and sharp parable on loyalty lurks beneath the fireworks.

But while the film is packed with fantasy elements and hardcore action, this doesn't detract from the human themes of honour and revenge. Lavish, exciting, lots of swords… and a guest slot from *Bizarre* prodigy Rick 'Zombie Boy' Genest. What more could you want on Boxing Day?

UPSTREAM COLOR

Strange thing happened one day…

OUT 30 DECEMBER

THIS IS AN ODD FISH, AND NOT a film that can be easily categorised…

In *Upstream Color*, writer / director / lead Shane Carruth creates an artful, sombre canvas, onto which he paints a complex tableau of intertwining metaphysical themes and stories.

Driven by a mind-melting narrative that concerns a drug dealer, a parasitic worm, and a complex relationship between pigs, mankind and orchids – each joined by the life cycle of the wriggling nematode – *Upstream Color* is moving and confusing in equal measures. But while the film will have you scratching your head, at its core is an oddly intense relationship between Kris (Amy Seimetz) and Jeff (Carruth) that's deeply affecting and will hook you into the action, even as your head buzzes with questions.

HER

You're breaking up on me

OUT 10 JANUARY

***HER* – SPIKE JONZE'S PARABLE ON** the perils of new technology – is the story of a soulful writer, Theodore (Joaquin Phoenix), and his relationship with an intuitive and increasingly human telephone operating system called 'Samantha', voiced by Scarlett Johansson.

In this near future world, Theodore makes his living penning emotional, handwritten letters for other people, which acts as Jonze's shorthand for unautomated humanity. 'Samantha' becomes a cipher both for the ubiquity of technology and the way in which we can all fall for a sympathetic and obliging piece of technology that delivers what you ask for unconditionally and never judges you. And, let's face it, we've *all* been there.

ONLY GOD FORGIVES

Bizarre's favourite film of the year delivers great performances, oodles of style… and sickening violence

OUT NOW

***ONLY GOD FORGIVES* IS *BIZARRE*'S** favourite movie of 2013, and one of the most brutal and beautiful examples of filmmaking you're ever likely to see.

Written and directed by Nicolas Winding Refn – the maestro behind *Bronson* and *Drive* – *Only God Forgives* caused controversy when it premiered at the Cannes Film International Festival earlier this year because of its violent content. However, it's hard to imagine how you could deliver a tale set in Bangkok concerning a drug-dealing boxing promoter hellbent on avenging his murdered brother without being off-the-scale nasty. But, as with all Refn's movies, the goods are steeped in a luscious aesthetic that screams high art.

Only God Forgives sees Refn coming on like the anti-Tarantino: rather than populating the film with characters suffering from verbal diarrhoea, the protagonists rarely speak. And because long periods pass without any dialogue, the effect is almost like a silent movie, with proceedings driven by atmospheric lighting, unsettling camera work, and a score that creeps under the skin.

Naturally, such an approach demands an exceptional cast to make it work, and the players nail it perfectly. Ryan Gosling is the epitome of automaton cool as the vengeful offspring of an overbearing mother, played with demonic verve by Kristin Scott Thomas, while Vithaya Pansringarm's turn as the cop is genuinely terrifying.

Ultimately, this is a simple but effectively told tale that doesn't just tug, but *tears* at the emotions. *Only God Forgives* is the kind of film that leaves you reeling. **Billy Chainsaw**

ONE OF THE MOST BRUTAL AND BEAUTIFUL FILMS YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO SEE

MORE DVDS THIS WAY!

IKARIE XB 1

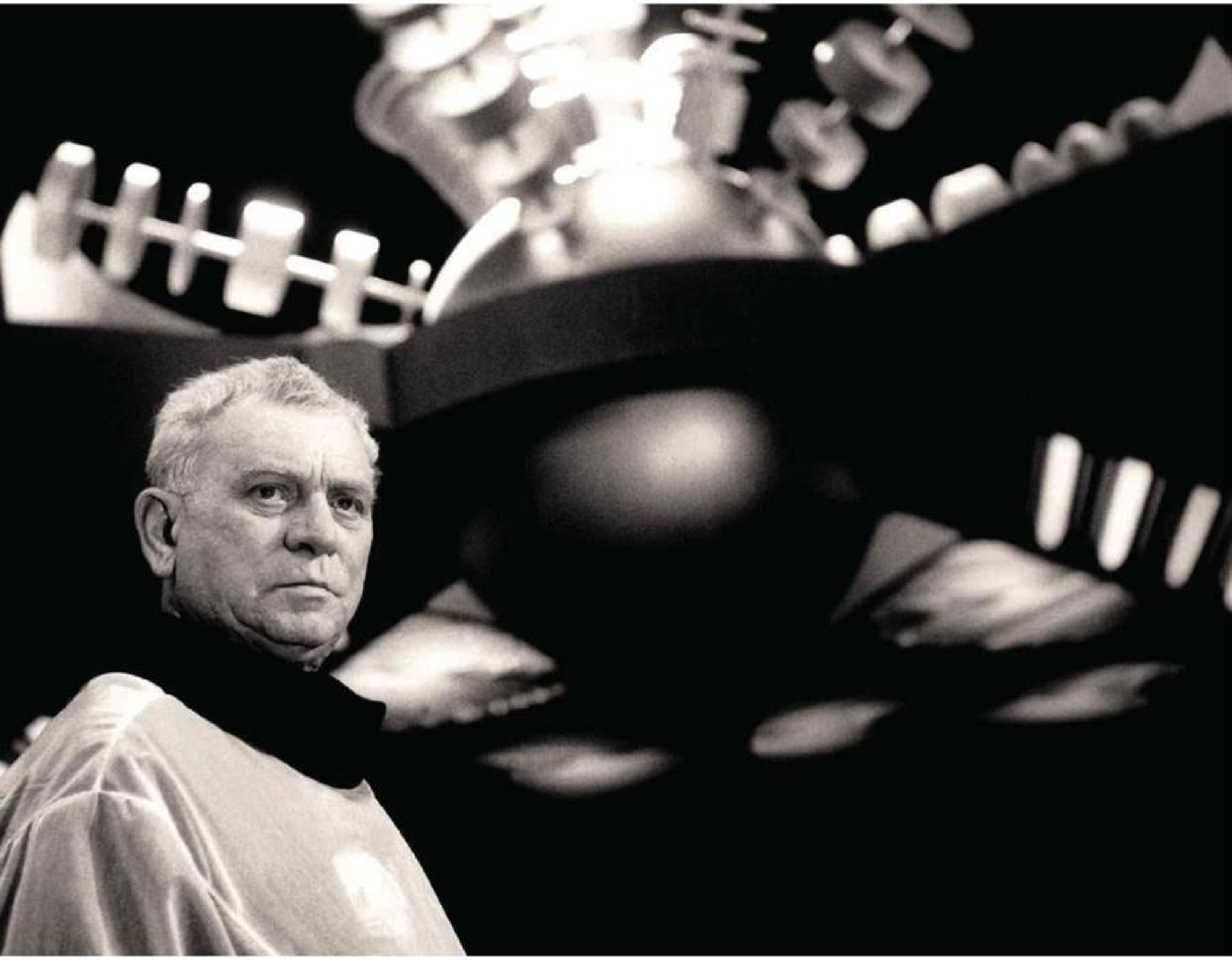
Calling occupants of interplanetary craft

OUT NOW

IT'S 2163 IN THIS STYLISH CZECH version of our space future, and the eponymous spaceship is on a long mission to seek out brave new... well, you know the rest.

It's a 15-year trek to the planets of Alpha Centauri – condensed to two years thanks to time compression – but the crew of 40 astronauts still has plenty of time to explore the deep, dark reaches of tedium. Until, that is, they chance upon a wrecked 20th century spaceship laden with nuclear bombs that goes off in their face, killing some members of the crew. Then, to compound their misery, a radiation star threatens to send them all insane, provoking one rogue crew member to risk the safety of the entire ship.

Produced in 1963, at a time when the Cold War was at its height, you could speculate that there's a message here about getting along – if not as nations, then simply as human beings. Intriguing, seminal space fare.



THE WITCHES

Stop. Hammer time!

OUT NOW

HAMMER'S GENIUS WAS ALWAYS to find a pantomime quality in horror; the exaggerated fear deep in our psyches that's simultaneously daft and genuinely scary. And in 1966, when *The Witches* was originally released, audiences weren't jaded by the graphic splatter deployed by modern horror auteurs, and so lapped up this flick's backdrop of creepy English villages, creaking carriages and freakish country bumpkins.

The Witches follows a slightly-faded Hollywood stalwart, Joan Fontaine, who's returned from a witchcraft-tastically horrific trip to Africa, and has taken a teaching job back home in sleepy olde Englande. But, of course, there are dark goings in the countryside that culminate in a terrifying occult ritual.

Nice ratcheting up of the tension from director Cyril Frankel and a taut script by a pre-*Quatermass* Nigel Kneale make this a disturbing romp through a sinister, if familiar, Hammer landscape.

FATE/STAY NIGHT: UNLIMITED BLADE WORK

Slash… aa-hhh! He's for every one us

OUT NOW

AFICIONADOS OF THE *FATE/STAY* *Night* graphic novel will love this. And while some knowledge of the source material will definitely enhance your enjoyment, that doesn't mean you have to be right up to speed to get maximum pleasure from this rip-roaring manga extravaganza.

Storywise, *Fate/Stay Night* is an explosive scavenger hunt for the wish-granting Holy Grail featuring violent, gifted young people, aided and abetted by brutish spirit servants.

The protagonist, Shirou Emiya, is a greenhorn when it comes to hunting ancient relics, and has to buddy up with Rin Tohsaka to get up to fighting speed. But will he win and get his desire? Just watch the bloody thing and find out, yeah?

THE DISCO EXORCIST

Shiny disco balls

OUT NOW

WHILE *THE DISCO EXORCIST* boasts probably the finest title in the history of filmmaking, the fun doesn't stop with the name.

There's an ultra-groovy 1970s sexploitation thang going on in Richard Griffin's affectionate nod to the disco era. His greasy, sex-loving protagonist Rex Romanski (Michael Reed) is a dancefloor lothario; a flared-up glitterball stallion sliding from conquest to conquest. But when he jilts the satanic Rita Marie (Ruth Sullivan) after a one night stand, all hell breaks loose. Literally.

What follows is a glorious mash-up of blood, sex, witchcraft and more sex. And there's lots of those good things to enjoy as Rex looks as if he's going to get his just desserts. A warm homage of the sexpolitation genre with boobs. Lots of boobs.

eep inside she was
HOT TO TROT
What strange desires forced her to the stables

REAL HORROR SHOW!

vers designed to
ve plane's impact
APRIL 2005
MAY 2001
APRIL 2000
MAY 1994
olved in 9/11

THIS ISSUE: CUT!'S BEST OF 2013

BILLY CHAINSAW

All the latest news from *Bizarre*'s free film club, CUT!

"Now in its fourth year, *Bizarre*'s film club CUT! is a free monthly event that I organise and host at London's spooky Horse Hospital.

"We're discerning about the films we screen, and they must be horrifying, violent, weird or extremely funny (intentionally, or for all the wrong reasons). Also, every film we screen at CUT! has to be an exclusive preview of a movie that hasn't been released yet in cinemas or on DVD / Blu-ray.

"For April's CUT! we slipped into flashback mode, with a wonderful slice of B-movie madness from 1961 called *Konga*. Introduced on the night by one of the film's cast members, the wonderful Jess Conrad, *Konga* stars Michael Gough as a mad scientist who returns from a mission to Africa with a formula that enables plants and animals to grow to outlandish proportions. Cue the title's 15ft ape causing chaos and carnage when he goes on the rampage in London. The combination of a bloke in an ape suit running riot amongst balsawood miniatures, the lurid nature of the plot, and melodramatic performances from Gough and his supporting cast make *Konga* a decidedly daft slice of 1960s schlock.

"September's screening was CUT!'s first double bill: *Sleepwalker* and *The Insomniac*. Both are bona fide cult classics of British cinema, and have rarely been seen since their release in 1984 and 1971 respectively.

"On the night, proceedings were bookended by special guest appearances: it kicked-off with an informative introduction about both movies by the BFI's Sam Dunn, and concluded with him quizzing three of *Sleepwalker*'s cast members – Joanna David, Nickolas Grace and Heather Page.

"In Rodney Giesler's *The Insomniac*, a working class family man who feels trapped by his mundane existence regularly enters a fantasy realm in his dreams. As the protagonist gets sucked into a strange world of clandestine debauchery, his slumberland escapism plays like a cross between Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut* and legendary TV show *The Avengers*. Thanks to some racy (for its time) nudity, this intriguing example of art house weirdness was granted an X-certificate, the equivalent of an 18 today.

"*Sleepwalker* is the epitome of cult cinema. Directed by Saxon Logan, it's an outrageous mix of biting satire and blood-drenched horror that illustrates what happens when a one-time wealthy couple invite a couple of friends around for dinner. Their sexually charged evening of pissed-up rivalry climaxes with a psycho going nuts in an orgy of violence. Reminiscent of the work of *O Lucky Man!* director Lindsay Anderson and Italian Giallo / horror maestro Dario Argento (in particular his 1977 fright-ride *Suspiria*), the character-driven, slow burner is a magnificent early example of splatterhouse cinema.

"In October we popped CUT!'s found footage cherry with writer / director Christopher McBride's *The Conspiracy*, which proves there's still life in faux documentary flicks. Proceedings kick-off with two young documentary filmmakers hooking up with a stereotypical conspiracy theorist – but when the guy disappears, leaving nothing but his research notes, the filmmakers decide to run with his findings. Naturally, this sees their lives spiralling out of control as they find themselves in a face-off with a bunch of affluent cult types determined to instigate a New World Order.

"Thanks to riveting performances from Aaron Pool and James Gilbert, McBride's movie is utterly believable. OK, the first section is delivered as a fairly straightforward documentary, using talking heads and imagery relevant to the conspiracies being discussed. But McBride's execution of these moments plays like an engrossing clue-finding mission, and at such a pace you'll be scared to take a piss break in case you miss something. Then, once the duo go undercover with hidden cameras, that's when the film takes a sharp turn into bizarredom, and tension levels go through the roof."

WHO'S THIS?

Billy Chainsaw is *Bizarre*'s Film And DVD Editor, and he also runs our regular FREE film club in London, CUT! (cast your eyes right to see what sick treats Billy has in store at the next screening).

BIZARRE presents

CUT!

A FREE MONTHLY FILM CLUB FROM THE GREATEST MAGAZINE ON EARTH!

WHEN?

THURS 19 DECEMBER 2013
7.30PM – 10.30PM
(FILM STARTS AT 8PM SHARP)

WHERE?

THE HORSE HOSPITAL,
COLONNADE, LONDON WC1N 1JD
NEAREST TUBE RUSSELL SQUARE

FREE!

ENTRY WILL BE STRICTLY LIMITED
TO GET ON THE GUESTLIST AND BE GUARANTEED ENTRY, YOU MUST EMAIL BILLYCHAINSAW@BLACKTHORNCOMMUNICATIONS.COM
THERE WILL BE SEATS ON THE NIGHT, BUT THESE WILL BE ALLOCATED ON A FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED BASIS. **DON'T BE LATE!**

THIS MONTH'S FEATURE PRESENTATION IS SO SECRET AND SO SPECIAL THAT WE CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU WHAT IT IS!

HOSTED BY
BILLY CHAINSAW
***BIZARRE* FILM EDITOR**

"COME ON DOWN AND MEET OTHER HORROR FIENDS AND GOREHOUNDS, IF YOU DARE!"

SEE *BIZARRE*'S FACEBOOK PAGE FOR MORE DETAILS

GHOST B.C.

Theatrical 1970s rock throwbacks Ghost B.C., AKA The Nameless Ghouls, speak out about their new covers collection… and love for Swedish disco legends ABBA

IF YOU HAVE GHOST

OUT NOW

Sweden's Ghost B.C. are an extreme, modern day KISS. Fronted by a sinister cardinal figure while the rest of the band hide inside robes, their music mixes 1970s rock grooves and euphoric pop hooks. That devilish eccentricity intrigues even further on this five-track EP that re-imagines songs by psychedelic rocker Roky Erickson and ABBA, with a bonus live recording. **Stephen Daultrey**

Q&A NAMELESS GHOUL

Your new EP covers songs by ABBA, Depeche Mode, Roky Erickson and Army Of Lovers. What's the thinking behind those tracks?
All these songs meant something to us at some point. ABBA means a lot, especially because we're musicians from Sweden. We toyed with doing 'I Am A Marionette' (the ABBA track covered on the EP) years ago because it fits our niche, and it isn't one of ABBA's big hits. We found an angle to penetrate the song and change it into something new. The Depeche Mode track 'Waiting For The Night' is just so minimalistically weird it screams 'remake'.

It's often said that you sound like a band from 1975. Isn't it strange you've covered Depeche Mode?
My record collection stretches far and wide. We draw a *lot* of influence from the 1980s. We just filter it through the 1970s and pretend the later decades never happened. As much as we're trying to sound like a band from the mid-'70s, we are not limited to what happened during those years. If you want to do a Ghost B.C. song, listen to Bauhaus, Moody Blues and Emperor and combine that.

Given your sacrilegious image / lyrics, it might also seem strange to outsiders to hear you covering ABBA. Is it the rule that everyone in Sweden must like them?
You don't have to like ABBA, but as musicians you have to accept they will always be bigger than you. It's similar to any Liverpool band always being measured against... Carcass! In Sweden, bands are measured first against ABBA, then Roxette, then Europe, then The Cardigans. But we're big ABBA fans. I don't feel intimidated by them. They've always been a huge musical influence for us. We love them.

Ahhh, Roxette. Now there's a guilty pleasure. Would you ever cover one of their songs?
I'm a big fan of Roxette, but their lyrics have always been extremely safe. The lyrics must have some relevance to Ghost. ABBA's lyrics aren't always intellectual, but they do have 'I Am A Marionette'. Musically, Roxette should be Nobel Prize winners!

What is 'I Am A Marionette' about?
It's about being a puppet to your career, and being controlled by a puppeteer who tells you how to walk and move. We treat it more philosophically. We are always working with paradoxes. As a band, we're doing exactly the same thing that the Church has always done. But just because we've drawn upside-down crosses, everyone presumes we're an inversion of the Church. It's not true. We're doing the same thing. As much as pop is supposed to be an authoritative leader figure, you can have an underdog position being controlled by someone else. It goes hand in hand with the power, and the good and evil. It's hard to explain why it works, but it does.

Are you saying pop music has a hold over people in the same way the Church does?
Yes, in a way. The Church has always been about power. It has little to do with the preservation of mankind. At the end of the day, it has always been a matter of power and scaring people into obedience. This is what we're playing with all the time.

You're scaring people into obedience at your shows?
Obviously we're not scaring people, but we're creating an atmosphere that is traditionally regarded as scary. But people are amused by it, so we've created almost the exact opposite of the Church, which is highly ironic because we're supposed to be the evil ones! But while our 'opposite' (the Church) makes people feel bad, we make them feel good. Yet we're seen as 'evil' and they're 'good'. That's the thing! That's what makes it interesting.

You change your vocalist, the papal-garbed Papa Emeritus, in the same way the Catholic Church changes the Pope. The one thing about your Papas is that they all have beautiful singing voices...
Yes, they have to have a voice that make the ladies hum.

Literally or metaphorically?
Both. All our songs are very vocal and very melodic. We want our singer to be able to sing them.

I saw a video of Papa Emeritus II (current Ghost B.C. singer) without his make-up, but presumably wearing facial prosthetics. He looked like Terry Tibbs from the Channel 4 sketch show *Facejacker*.
I don't know the show, but maybe you're right.

Anyway, it's Christmas. What will you guys be doing over the holiday?
It's our first time off in a while, so that will be nice. But if you mean ritualistically, we'll be sacrificing virgins and stuff like that – your normal satanic ministry chores. We get up to it all the time. It never ends. It's insane!

"THIS CHRISTMAS WE'LL BE SACRIFICING VIRGINS..."

MORE NEW SHIT!

Other *Bizarre* must-hears

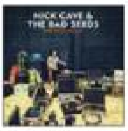
KREEPS

SPIRIT CLINIC

OUT NOW
Ahead of recording his band's marvellous third album, Kreeps' main-man Dom Kreep relocated to Seattle, close to where *Twin Peaks* was shot, and that North-Western influence can be felt here. Cool, captivating and evocative, theirs is a netherworld-bothering mix of simmering surf guitar, ghoulish romance and retro Tarantinto swagger. Excuse our English, but it's 'well good'.

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS

LIVE FROM KCRW



OUT NOW
One of our favourite records of the year is the Bad Seeds' *Push The Sky Away*, and this live album – only the fourth official one in the band's history – features four tracks from that scintillatingly mellow opus. Recorded in April for Los Angeles radio, other older spinetinglers include 'The Mercy Seat' and 'Jack The Ripper', while a vinyl edition features two extra un-broadcasted tracks. Awooga!

HELL

CURSE AND CHAPTER

OUT NOW
It's Chrimbo, so what comes a-trottin' out of the woodwork? Not Rudolph, but a ton of satanic bands releasing evil new opuses. Joining newies from Deicide and Shitfucker, this is the second record from a bunch of reformed 1980s metal squealers making loud, ridiculous sounds full of brazen axe-twiddling and heinous howling.

SHITFUCKER

SUCK COCKS IN HELL

OUT NOW
This gargled, high-speed babble is delivered courtesy of Detroit 'scum-crew' Shitfucker ("one of underground metal's best-kept secrets" pleads the blurb), whose purposefully under-produced full debut is every bit as disease-ridden as the name suggests. Tracks such as 'Sex Dungeon' and 'Smash Your Skull' are pugnaciously nasty. Inevitably, that cover has been banned in Germany, too. Lovely...

BEASTMILK

Aleister Crowley, Freudian milk and the end of the world! Finnish newcomers Beastmilk are prepping for the apocalypse with dark, icy sounds…

PICTURE: JUSSI SÄRKILAHTI

Q&A MAT 'KVOHST' MCNERNEY – VOCALS

CLIMAX

OUT NOW

Thrashing on instruments that must resemble Arctic icicles, this Finland-based, post-punk unit make a fine claim for 'debut of the year'. Kvohst's dirty, Danzig-esque croons forewarn of impending apocalypse, while the spirit of doomier 1980s Goths, such as Killing Joke and Bauhaus, is evoked through tribal pounding and deathly romantic melody.

Stephen Daultrey

Your style of post-punk is widely described as 'apocalyptic'. Is the end of the world something you're genuinely concerned about?
I see our world as post-apocalyptic given that we've accepted that its end is inevitable for us as a species. Our music allows us to express what the apocalypse means and how we can deal with it. We live at top of the world in Finland, where the climate's quite extreme, and from here it's easy to gain an overview of that.

Does the end of the world not frighten you?
It's frightening and exhilarating. It gives us meaning. That's the concept behind *Climax* – it's about the end, but it's also the beginning. It's death, but it's also ejaculation and getting high. It's interpreting love and enjoyment through death. By accepting the end of the world, you really can find true love.

So there's also a positive message?
It can be taken many ways, but it's basically a 'get your kicks while you still can' kind of thing.

Are you prepping for the end of the world by building bunkers?
I'm not sure about the rest of the band, but my wife and I are already trying to live self-sufficiently 'off the grid'. I'm renovating a small place into a survivalist cottage. There are many natural resources in Finland, and it's very isolated. You get a sense of the apocalypse here because the population is small and it's a huge landmass. And people here are very reserved and withdrawn. But it will be a good place to survive it because you wouldn't get that overrun quickly, and you can get guns here.

> "I'M RENOVATING A HOUSE INTO A SURVIVALIST COTTAGE"

Did you watch that TV series *Doomsday Preppers* on the National Geographic Channel last year? It seemed extreme, but those guys had a point...
I did, but there's been lots of stuff like that. It's such a big part of our culture. I talk about the apocalypse in interviews and about how that's the message of *Climax*. People are like, "Uh, you really think it's going to happen?" I think you'd be stupid not to even acknowledge that it's part of our culture now. The problems are escalating and people aren't really united in doing things. Nowadays we realise how fragile things are. And the population's rising and we're not doing much about that.

How do you see the world ending?
It will likely be a combination of many things. Political and economic instability, followed by wars, which could become nuclear. But they're all brought about through climate change, and places becoming uninhabitable.

Your band sounds like Killing Joke, who also believe in the apocalypse.
I like Killing Joke a lot. They're one of the bands we're happy to be compared with. If you're making this type of music people usually compare you to Joy Division. But there's not much similarity in the way we write songs.

What does your band name mean?
It comes from Aleister Crowley, and from *A Clockwork Orange* author Anthony Burgess. It's like the milk of your mother nourishes you while the milk of your father would corrupt. Crowley's book *White Stains* really influenced us and we wanted the mystical semen reference as a symbol for the cycle of life. In *White Stains* there's much reference to creating 'magick' through masturbation and sex, and all the wild and wonderful things that Crowley was doing. There's also the play with 'breast milk', which we were interested in being Freudian. But we also wanted a name that would divide people, like our music does. People are turned off by our name because they think it's silly. That's great! People won't listen to a band called Pissed Jeans, but they kick arse.

Are you all Crowley enthusiasts?
Myself and guitarist Goatspeed are acolytes of Crowley, and one of my friends is part of the Ordo Templi Oritis (religious organisation Crowley was a member of). I don't practice Crowley 'magick', but I like reading about him. Most people know him as the 'great beast', but he was an excellent mountain climber and a great traveller.

Would you like to buy his Boleskine House, as Jimmy Page once did?
I'd love to visit it, but I won't go to that point of obsession. It would be classier to do my own thing. I'm also interested in Charles Manson, and there are references to him in our music, but NIN's Trent Reznor recorded *Downward Spiral* in the house of the Manson murders. People think these places carry a magical resonance, but they should create their own thing. Speaking of Jimmy Page, my friend was selling an occult novel and I think Page bought it. He got this message saying, "You've just sold your book to Jimmy Page!"

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES

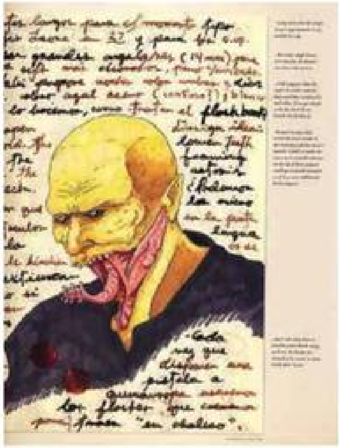
MY NOTEBOOKS, COLLECTIONS AND OTHER OBSESSIONS

Delving inside the mind and home of Guillermo del Toro…

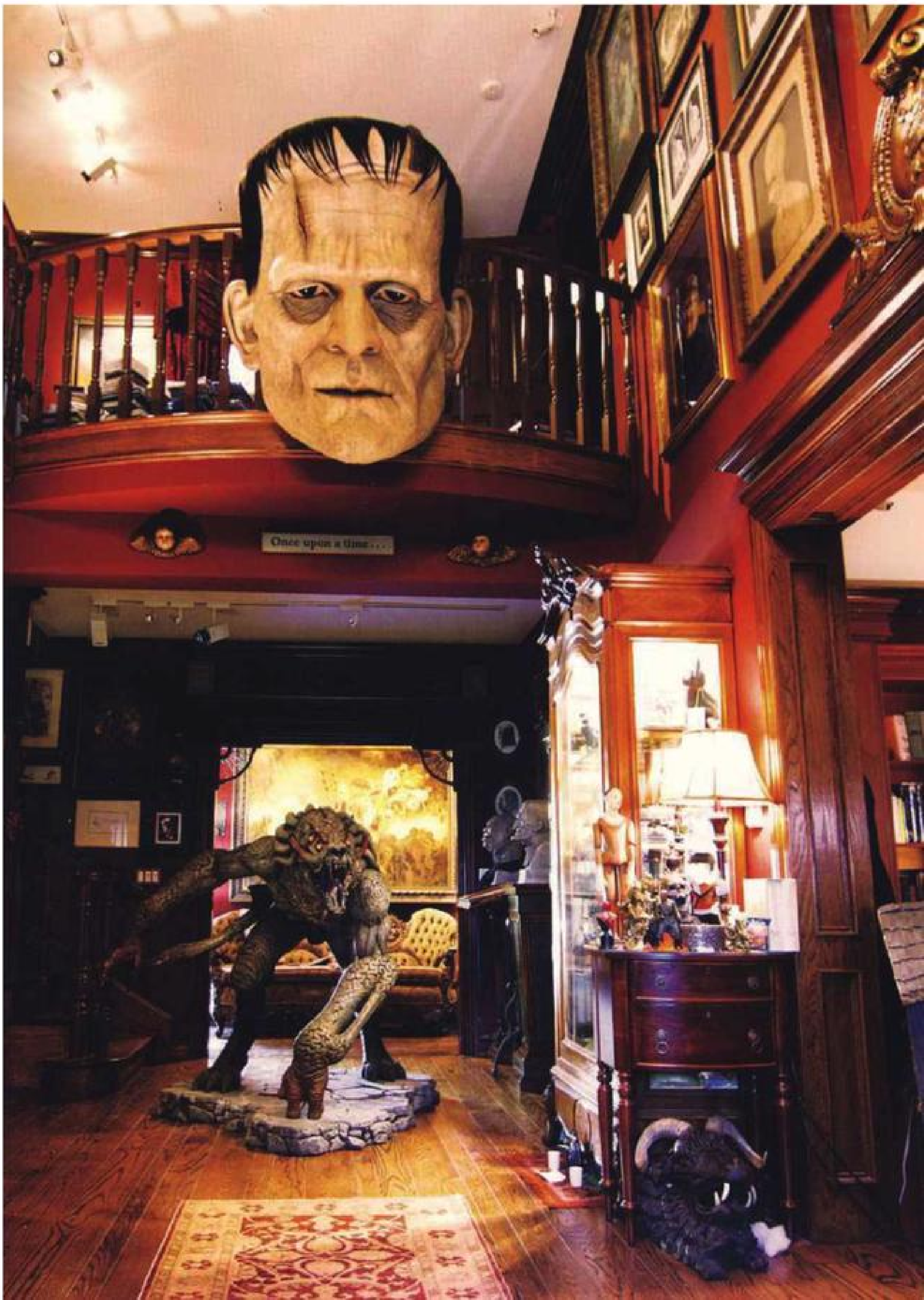
GUILLERMO DEL TORO (WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY MARC SCOTT ZICREE)
OUT NOW

I'M GOING TO BE controversial here (and I'm certainly alone in the *Bizarre* office when I say this): other than *Pan's Labyrinth*, which I rate as one of the most incredible films of the last 100 years, and the creepy *Devil's Backbone*, which is also great, I've never quite 'got' Guillermo del Toro. But I will accept this: if you're a fan of his visionary art and unique storytelling, you simply *have* to own this book.

A large, full-colour hardback with 264-pages, it's a massive collection of film stills, concept art, storyboards and notes which show how del Toro's movies began and evolved. Complementing this raft of shiny images are essays (often written as interviews with the director), Q&A conversations with del Toro, and a foreword by James Cameron.



But the book's highlight is the chapter on del Toro's 'Bleak House', which is the director's "second home and working office". It's a spectacular, vintage-era building in Los Angeles, which is more like a curiosities museum than a home. Inside, he has a life-size sculpture of HP Lovecraft, a huge sculpture of a pinhead from Tod Browning's *Freaks*, and a giant Frankenstein's Monster head – among hundreds of other strange delights! We're still waiting for the invitation to pop round for tea… **Stephen Daultrey**



PICTURES: COURTESY OF TITAN BOOKS

WHAT PLANET AM I ON?

Happy Mondays man hunts E.T.

SHAUN RYDER
OUT NOW

HANG ON, WHAT'S this? Shaun Ryder, the swaggering, formerly-perma-fucked frontman of Madchester legends the Happy Mondays, penning a book about UFOs? And not only that, but said book also tying in to his own telly series, which sees him travel the world in search of creepy encounters? Well, ain't life weird!

For those who've never heard the tale, as a 15-year-old lad Ryder claims to have spotted a couple of UFOs whizzing through the Salford sky, and ever since that defining moment has developed major preoccupation with extraterrestrial activity.

What Planet Am I On? sees Ryder travel as far as Chile, which is said to have had more UFO sightings than anywhere else in the world. During his quest he meets experts and eyewitnesses who share their theories, the highlight being Travis Walton, whose claims of alien abduction in the 1970s were turned into the 1993 film *Fire In The Sky*.

Although this book is rather brief (note the large font size and spacing), it's no less entertaining, and even remarkably thought-provoking on the topic – especially given Ryder's undying enthusiasm for aliens. It may not be as hilarious or even quite as bizarre as the Happy Mondays' appearance on *Most Haunted* (well, what is?), it's surely still *the* music biography to own this Christmas. If you can classify it as such...

RYDER SAW A UFO IN SALFORD

Stephen Daultrey

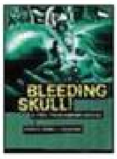
PICTURES: BACK2BACK PRODUCTIONS

BOOKS THE BEST NEW READS ON THE SHELVES THIS MONTH

BLEEDING SKULL A 1980S TRASH-HORROR ODYSSEY

One-stop shop for 1980s splatter…

JOSEPH A ZIEMBA AND DAN BUDNIK
OUT NOW



I TAKE GREAT PRIDE in possessing a reasonably detailed knowledge of horror films, but even I have to confess I haven't heard of many of the films that lurk inside this gritty, lo-fi book. An in-depth catalogue of barmy, trashy, fucked-up, obscure gore flicks from the 1980s, *Bleeding Skull* covers everything from *Nail Gun Massacre* and *Witch Bitch* to *Cannibal Hookers* and *Splatter: Architects Of Fear*, complete with intelligent, knowledgeable summaries. We've covered a few movie guide books in the past, which in hindsight weren't that great once you've overcome the initial fun of browsing through them. This one, however, is awesome. Trust me. **Stephen Daultrey**

PICTURES: COURTESY OF HEADPRESS

HAUNTED: ASYLUMS, PRISONS AND SANATORIUMS

Institutional terror!

JAMIE DAVIS WITH SAMUEL QUEEN
OUT NOW

HAVING DEVOURED THE DVD box set of *American Horror Story: Asylum*, I got a hard-on for this book which follows an investigative duo having a nosey round 10 dilapidated institutions in the US. Unveiling first-hand paranormal experiences at these 'haunted' abodes, it also includes transcripts of chats supposedly recorded with spirits.

PICTURES: JAMIE DAVIS & SAMUEL QUEEN

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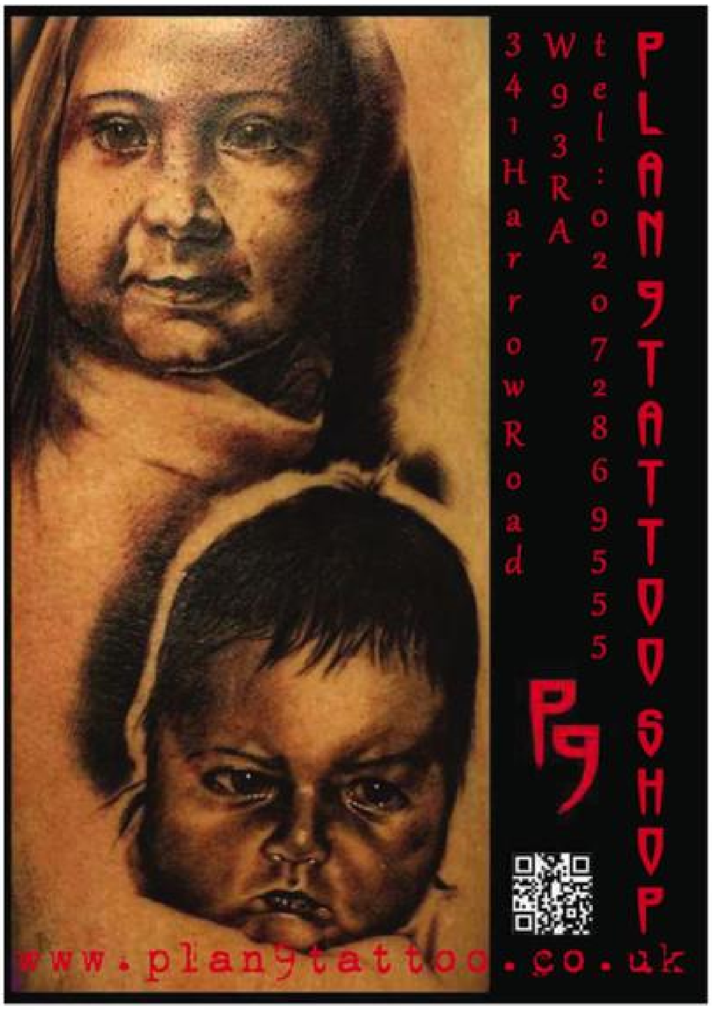

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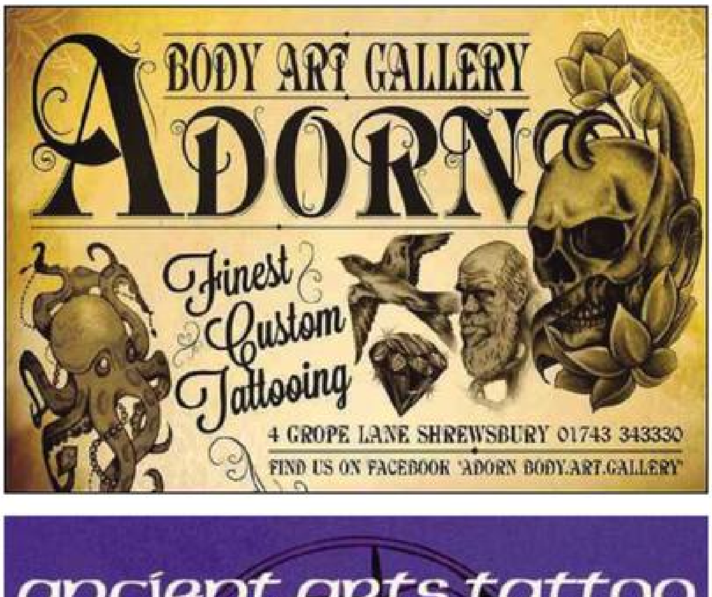

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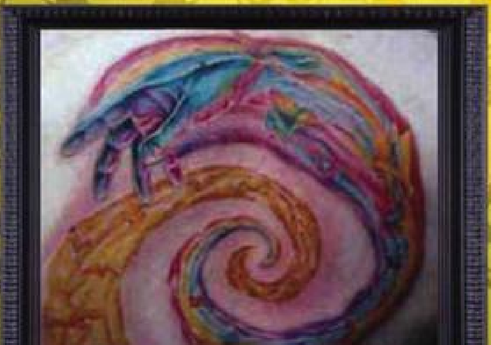

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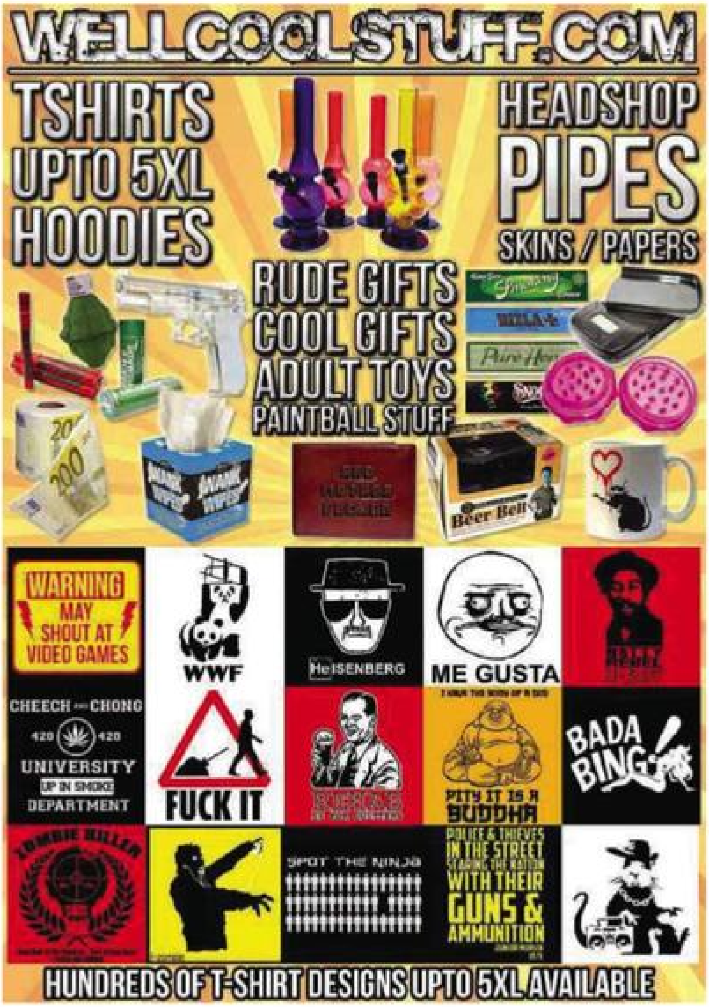
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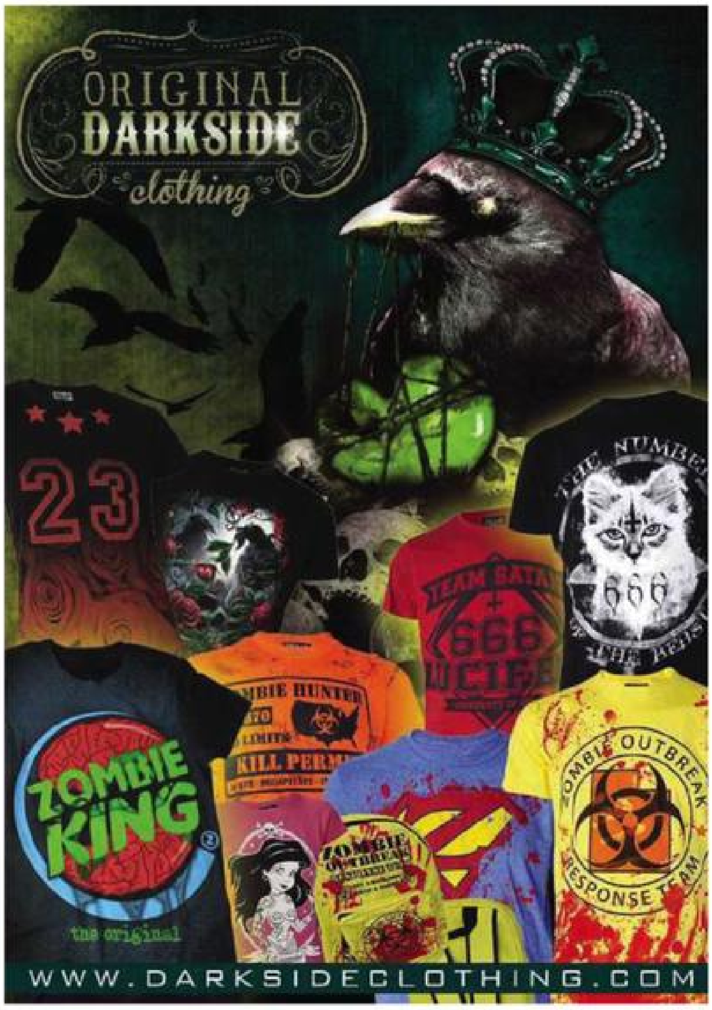

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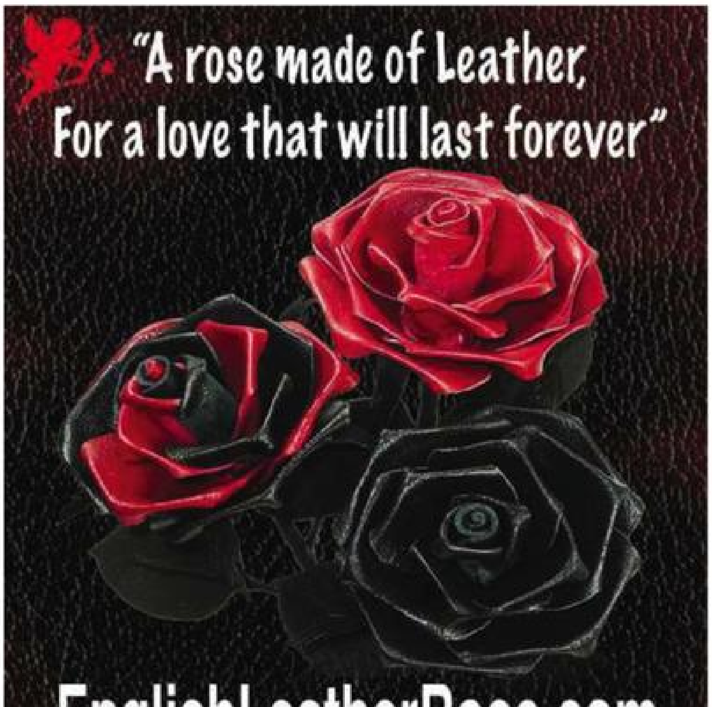
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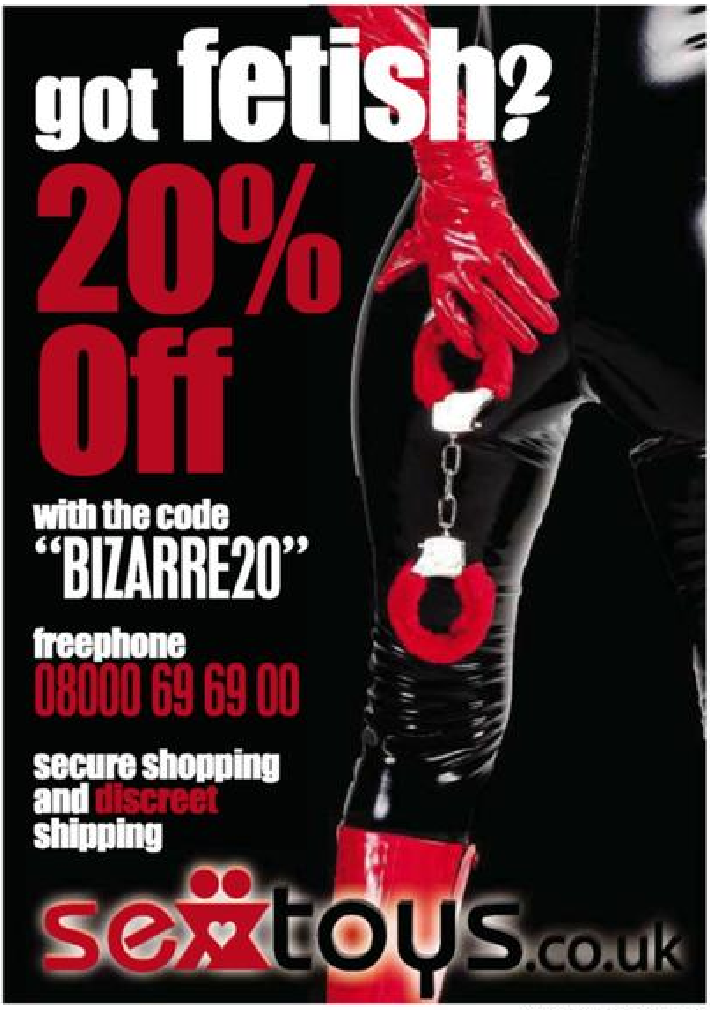
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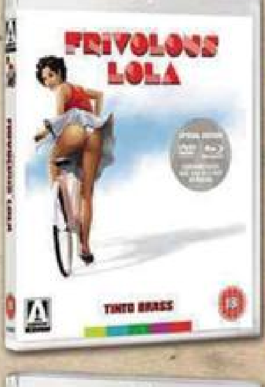
We had great fun bringing you great classic films on DVD and Blu-ray in 2013 and hope you have enjoyed them! In 2014 we continue our love for classic B-movie horror and continue to expand on the collections of some of our most celebrated auteurs including two from Tinto Brass, more from Brian De Palma and Mario Bava and our third Jack Hill-approved release for his most criminally underseen work, which also makes its UK debut. Two more making their debut are *Blind Woman's Curse*, a glorious Japansloitation mash-up of horror, yakuza and ghost story and *White of the Eye* from the celebrated Donald Cammell (*Performance*). Our Academy line adds two classic Hollywood films with a crime film from Don Siegel and comedy from Preston Sturges, both on Blu-ray for the first time in the world.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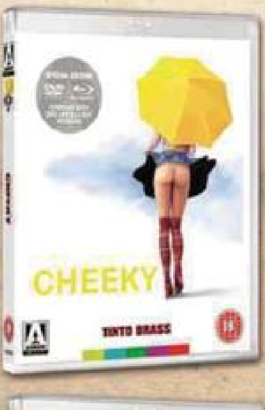
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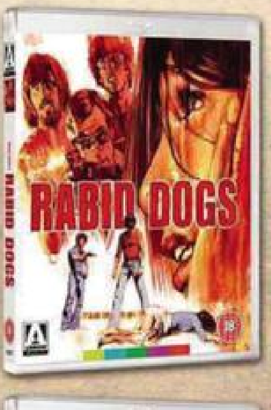
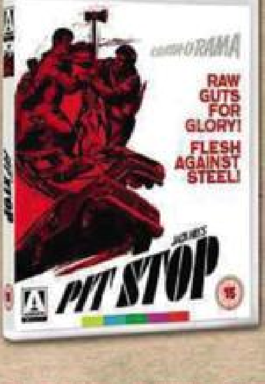


Meiko Kaji in
Teruo Ishii's
BLIND WOMAN'S CURSE
怪談昇り竜

WHITE OF THE EYE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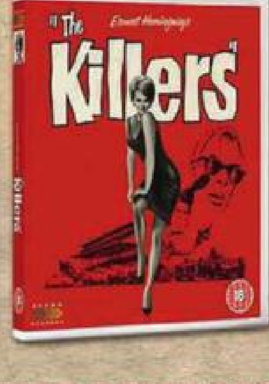
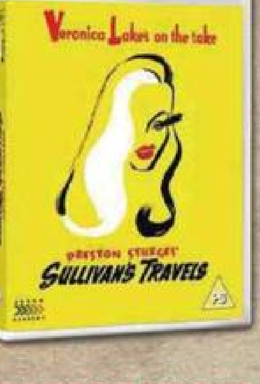

Ernest Hemingway's
The Killers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